ADULE: THE GATE OF CIVILISATION TO ABYSSINIA.

It remained to determine the inlet of civilisation into the interior of Abyssinia in ancient times, and, consequently, the possible inlet for civilisation in our own days, to discover the ancient route from Adule to Auxume and Meroë. The line of this route had not been detected, because, since the commerce of Adule had been removed to Masawah, and the first-mentioned place utterly abandoned, travellers made the best of their way by the Haddas and Ali-Gady Passes to the modern Egyptian port. But as early as January 15, 1867, Colonel Merewether made a communication to government, published in the Blue Book, to the effect that there were two roads leading from Annesley Bay into the interior: one which, he said, was not a good road for laden camels; the other, "which was the old Greek caravan road from Adule to Sanafī, or Senafee." This has since been determined to be the case, and in subsequent letters, bearing date October 15, 1867, Colonel Merewether describes the Kumayli Pass (variously written Goomeylee and Koomaylee) as the easiest of the passes, and the one used in olden times by the Greeks. Ruins of their stations are still to be found in the pass and near Sanafī. There could be no doubt that, if the line of olden intercourse could be discovered, it would be found to be the easiest and the most practicable, for what interest could the Greeks and Romans of old have had in selecting the more difficult passes? Any one versed in Oriental travel, especially in countries much frequented by the Greeks and Romans, as in Syria, the Holy Land, and Asia Minor, knows full well that the ancient roads still remain the best, and are often the only ones available, as in the passes of Taurus and Cilicia, and elsewhere.

The Kumayli Pass is the first met with leading to the south, and at its entrance, which is about twelve miles from the shore, are wells, known as the Kumayli wells. Eight miles beyond, or up the pass, is a narrow gorge two and a half miles in extent, which presents the only difficulties. Beyond this to Sanafī, about thirty miles, is comparatively open country.

The Haddoda, or Haddas Pass, the second to the south, is some five miles beyond, and it leads up by Halai to Tākunda, or Tekondo. Hence, also, is it called, in some of the reports, the Halai and the Takunda Pass. The Ali-Gady Pass has a more westerly course, passing Wiyah, or Weeah, three and a half miles from Hadado, to Kayah Kor (variously written Kajah Kor, and even Kinquor). This pass has, however, various branches at its upper end, opening in different directions upon the uplands.

The real importance of the port of Adule and of the Greek and Roman

road, which led from that port to the interior, and which is now re-opened in our own times and by our own countrymen, cannot be fully appreciated without some knowledge of the commercial and political value of the port in olden times, as also of the importance of the kingdoms of Auxume and of Meroë, or Saba, between which and the sea-board a regular communication was kept up by this very pass.

We have not failed, ever since France claimed to have had a cession made to her in 1860 by Ubiyah, at that time governor of Tigray, of the port, bay, and islands, in calling attention to its importance, as presenting the best anchorage ground, and as the most favourable port for communicating with the interior of the states of King Theodore on the whole of the western coast of the Red Sea. ["The French in Abyssinia," *New Monthly Magazine* for February and July, 1860.] We renewed our advocacy of the port and bay when it was determined to attempt the rescue of the Englishmen and others held in thraldom by a tyrannical and self-willed potentate; and now that the place has been finally selected as that for the disembarkation of the forces engaged in the adventurous task, a still greater interest attaches to it than ever, and it becomes a matter of serious consideration whether the commercial and political advantages of the place do not authorise its temporary tenure and occupation, and, indeed, render it an imperious necessity for the safety of our allies in Abyssinia, the upholding of our influence in that country, and the opening of a regular commerce with the interior, with a view to its civilisation and regeneration.

First, with respect to Meroë, or Sabaea, as it was called before Cambyses gave to it the name of his sister. It was in ancient times a region of singular opulence, both as respects its mineral wealth and its cereal and leguminous productions. It possessed, on its eastern frontier, mines of gold, iron, copper, and salt; its woods, of date-palm, almond-trees, and ilex, yielded abundant supplies of both fruit and timber for export and home consumption; its meadows supported large herds of cattle, or produced double harvests of dhurra, or giant millet; and its forests and swamps abounded with wild beasts and game.

Being an alluvial plain, formed in part by the deposits of the tributaries to the Blue and Black Niles, the civilisation of this Ethiopian Sabaea dates from the remotest antiquity, for its existence, as a tract of territory available for cultivation, anteceded the deposit of the alluvia of Thebes and Memphis; and we have the authority of Herodotus, to the effect that, even in the time of Menes, the first mortal, as the father of history designates him, who reigned over Egypt, all the country below Thebes was a morass, and no part of the land that now exists below Lake Moeris was then above water.

The delta of Meroë was not only in olden times, in all probability, intersected by streams, but the art of irrigation was as extensively practised, as in Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldaea. The same amount of fertility was thus ensured as belonged to those almost contemporaneous kingdoms.

Partly from its natural richness, and partly from its situation between Ethiopia, or, more correctly, Aethiopia, Auxume and the Red Sea—the regions which produced spice, and those which yielded gold-dust, ivory, and precious stones—Meroë was from very early times the seat of an

active and diversified commerce. It was one of the capital centres of the caravan trade from Libya Interior, from Adule on the Red Sea by Auxume, and from Egypt and Ethiopia. It was, in fact, the receptacle and terminus of the Libyan traffic from Carthage on the one side, and from Adule and Berenice on the other.

The ruins of its cities, so far as they have been explored, attest, as well as past history, to its commercial prosperity. The pyramids scattered over the plains of this Mesopotamian region, indicate, indeed, the existence of numerous cities besides the capital. The ruins which have been discovered are, however, those of either temples or public monuments, for the cities themselves, being built of bricks dried in the sun, speedily crumbled away in a latitude to which the tropical rains partially extend. Nor do these ruins belong to the most remote epoch in Meroë's history, but to a later period, when it became indirectly a colony of Egypt, and repeated in a rude form its peculiar civilisation.

The remains of Meroë itself are not far from the Nile. The most southerly of them are found at Naga-Jebel-Ardan. Here have been discovered the ruins of four temples, built in the Egyptian style, but of late date. The largest of them was dedicated to the ram-headed deity Ammon. The principal portico of this temple is detached from the main building—an unusual practice in Egyptian architecture—and is approached through an avenue of sphinxes seven feet high, and also bearing the ram's head. The sculptures, like those of Egypt, represent historical events,—Ammon receiving the homage of a queen, or a king holding his captives by the hair, and preparing to strike off their heads with an axe. At another point groups of pyramids mark the neighbourhood of a city and the site of a necropolis. These pyramids are some eighty in number, and of various dimensions, the base of the largest being sixty-three feet square, of the smallest less than twelve feet. The loftiest of these pyramids is about one hundred and sixty feet in height. Some of them have evidently been royal tombs.

On the right bank of the Astapus, or Blue Nile, not far from its junction with the White Nile at Khartūm, are the ruins of the city of "Saba," also known as "Wuad," or "Wadi Naja," and which presents the remains of a sandstone temple, eighty-nine feet in length, bearing on the capital of its columns the figures of Ptah, Athor, and Typhon. These ruins are amidst mounds of brick, which betoken the former presence of an extensive city, and the exploration of which would, in all probability, richly reward an enterprising archæologist, for these mounds have not been ransacked like those of Thebes and of Lower Egypt. Again, sixteen or seventeen miles west of the Astapus, and among the hollows of the sandstone hills, surrounded by the Desert, are ruins now known as Al Masawirat. The natives corrupt Saba into Sawa, with the prefix ma, "water," as at Massawah, ancient Portus Saba.* Eight temples, connected with one another by galleries or colonnades, and divided into courts and cloisters, are here found. The style of the architecture is that of the era of the Ptolemies.

It has been argued that, as the pyramids as well as the sculptures of Meroë bear the impression of the decline of the Egyptian art, as also

* "Masawah."—Journ. R.G.S., vol. ix. p. 492. So also in Má Sultaniyah, "bitter wells," in Mesopotamia.—Journ. R.G.S., vol. ix. p. 450.

traces of Greek architecture, this country derived its civilisation from Egypt, and did not, as has also been supposed, transmit an earlier civilisation to the Nile valley. But the ruins of Meroë have not yet been explored for relics of a more remote antiquity than existing monuments, and it is not probable that Meroë received its first impulse in arts, or its peculiar forms of civil polity, from Egypt. The points of difference as well as the points of resemblance forbid the idea of direct transmission. One remarkable feature of the civil government, and which was not modelled upon that of the Pharaohs, was that the sceptre was often held by female sovereigns, whereas in Egypt we find a queen regnant only once mentioned—Nitocris, in the third dynasty. There are many reasons for believing that the Queen of Saba, or Sheba—from whose intercourse with King Solomon the dynasties of modern Abyssinia claim to descend—was a Queen of Sabaea, or Meroë, and not of the Roman Sabaea, in Arabia. Kandake was another Sabaean or Meroite queen well known to history.

The ancient caravan route from Adule to Meroë would, in all probability, after reaching Auxume, have been carried along the valley of the Takazzie, or Settite, and by Katarif to the valley of the Rahhad, leading directly to the city of Saba. It cannot be supposed that these routes were so utterly neglected as those of modern times, more especially that portion of the route which lay between Auxume and Adule, and which was used for commercial purposes in the time of the Romans as well as in those of the Sabaeans and of the Ptolemies. Wherever the Romans established themselves, no matter how remote their stations, they left their mark of art and industry in causeways and aqueducts. Barth found such stretching far away into the interior of Africa from the north, just as we can follow their tracks between Jerusalem and Nabūlūs and Jericho.

The kingdom of the Auxumitae was situated at or about half way between that of the Adulitae and of the Sabaeans of Meroë. It may, in fact, be said to have comprised the territory between the two, and thus to have included the modern Abyssinian provinces of Tigray, Bazen, or Bariya, Walkait, Kallabat, Katarif, and others. As there was no civilised state to the south, Auxume thus represented in ancient times the modern Habesh, or Abyssinia—a name utterly repudiated by the natives themselves, just as Turk is by the Osmanlis. The kingdom of Auxume was at one time not only nearly co-extensive with the modern Abyssinia, but it also comprised a portion of the south-west coast of the Red Sea, and the tribes of the Sabaean and Homerite Arabs on the opposite shore. The Sabaeans (Sebaiim) of Saba or Meroë, are supposed to have been descendants of Saba, or Seba, son of Cush, who ultimately settled as a conquering race in Ethiopia, as distinguished from the Sabaeans, or Shebaiim, descendants of Sheba, son of Joktan, the Sabaeans of the Greeks and Romans who settled in Arabia Felix; from the Sabaeans, or star-worshippers of Harran, and from the Sabaeans, or Mandaites, of which a remnant is still met with on the Lower Euphrates. The Hebrews always designated the Ethiopia of the Greeks and Romans as the land of Cush. Many names of places recal the land of the conquering people. The pyramids of Meroë are commonly known as Chellal al Ashur, or "of Assyria;" Senaar is said to have derived its name from

the Biblical Land of Shinar, and the country north of Auxume was known as Babylonia.* These Cushites, or Ethiopians, were not black like the negroes, as is erroneously supposed, nor even dark like the Nubians, they were simply sun-browned, or olive-coloured. As Auxume, the chief city of the "Aethiopes Auxumitae" of Ptolemy, and of the "Regio Axiomitarum" of Stephanus, was, with Adule, one of the chief centres of the trade with the interior of Africa in gold-dust, ivory, leather, hides, and aromatics, so it cannot but be supposed but that its origin was co-eval with Adule on the one hand, and with Saba or Meroë on the other. It has, however, from the character of its ruins, been supposed by some writers to have been founded by an exiled Egyptian war-caste, in the reign of Psammitichus, B.C. 671—617; by others, as Heeren, to have been one of the numerous priest colonies from Meroë. It may have received an impulse from both sources.

It appears certain, however, that both the kingdom and its capital attained to its highest degree of prosperity after the decline of Meroë, in the first or second century of our era. The Greek language being spoken at Auxume certainly leads to the inference that it was but a place of little note or population until the Macedonian dynasty was established in Egypt, and Greek factors and colonists had generally penetrated the Nile Valley. The celebrated Auxumite inscription noticed by the Portuguese missionaries in the seventeenth century, but first copied by Salt, makes it, however, not unlikely that as regards the Hellenic element of its population it came not from the Nile, but from its haven Adule. With the exception of the Arabian element, which gained ascendancy with the decline of the kingdom, the sources of civilisation in Ethiopia appear to have always come from the shores of the Red Sea—from Babylonia and Assyria—from Judea—from Greece—from Rome—from Persia—from the Byzantine empire—from Portugal; and it is just possible that in our own times a new era of civilisation may arise from the presence of the English. At all events, they are proceeding in the tracks of all former civilisations. It seems as if the ancient port of Adule, and its glorious mountain-enclosed haven, known to the ancients as the Sinus Adulicus, but called by Lord Valentia Annesley Bay, is destined to a future as illustrious as the past. A port of so much importance to the Asiatics of old, and to the Greeks and Romans, did not, as we have before seen, escape the notice of France, busy in carrying out an interoceanic canal, and covetous of supremacy in Egypt; but to the English—generally so ardent in maritime and geographical exploration—it was so little known, that it remained a long time undecided where the troops should disembark, and when the haven from which civilisation has at all times spread over Abyssinia was ultimately adopted, people went about asking what and where were Zula, Zulla, and Zoulla, as it was variously designated.

The modern town of Axum, or rather Auxum, for the A is very broad, which corresponds in site to the ancient one, stands partly in and partly at the mouth of a nook, formed by two hills on the north-west end of an extensive and fertile valley, watered by a small stream. The town is

* "Contra Meroen Babylonii," says Cellarius (Notitiae Orbis Antiqui., vol. ii. p. 960).

large—almost as much so as Adowa, the actual capital of Tigray, situated half a day's journey to the east, and which has a population of about ten thousand. It boasts of possessing the principal church of Abyssinia, built wholly of stone in the shape of an oblong square. The church enclosures are a place of refuge for criminal and political offenders—a right of asylum held by the clergy, which has been little regarded by King Theodore.

That Auxume was a city of great extent, its ruins still attest. Travellers, however, vary considerably in their accounts of its vestiges, and the more recent visitors at Axum seem to have found the fewest authentic remains. Combes and Tamisier, who were there in 1836, for example, saw much less to describe than Mr. Salt in 1813, or Lord Valentia in 1808. This may, however, have depended upon the difference in zeal and enterprise on the part of the travellers. Mr. Dufton, in our own times, describes the remains of the ancient city of Axum as consisting of variously shaped obelisks, most of them lying prostrate, but *one or two* still standing, beneath which are large square blocks of stone, having runnels cut into them, as if for the reception of some liquid. These are supposed to have been used for sacrificial purposes. According to other more detailed accounts, there appear to have been originally fifty-five obelisks, of which four were of superior magnitude to the rest, and *one* of which only is still erect. It is sixty feet in height, and is formed by a single block of granite. But it is not inscribed with hieroglyphics, and differs considerably from Egyptian structures of the same kind. For the Auxumite obelisk, although quadrilateral, has not a pyramidal summit, but is finial-shaped, like a slipper or a patera. Mr. Dufton says that it "is not square-sided, but broader than it is thick; neither does it rise to a point, but is rounded off at the top." On one of its faces is a deep hollow groove, surmounting a doorway, which itself is just above the altar, and which runs up the centre of the face from the lintel of the door to the vertex of the obelisk. It stands near a darū or sycomore-fig—not sycamore, as often erroneously spelt—the same of which Amos said he gathered the fruit (vii. 14), and of which the Egyptian mummy cases are manufactured. This Auxumite sycomore is of remarkable size and of great age—the sole survivor, possibly, of a sacred grove, in which the other now prostrate obelisks were erected.

The most interesting monument of Auxume is to be found near its principal church. This is a square enclosure, with a pillar at each of its angles and a seat and footstool nearly in its centre. It was like its representative at Adule, the throne of the kings of old, and the walls, pillars, and seat are all of granite. The enclosure was, indeed, according to local tradition, the coronation chamber, and the seat of the throne of the ancient Auxumite kings. Bruce affirms, but more recent travellers deny, that there is upon this footstool and seat an inscription in Greek characters. The real Auxumite inscription appears, from Mr. Salt's narrative, to be found upon another footstool without the enclosure, and about thirty yards apart from it.

This Auxumite inscription is, happily, like the celebrated Rosetta stone, bilingual—Greek and Cushite, or Ethiopian—one set of characters having been probably intended for the native Auxumites, the other for their Greek rulers or colonists. Mr. Salt considers them as contemporary and identical in meaning. He was unable to transcribe much of

the Ethiopic, which is in small letters, but he copied the Greek inscription, which is in rude characters.

Upon comparing this inscription on the royal footstool at Auxume with that of the throne of Adule, we find that they both relate in part to the same dynasty of kings, and that the latter is the more ancient of the two. From each it appears that the Auxumite and Adulitan monarchs claimed descent from Ares or Mars, and that while the Adulitan king conquered various neighbouring tribes—Troglodytes, Homerites, and Sabaeans—the Auxumite king is simply stated to have ruled over them. We may, accordingly, infer that Adule was at one time the more powerful state of the two, and that Auxume derived its prosperity from its proximity to the commercial emporium on the Red Sea.

About A.D. 356 Athanasius of Alexandria was expelled from his see by the Arians, and his successor, Gregory, insisted upon his right—just as the Coptic patriarchs of Alexandria do in modern times with regard to the bishops of Abyssinia—to consecrate all the bishops in his diocese. The Byzantine Emperor, Constantius Nicophorus, accordingly addressed a rescript to the kings of Auxume, ordering them to send forthwith the Auxumitan Bishop Frumentius for re-consecration to Alexandria. This rescript has been transmitted to us by Athanasius, in the "Apology," which he addressed to Constantius shortly after his expulsion.

From the address of the rescript we learn that two equal and contemporary monarchs—Aeizanas and Sazanas—reigned at that time in Auxume. Now, the above-mentioned Greek inscription records the name and acts of Aizanas, King of the Auxumites, Homerites, and Sabaeans, and moreover mentions his royal brothers Saizanas and Adephas. The rescript and the inscription, therefore, relate to the same persons and the same period. There is, however, some little difficulty respecting the religion of the Auxumite monarchs at this epoch. The city was a Christian see since Frumentius was its bishop, and Christianity had been preached in Abyssinia at least as early as A.D. 330. Two suppositions are, therefore, before us: (1) that Aeizanas and Sazanas were Christians, but retained on public monuments the old pagan formularies, as most familiar to their subjects; or (2) they were tolerant princes, and protected, without themselves embracing, the new faith. Cosmas, the Indian voyager, who composed his work on Christian Topography in the sixth century, mentions, as we shall soon have occasion to observe, another Auxumite king, whom he names Elesbaan, and who was contemporary with the Emperor Justinian. Here we seem to find the Arabic prefix Al or El; and in the "Book of Axum, or Abyssinian Chronicles"—a copy of which was brought to this country by Bruce—several of the Auxumite kings have a similar prefix to their names. The circumstance affords an additional, but not a certain, proof of the gradual influx of the Arabs into Ethiopia. The prefix may, in fact, have been Hebrew, and have dated from the old Judaic associations and reminiscences of the country. The Church of Axum boasts, for example, to the present day of containing the true Ark, which is said to have been stolen from the Jews and brought thither.*

Enough has been said of Adule in its relations to Meroë and Auxume

* Bruce (vol. i. p. 503) and Ludolf (Hist. of Ethiopia, p. 165) say that his Abyssinian title was Caleb al Atseba—"The Blessed"—whence the Greek corruption of Elesbas, Elesbaas, and Elesbaan.

—that is to say, to ancient Ethiopia and modern Abyssinia, as the point of invasion and colonisation, as the commercial haven and inlet of civilisation, as well as the seat of an Adulite monarchy, to indicate its importance to those countries, and the part which it has played in their history. What Carthage was indeed to North Africa, and Tyre was to Syria, Adule was, although less known, to Ethiopia. The city appears to have stood, at all events in main part, on the one side of the winter torrent formed by the united perennial streams, now known as the Haddas and the Ali-Gady, but which in the dry season are exhausted before reaching the sea, whilst the modern village of Zula stands on the other. The modern name is pronounced according to Salt, and there cannot be a better authority, Azoole, or Azūli—the only real permutation of letters being from d to z. It was called Adoule by Ptolemy, Arrian, and Eratosthenes, Adoulis by Stephanus, Adoulei by Josephus, Oppidum Adoulitôn by Pliny, and Adulis by Procopius, who described the city as being twenty stadia distant from the sea in his time. In the time of Cosmas it was about two miles inland. The detritus brought down by the Haddas torrent in the rainy season would naturally form a deposit, which would go on increasing, gradually removing the ancient port further and further from the sea, which would also be shallow in the same vicinity. The difficulty which has been experienced in landing materials for a campaign are thus not to be wondered at, and as the ships of modern days draw considerably more water than those which were used in ancient times, a new harbour should be sought for in the spacious haven, even if it were on the opposite side of the bay, or at the foot of Jebel Gadam. Deep water might be expected where the rocks abut on the bay.

In coming from the north, the bay of Adule stretches far to the south, and a stream of water has, it is said, been recently discovered to flow into it at its southern extremity, where are also villages of Shohos. The bay also contains several islands, upon one of which the town of Masawah stands. This port was not unknown to the ancients. Ptolemy calls it Sabat, which Salmasius corrected from Strabo to Saba, or Sabas. Masawah is manifestly, as before observed, a corruption of its ancient name. The island of Masawah must, from its vicinity to the main, be that called Diôdorus in the Periplus of Arrian, so near, says the author, that the sea was fordable. It was, perhaps, the Diôdorus Samius of Ptolemy, and the same name was applied to the well-known island of Perim, in the straits of Bab al Mandab. The natives are said to have taken advantage of the shallowness of the waters to attack the ships at their moorings, and the merchants were obliged at one time to anchor at another island called Orîne, or "the Rock," at two hundred stadia distance from the coast. The haven thus sought for, for security sake, cannot have been that of Dahalak or any of its dependencies, for Dahalak is a low, flat island, without water, but furnished with tanks of extraordinary magnitude for the preservation of the rain water. These works are now in ruins; but Bruce supposes them to be the works of the Ptolemies, and Dean Vincent suggested that they might be Sabaean, for Dahal signifies an island, and both this Dahalak, written Delaqua by the Portuguese, and another Delaqua in the bay of Zeila, may have been isles where the Sabaeans procured water. When De Castro was at Masawah, in 1541, the sheikh of Dahalak was master of the port, which, upon the decline of Adule,

began to be looked upon as the only proper entrance into Abyssinia, and as such was taken possession of in modern times by the Turco-Egyptians.

There are two other islands, called Sheikh Sidi and Tuhalut, which, according to Bruce, are nearly one at low water, and may have been joined formerly. The first derives its modern name from a tomb of a holy man; but De la Rochette found that it was also known by the name of Duli, or the island of Adule. In the time of Arrian, the sovereign of the coast was one Zôskales, who was civilised in his manners, respectable in his conduct, liberal and honourable in his dealings, and instructed in the Greek language, from his intercourse with the merchants who came from Egypt. The province assigned to this sovereign corresponds precisely with the territory assigned to the Bahr (sea) Nagash (king or governor) under the empire of Abyssinia. The title of Negus, given to King Theodore, is a corruption of the latter name.

The manners attributed to this Adulite prince are perfectly consistent with that pre-eminence which the Abyssinians seem to have preserved in all ages over the barbarous tribes by whom they are surrounded, and which attests how little importance ought to be attached to the opinion first promulgated by Herodotus, and adopted by Strabo, that the Abyssinians were a nation of fugitive slaves from Egypt. The very fact that Herodotus, who dates the flight of these exiles to the reign of Psammeticus, 630 years before Christ, mentions that they went to as great a distance beyond Meroë, as Meroë is from Elephantine, goes to prove that these Asmack, or Askham, as he calls them, did not found Auxume, as Reiske and other Orientalists have supposed, for the distance of fifty-two days from Elephantine to Meroë is not repeated by fifty-two beyond to Auxume. Strabo, who calls the fugitives Sebritae, places them in Tenesis, inland from Sabai, that is, according to both Bruce and D'Anville, Ras Assab, near the straits of Bab-al-Mandab, and Tenesis may thus possibly be represented by the modern Tembyen. Pliny relates in a similar manner that Adule was founded by fugitive slaves from Egypt; but we must look upon these irruptions as so many additional elements to the population, without admitting them to have constituted its sole basis. Meroë was in existence over a hundred and eighty-five years before Herodotus wrote; and so also were Auxume and Adule most unquestionably populated before the era of the emigrations noticed by Strabo and Pliny. It matters in reality little who were the original people of Abyssinia. What we have to do with are its successive conquerors and colonists—those who brought civilisation and prosperity with them. There seems little reason to doubt, however, that Abyssinia was the biblical land of Cush; Meroë itself was, we have seen, called Saba, until Cambyses named it after his sister; and, at a subsequent epoch, the elements of the original and colonising population from Assyria were so mixed up with Judaic elements, that Bruce attributed a Hebrew origin to the Abyssinians. These were followed by Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Persian, and Arabian elements, each in their turn; but to argue as Dean Vincent does, that because the existing monuments of the country are Egyptian in style, as they are in remote Ophir (Sofala), that the people were always Egyptian, would be the same as to argue, because Greek inscriptions are found there, that they were originally

Hellenic. The aboriginal population, Troglodytic or Ichthyophagist, was as little to be compared with the several nations who successively found their way to Adule, by the Red Sea, as the Danakil Shohos, and other barbarians of the present day, are to their British invaders.

The first market-town inland, from whence ivory was to be obtained, was, in olden times, Koloë—three days' journey, and hence corresponding probably with the modern Kayah Khor, or Kayah Kor, as it is written in Munzinger's map. Kayah Khor would signify a rocky rivulet; and the word Khor, which indicates in various regions a marsh, a rivulet, or a river, as in the instance of the Khor-el-Gash, or in the still more celebrated Ghor or Khor (the Jordan), in the Holy Land, appears to have been rendered Coloë by the Greeks, as in the instance of Lacus Coloë, or Ascania, now modified into Tsana. The Khor-al-Gash appears also to have been known by the name of Coloë, and this has caused a confusion to be made by Cellarius in regard to Arrian's Coloë and the one noticed by Ptolemy, as some distance to the west of Auxume.

From Koloë, it was five days' journey to Auxume, or Axûma, as it is called in the Periplus, where all the ivory was collected which was brought from the other side of the Nile, through the province called Kuenîon, and thence by Axûme to Adule. Eight days' journey to Axûme is a fair allowance for about a hundred and twenty miles, which is its distance from the sea. In the time of Bruce, the market was upon the same footing, and the best slaves, the purest gold, the largest teeth, and tusks of ivory had all to pass through the hands of the governor of Tigray, of which Sirè was a part. Seir, or Sirè, signifies a dog, and the Ethiopians are said by Pliny to have given the name of Siris to the Nile before its divided streams united into one current. Hence also was the star, which was ascendant in the rainy season, called Sirius, or the "Dog Star," and the region itself Kuenîon—*i.e.* the province under the ascendancy of the Dog Star. The seasons are divided in the highlands and on the coast line by the ridge of Taranta; it being rainy on the coast from October till April; on the highlands from May till October. There is little choice, then, between landing in rainy weather and proceeding inland in fair weather, or landing in fair weather and proceeding inland in wet weather.

That the Greeks from Egypt landed at Adule, and subdued the country of Auxume from the coast, and not from the Nile, is proved by the famous inscription preserved by Cosmas Indicopleustes. This inscription is described by Dean Vincent as being in itself "one of the most curious monuments of antiquity, and the preservation of it, and the knowledge which we have of it at this day, are still more extraordinary than the inscription itself." It is true that Cosmas appears to have put two inscriptions into one, and thereby occasioned no little perplexity to learned men; but the subsequent discovery of the inscription at Auxume by Mr. Salt showed it to be bipartite.

This inscription is reported by Cosmas to have been engraved on a tablet of basanite (probably basalt), inserted into the back of a throne, the whole of which—the base, the seat, part of the back, and five pillars—was carved out of one entire piece of white marble. The first part of the inscription refers to the invasion of Asia by Ptolemy Evergetes with elephants from the country of Troglodytes and Ethiopians, and his sub-

jection of all the countries on this side and on the other side of the Euphrates—a career of conquest otherwise unknown to history. The second part refers to the subjugation of Abyssinia and the adjacent countries. It is impossible to enter into the geographical details contained in this latter inscription in a sketch like the present; suffice it that Ptolemy crossed the Takkazie, which he calls the Nile, penetrated into the Samiyan mountains and the country of the Agows (Lasta), and extended his conquests to Gojam and Shoa, or Shwa, called in the inscription Zaa. This quite suffices to show that the conquest of Abyssinia was effected by the Greeks, not by the way of the Nile and Meroë, but from Adule. "Thus having reduced the whole world to peace under my own authority," Ptolemy writes, in conclusion of his narrative of the subjugation of the tribes on both sides of the Red Sea, "I came to Adule, and sacrificed to Jupiter, to Mars, and to Neptune, imploring his protection for all who navigate. Here also (at Adule) I reunited all my forces (which had been employed on both coasts of the Red Sea), and sitting on this throne, in this place, I consecrated it to Mars, in the twenty-seventh year of my reign." Chronologers assign only twenty-six years to the reign of Evergetes; but Chishull has observed that if a king commenced his reign in June and died in October, it might be twenty-six years in a chronicle, and yet the twenty-seventh would have commenced. At all events, it was in the last year of his reign that Ptolemy sat on this throne at Adule and solaced himself for his long campaigns and a departing life by recording the conquest of the world around him, or, as his courtiers were probably pleased to term it, "the whole world."

The inscription mentions hail, frost, and snow as having been encountered in Samiyan, and although Bruce denied their existence, an increased acquaintance with the country has proved the correctness of the Adulitic record; the natives are also described as taking refuge, as in modern times, on mountains absolutely inaccessible to an army; but Evergetes sat down before these mountain ambas, or fastnesses, and, surrounding them, compelled them to surrender. But the most remarkable particular of all is that Ptolemy made roads, and opened a communication by land between Adule and Egypt, and that this line of intercourse should have ever since been lost or obliterated.

It appears that Evergetes engaged in this expedition, the evidence of which rests solely on this inscription, and the discovery of his name by Bruce at Auxume, on the plan of his father, Philadelphus, *for the extension and protection of commerce*, and we need not feel surprised at his selecting a port on the Red Sea as his head-quarters, when we remember that the trade of Solomon and Hiram was carried on from Ezion Geber, at the head of the Elanitick Gulf, by Adule and the straits of Bab al Mandab, to Ophir, or Sofala. Ela, Eloth, Aila, or Ailath, and Phênicon were at different times in the possession of the Idumeans, Nabatheans, Petreans, Egyptians, Tyrians, Hebrews, and Romans, and Adule has a little less various history. Even in the time of Cosmas (A.D. 545) the traveller spoke of the port as that in which "we carry on our trade from Alexandria and the Elanitick Gulf."

The Periplus of Arrian is, after the inscription, the first work extant which expressly notices Auxume and Adule and the commerce of the country. The exports appear to have consisted merely of ivory and

horns of the rhinoceros, but the imports were most varied, and so immutable is the East, that their enumeration may serve as a lesson to a modern supercargo. Among them were cloth, made-up robes, linen, glass, porcelain, copper, brass, iron, hatchets, adzes, knives, daggers, drinking vessels, wine, oil, gold and silver plate, coats and cloaks, coverlids, Indian cottons, sashes, and muslins. These were the principal articles imported in ancient times from Egypt into Adule, but a further acquaintance with the country in modern times attests to a much wider field for exports and imports. Even in the time of Solomon the exports were more numerous; for the Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem "with camels that bear spices, and very much gold, and precious stones," and the Hebrew-Phœnician navy brought him gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks from Ophir and the countries on the way thither or back. The name of Adule is unknown at that epoch, but it is not likely that the fleets of Solomon and Hiram would have navigated the Red Sea without frequenting the only place of refuge on the west coast—the bay of Adule. Besides the close intercourse of Meroë and Auxume with the people of Judea is established by their whole history. Adule was, under the Romans, an emporium for hides, ivory, and tortoiseshell. It had also a large slave-market, and the apes which the Roman ladies of high birth kept as pets, and for which they often gave high prices, came principally from the same port. Were it not, then, for the more extensive gold-mines near Sofala, the existence there of Egyptian ruins, and the facts recorded by Herodotus, that the fleet of Hiram navigated till they had the sun on their right hand—pea-fowl being read, as proposed by some, for pea-cocks—Adule might almost be taken for the Ophir of the Book of Kings.

There is a view of Adule, in the "Topographia Christiana" of Cosmas, as the city existed more than seven hundred years after the invasion of Abyssinia by Ptolemy Evergetes, and in which pyramids and obelisks are made, with the gates and walls of the city, and certain castellated buildings, to constitute the chief features. It is to be hoped that the scientific men who accompany the British expedition will thoroughly explore this interesting site.

Arrian notices the many low and sandy islands, which Dean Vincent calls the appendages of Dahalak, under the name of Alalaion, or, as Pliny has it, Aliaen. Hither, according to the Periplus, tortoiseshell was obtained by the Ichthyophagi, and Bruce relates that the beauty of this Adulitic tortoiseshell is so exquisite that it sells for its weight in gold to the Chinese. Those who know the Roman taste for ornamenting doors, tables, and couches with this shell will not wonder at its value in the commerce of the ancients. The island called Orînè, or "the Rock," in the Periplus, lies in the southern bosom of the haven of Adule. It is actually twenty miles from the coast. It is also a rock, as its name imports, and of considerable elevation. Lord Valentia, who named the bay of Adule Annesley Bay, conferred his own name upon this island, which has hence been since known as "Valentia Island." This is the island to which the merchants are described as taking refuge for security, and it lay opposite to Adule.

The annual value of the exports alone from Masawah, which has superseded Adule as the port of Abyssinia in modern times, is esti-

mated at above two hundred thousand dollars, and the dues are said to amount to forty thousand Spanish dollars. The pearl fisheries of the Adulitic archipelago are also very productive, and the Danakil (plural of Dankalah, and according to that excellent Orientalist, the Rev. C. Renouard, probably the same word as Donkolah, pronounced Dongolah), the modern representatives of the Ichthyophagists of old, catch the curious animal known as the dugong among the same islands, its long and beautiful tusks being much sought for, and its hide making the best sandals.

There can be no question, then, of the importance to the extension of trade and commerce of a port to Abyssinia; it is equally certain that the haven of Adule would provide the safest and most secure on the western side of the Red Sea, and it could also be made to constitute a port of refuge for steamers and ships navigating the Erythrean. Such a harbour might be constituted a free port under the protection of the British flag to conciliate other powers. There can be no possible desire for supremacy in the Red Sea. We do not wish to point out, as the *Journal des Debats* did on the occasion of the imaginary cession of the port to France by the subordinate ruler of Tigray, that "it *commands* the Aden route;" it is of far greater importance to us that it could be made to afford a haven of refuge for ships of all nations, and an opening by which to develop the commerce of Abyssinia and the interior of Africa. One day, when the real value of the gold-mines of the backbone of Eastern Africa, from Abyssinia to Sofala, shall be estimated at its correct value, the whole region will probably be dotted with adventurous prospectors and industrious gold-washers; but these times are not yet. In the face of much that is unknown—and all that is unknown is too readily accepted as either worthless or unobtainable—there are not wanting in Lords and Commons, in the press and among the public, plenty of persons to cry out against what they describe as augmenting the imperial responsibilities of the country, and embarrassing ourselves with new charges and burdens. But, under a wise administration, no colonial possession, and certainly no port adapted by nature for commerce, and calculated in this case to monopolise the trade of a region as extensive as Great Britain and France put together, should be a burden to the mother country. With the Romans the extension of power and the extension of wealth were synonymous, and it is admitted by Gibbon, and by most historians, that when the pusillanimous and retrograde policy of Adrian led to the sacrifice of the conquests of Trajan—when the god Terminus was removed from the further limits, as in our days we have witnessed in regard to the Ionian Islands, the decline and fall of the Roman empire from that moment set fairly in.

But it is not only for the sake of safety to navigation, of opening new markets to our manufacturing produce, of developing commerce in new and remote regions, of finding a new outlet and occupation to an industrious and adventurous population, that the establishment of a free port by a civilised nation in Abyssinia is advocated; it is also because power has its duties as well as its rights. Abyssinia is not only a country devastated by civil wars, but, owing to that very circumstance, it is easily preyed upon by the fanatic Mussulmans, who hover over its frontiers and carry on razzias into the interior. Were the statistics really known of

the number of Christian youths carried off into slavery, and of the number of Christian girls who go annually to fill the harems of licentious Turks, sensual Egyptians, and hoary Arab sheikhs, the returns would be appalling! The protection of such a country—the amelioration of its political condition—the chastening of its barbaric Christianity—and the guardianship of its faith and virtue, would be a laurel wreath to any power possessing the means to secure so great a boon, and might, under Providence, entail that very success which the faint hearted and the poor spirited of the present generation rather dread than covet.

"It would indeed," as the worthy German missionary Krapf writes, "be most desirable that Abyssinia, which has been harassed by revolutions ever since the time of Mr. Bruce (1772), should be regulated, if not permanently occupied, by an European power, for the Abyssinians will never be able to elevate themselves independently of Europe. Abyssinia excels every other country in Africa by its healthy climate, its agricultural productiveness, and other capabilities. Extended as the Abyssinian empire already is, yet it might seize all Central Africa without somebody disputing or opposing its conquests. (What the worthy Teuton means is, that it might seize without anybody disputing its conquests.) "If governed by an enlightened ruler, Abyssinia would easily match Egypt, and prove a powerful friend or foe even to India, to which it presents the key."

"If the slave trade is to be radically destroyed in Eastern Africa, it must be chiefly done in Abyssinia, which presents the high road to Central Africa."

"I have no doubt that ere long Egypt or France will be mixed up with that remarkable country, which is a compound of physical and moral qualities—a compound of Alpine heights and low valleys, of various languages and religions, of human physiognomies of all shades—in fact, what its name shows, a habeshi (mixture) throughout."

"It is to be hoped that the British government will not overlook the present rightful opportunity of interfering with that distracted and unfortunate country, which has all things but an enlightened and good ruler. I feel most sorry that England must act in a hostile manner against Abyssinia, which has received nothing but benefits from the English. England has sent costly presents to the rulers of Tigray, through Mr. Salt; of Shoa, through Major Harris; and of Amhara, through Ras Ali. Besides, England has several times prevented Muhammad Ali, Pasha of Egypt, from conquering Abyssinia. And now this very England is compelled to assume a hostile attitude against a country which ungratefully is pushing away the hand of friendship. But it must come so in order that Eastern Africa should be drawn into the world's movement, and that England should be, against her will, compelled to be on her guard, and to secure her standing-point in the Red Sea and her avenues to India, when the great Oriental crisis will come on with the tremendous waves of a raging sea—perhaps at no distant period."*

Some admirable sketches have appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of the different stages in the Haddas, Kūmaylū, and Takunda

* Blue-book, p. 75.

passes. These passes are certainly of formidable aspect. When M. de Vayssières was in Abyssinia, the Tigrayans, under Ubiyah, made a descent upon Arkiko and the Jebel Gadam, carrying off numerous herds of camels and cattle, and when pursued by the Egyptians, they are described as taking refuge in "the pass which ascends from the ruins of Adule to those of Auxume, by way of Hamhammo," where they occupied an impregnable position, and into which no Egyptians have as yet ventured to penetrate.* It must not be supposed that Abyssinia, which has been designated an African Switzerland, is all after this fashion. The mass of the country is formed of more or less level, or rounded uplands, or plateaus, which break off towards the coast in rocky gaps and precipices, constituting more or less difficult passes. It is the same in Asia Minor, the interior uplands of which are rarely to be reached without passing through rocky ravines and by precipitous ascents, which increase in difficulty and altitude as we get more to the eastward, and attain their maximum development in Pontus and Cilicia. A newspaper correspondent remarks: "It is perfectly evident to all here (at Adule) that no wheels can at present go by the Haddas route; but where they cannot now go they will be enabled by our preparations to go in a very short time. In less than three weeks artillery on wheels could be passed on from Zula to Tubbū, forty miles of distance." The native Madras sappers turned out first-rate workmen at clearing away the débris and boulders which have accumulated in the passes since ancient times, and by the latest accounts the troops were being rapidly moved up in detachments by the Kumayli pass to the uplands, away from the hot, waterless, and unhealthy lowlands of the coast.

It is true that, amid the elevated uplands, there are many ravines and rocky districts—that out of their very heart arise extensive mountainous regions in Samiyan, in Lasta, in Begameder, in Dembea, and elsewhere; just as the Arjish Tagh and many others rise out of the uplands of Asia Minor; and these, again, are in Abyssinia cut by many deep and difficult ravines to the westward. It is probable, therefore, that an easterly course, along the maritime edge of the upland, by Adigrat and Antalo, will be found a more advisable route, and to present fewer difficulties than a more central route by Adowa and the Takkazie ravines, through the terrible Samiyan, or by the mountainous districts of Walkait and Waggera on Gondar. Mount Tabor is in a central region, but Magdala is on this easterly ridge of the central uplands. If we are to judge by Krapf's map, the eastern limits of the interior uplands are more populated than almost any other part of the country.† There are villages at brief distances all the way from Takunda to Magdala. The existence of villages indicates the presence of water, and of cultivated or grazing lands. The two lakes of Ashangi, and that of Haik, are on the same eastern

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* Souvenirs d'un Voyage en Abyssinie, tome ii. p. 118

† Dr. Krapf travelled by this line of road, from Ankber, in Shoa, to Masawah; but, unfortunately, his descriptions are as meagre as his map is faulty in regard to the relative portion of places. "Journeying," he says, "in a north-westerly direction, seventeen days elapsed before we reached Takunda, the frontier village of Tigray, on the borders of the Shoho land, and from which the route proceeds to Masawah. The way lay through every description of country; fruitful valleys and plains, mountain heights, past desert wildernesses; sometimes amid dense

border of the great central upland, which, in its southern prolongation, contains the strongholds of the Shoa tribes of Ifat or Gadam.

At all events, whatever may be the difficulties of the country, surely, what the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, Persians, and Arabs could each do in their turn—penetrate into the interior, subjugate its semi-barbarous populations, and carry the blessings of a comparatively peaceful and progressive civilisation into remote but fertile and productive regions—can also be accomplished by British arms and British civilisation. By what might appear to be a singular ordination of Providence—but which, in reality, has its origin in the necessities of the case, arising out of the immutable configuration of the soil and country—the Anglo-Indian force has disembarked and begun to penetrate into the interior by the same port and by the same pathway which was followed by the great nations of antiquity—the gate-way, in fact, to the civilisation of Abyssinia; and if they do not leave their mark to the advantage of a down-trodden, persecuted, and slave-hunted Christian population—notwithstanding the outcry of some who are indifferent to the sufferings and oppressions of their fellow-creatures—it will be very questionable if Great Britain will be doing that which is expected from it, according to the power and prosperity placed in its hands by a kind Providence. The British are in the south of Asia and Africa what the Russians are in Central Asia—the people chosen to disseminate the benefits of commerce, of security to life and property, and of a general civilisation and Christianity. Both are bound upon the principle that where much is given much is expected, to carry out, as far as lays in their power, the mission thus imposed upon them.

To be called upon by incidents over which they had no control—but which, as Krapf remarks, may be in the secret designs of Providence—to march into a country of dire oppressed co-religionaries, and to do nothing for their emancipation, or to better their condition, would be as sad a neglect of duty as to leave the once fertile and populous regions of Chaldaea and Babylonia—the cradle of the human race—at the very threshold of our Indian possessions, a desert and a waste, and to allow what should be the highway of nations to be for ever closed by barbarian Arab tribes—for want of that spirit of enterprise which characterised all the great nations of antiquity, and once characterised the British people.

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populations, sometimes where no human soul was to be found; and for the most part we had to beg for food and shelter. Occasionally a Muhammadan would receive us hospitably, occasionally a Christian; in the latter case the motive frequently was to receive an amulet against illness, or some magical cure from the white man; for it is a common belief in Abyssinia that all white men come from Jerusalem, where they think there is no sickness, and all is plenty and splendour. When I contradicted these superstitious notions, we would sometimes be bustled out of the Christian's house as Mussulmans in disguise, sent to sleep in the open air and the cold, and ordered to depart before break of day. A few horse-beans, grudgingly given, were often all that we had to subsist on; and once, even to procure them, I had to sell the girdle of my chief servant. In the province of Tigray especially, the grudging hospitality of the Abyssinians reached its acme, and we longed, day after day, for our arrival at the coast."—(Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labours, &c., pp. 102, 103).

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

As Spring, blithe maiden, tripping soft and light,
With happy, beaming eyes,
Doth cold and sullen Winter put to flight,
And cheer all earth and skies;
So woman's love makes warm man's frigid heart,
Bidding his moody dreams and gloom depart.

As Summer sports in rich, luxurious bowers,
Her cheek all rosy mirth,
Scatters on every bank delicious flowers,
And beautifies the earth;
So woman's love man's brightened home doth bless,
Making life gay with flowers of loveliness.

As teeming Autumn gives her mellow store,
Ripe fruits and golden corn,
Heaping abundance, till, for flowing o'er,
She scarce can hold her horn;
So woman's love a wealth of joy will yield,
All heart-fruits gathered from that fertile field.

Without yon sun—kind source of heat and light—
What were the world we boast?
An orphan thing, wide wrapt in frost and night,
A sad world's wandering ghost;
So man, cold, dark, and cheerlessly, would move
Along life's path, bereft of woman's love.

As the sweet lady moon, with brow serene,
Climbing the stormy sky,
Soon spreads her calming silver o'er the scene,
And bids the dark clouds fly;
So woman's love sweet influence sheds on life,
Brightens its gloom, and stills the storms of strife.

As gold, hot glowing in the furnace-flame,
Defies heat's wasting might,
And, unconsumed, doth issue forth the same,
Only more pure and bright;
So 'mid fierce trials true love ne'er expires,
Made purer by affliction's searching fires.

As mosses weave a beauty round decay,
Hiding the rents of years,
Till on the ruin, rugged, worn, and grey,
A gentle smile appears;
So woman's love gives beauty and a grace
To poverty's poor shattered dwelling-place.

The purest fount of joy, the tenderest light,
Cheering the heart of woe,
Lending to strength sweet softness, weakness might,
Heaven's choicest gift below,
The comforter in sickness, still above
Owning its source—such, such is woman's love.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

WHERE IS SHE?

PUNCTUALLY at the time appointed, Josiah presented himself at the office of the late Mr. Ashton's solicitors, where he was introduced to Mr. Renshaw, and where the necessary business was transacted. Something was said about the extraordinary nature of the circumstances which had caused this meeting, but not much, as the business details were uppermost just then. Before Josiah left the office, he asked Mr. Renshaw a question respecting the fortunes of Grace Ashton, and was told in reply that the little property which had been left to her under her father's will had been appropriated by Robert Ashton, her legal heir, during the time that she was supposed to be dead.

"Then is she really unprovided for?" Josiah asked, anxiously. "Because if so, the duty of caring for her temporal welfare would certainly devolve upon me."

"That is not the case," Mr. Renshaw answered. "She is living in great retirement with her mother, who is suffering from some kind of mental derangement, and a small property that is settled upon the mother suffices for the maintenance of both."

Josiah was silent for a few moments; a picture rose up before him of this half-relative of his, who had been so brave and long-enduring for the sake of an abstract principle of justice, giving herself up to a life of retirement and comparative poverty, and to the weary round of duties undertaken by those who associate with the mentally afflicted. If she had preferred the wages of sin, if she had chosen to assist the conspirators, she might have been living a life of luxury and worldly pleasure. Josiah thought of the power of resolve that she had shown, and wondered whether it was due to spiritual regeneration or only to natural conscientiousness. If to the former, she might become a willing and effective instrument in carrying out some of the plans that were already forming themselves in his brain for the guidance of the poor and ignorant; if to the latter, how grand a work it would be for him to enlist such fine mental qualities on the side of evangelical belief and endeavour. And in any case, he felt that it would be right to seek her out, and to know her, indebted to her as he was, and conscious as he could not but be that some thread of destiny had connected her life with his. Only Josiah called it some providential link. And so he asked Mr. Renshaw for her address, and declared his intention of seeking her out, and of thanking her for all that she had done and suffered.

To his great surprise, Mr. Renshaw could not give him the address.

"The fact is," he explained, "that the poor girl has suffered a great deal in other ways. I scarcely know whether it would be right or delicate to enter into the subject."

"Tell me, at least," Josiah urged, "whether the trial at which you hint is connected with *my* share in the history of her life."

"It is; but I do not want to distress you, or to make needless mysteries. Well, there then, I will tell you as much as this, that she was engaged to be married before that wretched fellow drew her into the conspiracy, and that afterwards the gentleman, believing her to be dead, contracted another engagement. One can't blame him for that."

"I suppose not," Josiah answered. "Is he married?"

"I don't know; but of course he is not, or she would not be hiding herself in this way from all her friends. In fact, I know nothing about it except what she told me herself, that her lover, like all the rest of the world, believed her to be dead, and had engaged himself to another lady. I know, from my own observation, that he was desperately fond of Grace, and it struck me directly that when Grace was once known to be alive, the other lady would give him up, because, you see, the second engagement had been contracted under a mistake. And it might really have happened so, if I had only had sense to hold my tongue; but I wanted to comfort poor Grace, and, like a great idiot, I blundered out everything that was on my mind. It is a delicate matter, and I never was a very good hand at explaining exactly what I mean, and I suppose I must have given her the idea that she would be considered to have a kind of legal claim on him, like an unlucky devil as I am. Her pride took alarm in a moment, for she is as sensitive as she is upright and conscientious, and she begged hard that as little publicity as possible might be given to the affair, and through her influence it has been kept very much out of the newspapers. There has been no trial, you know, up to the present time, because we can't catch the criminals."

"Then you really do not know her present address?"

"No; she went away with her mother, and I have had one letter from her, full of thanks and gratitude, poor child! but not naming her present place of abode. If once she knew that her old sweetheart was married, she would write to all her friends, no doubt, and let them know of her welfare. And it's my belief that if he knew of her being alive, he would see his second love at the devil before he married her."

"I think it will be right for me to seek her out," Josiah responded, "and I will do so, if I can, without interfering with her desire for retirement, which I understand and respect. And before we part, may I say one word to you, without giving offence?"

Mr. Renshaw was about the last person in the world to take offence, and he looked his surprise at the question.

"It is about that awful name that you have twice used lightly—the name of the Enemy of Souls—against whose power we have need to watch and pray up to the latest moment of our lives."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," Mr. Renshaw responded, apologetically. "I ought to have remembered that I was speaking to a clergyman."

"It's not that," Josiah hastily interrupted. "Pray don't imagine that I was thinking of myself. I only feel it right to remind you of the solemn terms in which the Scriptures speak of the chief of apostate angels."

"I'm sure I beg his pardon too," Mr. Renshaw promptly replied, "not intending any disrespect or unfriendliness to him, but only just a way of speaking. It's a shame to hit a fellow when he's down, and the —hem—the person we were speaking of must have experienced a great reverse of fortune, and ought to be treated with respect and consideration."

Josiah glanced sharply at the speaker, but said nothing. In truth, he had nothing to say, for he had been so long accustomed to hear theological subjects spoken of in stereotyped phrases, that any departure from the verbiage of his party savoured of profanity to his ear. And as he could not find fault with Mr. Renshaw's matter-of-fact reply, he was wisely silent.

Mr. Renshaw having completed his business as trustee, returned to Deepdale, and at the Euston-square station he was a little surprised to meet his son, John Renshaw, who was also bound for Deepdale.

"I thought you were still at Folkstone," he said, when they had taken their places in the train.

"No, I did not stay long at Folkstone, I have been to Rotterdam."

"And what in the world made you fix upon Rotterdam? Emily is not there, is she?"

"No, I have written twice to her from Rotterdam, but to no one else; I have been uncertain in my plans, and horribly bothered about William Brooks; he is at Rotterdam now, and has been ill there."

"Ah, does he know about Grace?"

"He declares that he possesses proofs of her having survived the fire at Deepdale, and I had a London newspaper with the strangest paragraph in it. I see by your face that there is something to be told; please tell it me quickly, for I have not received any letters that may have been sent for me to Folkstone."

Mr. Renshaw, in reply, related at full length the story of the conspiracy from beginning to end; John was speechless with astonishment, and was for a time quite unable to realise the facts thus detailed to him. When at last they became plain to him, he earnestly demanded,

"Where is Grace?"

"That is more than I can tell you," his father replied; "she heard in some way of Brooks' second engagement, and unluckily I gave her the idea that he ought to be surrendered to her, as she is alive, and nothing will do for her now except to bury herself in complete retirement until his marriage has taken place."

"Brooks' second engagement! I cannot imagine what you mean."

"Is it not true, then, that, believing her to be dead, he became engaged to another lady?"

"No, certainly it is not. Another lady, indeed! Why, he has been inventing all kinds of impossible theories about her, believing her to be alive in spite of reason and common sense, and after all it turns out that he was right. But she must be quite unworthy of him, if she can believe that he has so soon forgotten her."

"Well, it's only one more muddle, and I'm getting pretty well used to them," Mr. Renshaw resignedly observed; and, after much fumbling in side-pockets, he rummaged out the letter which he had received from Grace just before she left Basnet. There was a postscript to the letter,

containing a message to Miss Flora Gaythorn, which she hoped that Mr. Renshaw might sooner or later have an opportunity of delivering.

"It is not at all impossible that you may have such an opportunity," so ran the letter, "for Mr. Brooks will naturally wish to learn the particulars of my strange story from you, and it is better that Miss Gaythorn should also be made acquainted with it. Tell her from me that my engagement with Mr. Brooks was altogether a mistake, and that I feel it to be so; never let her imagine for a moment that the fact of my existence can possibly cast a cloud on her path; let her feel, on the contrary, that there is one more heart that longs and prays for her happiness; ask her to think of me sometimes in that way, and in no other."

John read the letter and the postscript attentively through, and then turned to his father:

"I was mistaken in what I said just now," he acknowledged; "she is not to blame; some other abominable deception has been practised to make her believe in this second engagement. I wonder what their motive has been in this instance."

For once in his honest life Mr. Renshaw lighted on the true solution.

"I should think," he suggested, "that those wretches did not see the depth and strength of her conscientiousness, and that they supposed her opposition to spring from interested motives, from the fear of losing her lover; they imagined, probably, that if they could make her believe he was already lost to her, she would no longer oppose their plans."

"I have no doubt you are right," John assented; "and now, let me see, I can scarcely believe in it all at once; it seems as if I must be dreaming."

"I went through that stage, my boy; I went about just like a sleep-walker when I had first heard of it; and so did your mother, she talked and talked, without ever stopping, till she had convinced herself that she was awake."

"Ah, my mother, I wanted to run down to Deepdale to see her this evening, but I must put it off in charity to Brooks; you have no idea what he has suffered, poor fellow! for he has had doubts about her death from the very first, and the torments of suspense and anxiety were added to the shock of losing her. I'll get out at this next station, and wait for an up-train; the time will seem long till I get back to Rotterdam."

"And what will you do afterwards?" his father asked.

"Find Grace, to be sure."

"Do you think you can?"

"Oh yes, we *must*."

And with this convincing argument he parted from his father.

When William Brooks, after some little preparation, and hints of what was to follow, heard the beginning of Grace's story, he quickly supplemented it by his own conjectures, which were not very wide of the truth when once they had been set on the right track. The death of Grace Meadows had never hitherto occurred to him as a possibility, and it shocked and grieved him greatly; he understood the details of the deception that had been practised before they were explained to him, judging from his knowledge of Grace's character, and of the influences that bore upon her life; he even suggested the probability of an attempt

to murder her, but John could only tell him that the particulars of her escape from the conspirators were not known. He seemed more surprised at hearing that she believed in his second engagement than at any other part of the story, but was much less depressed than John had expected when he heard that her address was not known, and that there might be great difficulty in finding her. He seemed not to think of himself at all, not to resent her apparent want of faith in him, scarcely even to grieve over her continued absence, now that the clouds of doubt and uncertainty had rolled away, now that he knew her to be living and in safety.

The spirit of self-abnegation brings peace with it, peace that in William's case contributed greatly to his complete recovery.

II.

JOSIAH'S NEW HOME.

JOSIAH persevered in his resolution to find out Grace; he generally did persevere in any resolve that he felt to be founded on right principles, and this was one of them. Mr. Renshaw had told him that Grace and her mother were living upon a small property belonging to the mother, and Josiah imagined that it would be easy to find their place of abode by means of this property, and of the persons concerned in the investment of it. In this idea he soon found that he was mistaken, for Grace had taken her measures wisely; and as Josiah disliked any secret and underhand mode of proceeding, he determined to insert a very plain and straightforward advertisement in one of the newspapers, trusting to "Providence" to bring it under the notice of Grace Ashton, if the good of one or both of the persons concerned would thus be promoted.

Whether Providence took the matter into fair and parliamentary consideration, is more than this deponent can safely vouch for; but if it did, the division was in Josiah's favour, for Grace lighted upon the very first advertisement, and understood it at once. The words were these:

"Josiah Meadows is very anxious to obtain an interview with the lady to whom he is so much indebted, and if she will let him know her present address, he will be grateful for the proof of her confidence and goodwill."

Grace read this in the morning paper, and understood, as she could scarcely fail to do, that it was addressed te herself; she wondered what Mr. Meadows could possibly want with her, and she decided that there was no reasonable probability of his being acquainted with William Brooks, and that no harm could be done by giving him her address, especially as he asked for it as a "proof of confidence." So Josiah received a note from her, telling him that she was living with her mother at Bow, not a great distance from St. Simon's-in-the-East, and that she would be at home and disengaged any morning between eleven and three. She added that she had particular reasons for wishing to keep her address a secret for the present from her friends and acquaintances, and she begged him to remember this, in case he should happen to know any of them himself.

So Josiah, on his first disengaged morning, set out on a pilgrimage to

Bow, and easily found the house, in a row of small semi-detached cottages, that made a terrace, just out of the line of narrow and crowded streets. There was nothing in the villa style about these houses; they were unpretending as well as small; but Josiah thought they looked very pretty and cosy, especially No. 5, the one to which he had been directed. He knocked at the door, and was admitted by a maid-servant into one of those dark and inconvenient passages, with treacherous steps and pitfalls in them, that seem peculiar to very small houses, and then into a pretty parlour, that looked upon a scrap of garden, newly laid out with taste and care. The little room was nicely furnished, and its occupier had not fallen into the besetting sin of dwellers in small houses—that of aspiring to a "company-room." It had neither the peculiar atmosphere nor the dreary tidiness of an unused parlour; books and drawing materials were lying about, and a lady's work-basket stood upon the table, by the side of a tall and slender vase, containing a very beautiful kind of fern. Josiah had no artistic taste, but he was conscious in a kind of way that the arrangements of the little room had been planned by some one with a correct eye for the general effect, that colours were harmonious, and outlines graceful. He scarcely glanced at the drawings, but the books interested him at once; he took up one that was lying open, as if it had just been read; it was Tennyson's "Princess," and he put it down directly. He took up another, it was also in verse, and by a writer whose name was unknown to him, although it was beginning to be widely known in literary circles—Alexander Smith. He opened the book at random, and read one verse:

> Life is transfigured in the soft and tender
> Light of Love, as a volume dun
> Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathèd splendour
> In the declining sun.

He did not read any more of it. "Heathen stuff," he said to himself, "and incorrect in metre, besides." He went up to a pretty pair of rosewood bookstands, and read the titles on the backs of the books. There was an edition of Shakspeare, and another of Byron, the works of Longfellow, and those of Mrs. Browning, novels by Currer Bell, Bulwer, and Mrs. Gaskell, some volumes of essays, a large book entitled "Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies," by Mrs. Jameson, and an illustrated edition of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales. Josiah sighed. There was nothing "profitable" here; everything was for this world. Just as he had come to this doleful conclusion, he perceived a little book with a sacred title; it appeared to be a book of hymns on the subject of the most sorrowful mystery of the Christian faith—the mystery of Calvary. He took it from its place and opened it; every hymn was illustrated by some tiny vignette, beautifully drawn and engraved, but every one was an abomination to him; there was an angel with folded wings, there was an annunciation lily, there was a cross surrounded by a nimbus, and, worst of all, there was a Madonna and child! Josiah dropped the book as if it had bitten him, and at the same moment the door opened, and Grace Ashton came into the room; she had improved in health and strength during the last month, and, though she still looked delicate, there was a bloom upon her cheek that had never been seen there during her

dismal life at Basnet. Josiah crossed the little room to take her hand. "I have to thank you for your kind note," he said, "and for much—much more than that."

"You must have thought it odd of me," Grace answered, "to wish to keep my address a secret from my friends; very peculiar circumstances oblige me to do so, but only for a time. I am very glad to have the pleasure of seeing you here, and I shall be also glad to give you any information that you may be seeking for, if it is in my power to do so."

Grace spoke quite simply and naturally, but Josiah felt pained, as if she had attributed his desire to find her to interested motives.

"I did not seek this interview to add to the weight of obligation that I already owe you," he said, "but to express my gratitude for what you have done and suffered. I owe the fortune that has fallen to me to your courage and integrity, and I shall be only too happy if you will give me an opportunity of being of use to you in any way and at any time."

Grace saw the mistake that she had made.

"Forgive me," she said, "and believe me when I tell you what is simply the truth—that it never struck me you would take the trouble of advertising, merely to thank me for what I did; one can scarcely take credit to oneself for shrinking from the idea of a great crime, or for striving with all one's might to avoid being implicated in it, directly or indirectly."

"You may take very great credit to yourself," Josiah answered, warmly, "that you neither allowed yourself to be entrapped into consenting to the fraud, nor to be frightened into non-resistance." So far he spoke as a man, but immediately afterwards he added, as a Christian, "We must give the praise where it is most justly due, unprofitable servants as we are, even the best and most upright of us."

Grace acquiesced, of course, in this orthodox sentiment, and then she turned to Josiah, as a sudden thought crossed her mind, and said,

"You were so kind as to ask if you could do anything for me, and I shall be most deeply obliged to you if you will use your influence to prevent a prosecution in case my brother and Susan Marsh should be found, and also to cause the search for them to be discontinued."

Josiah was very doubtful whether he had any influence in the matter, but he promised to do all that he could towards furthering Grace's wishes; and, on the whole, he thought it more consistent with the tenets of the Gospel to forgive the criminals than to prosecute them.

"You seem to be a living example of the crowning grace of Christianity," he said, presently; "may I hope that this is due to spiritual regeneration, and not merely to natural amiability?"

Grace was not at all offended, Josiah's sincerity of purpose generally prevented him from offending people, and she replied:

"It seems to me that it is very difficult to estimate exactly the influence that religious conviction has upon character. I, for instance, was brought up to observe all the outward ordinances of religion, and was regularly instructed in the doctrines held by the Church of England, and I should feel it to be quite impossible to point to the results, and to say, *this* is due to distinct teaching and conviction, and *that* is due to natural bias and inclination. The two work together, or it seems so to me."

This was enough for Josiah, who at once set her down as one of the

unregenerate, with strong capabilities for good, that might presently be devoted to the service of the great Master, perhaps through his instrumentality. He was silent for a few moments, and then he resolved to begin the work at once.

"What church do you attend?" he asked.

"St. Mary's, in Bridge-street."

Josiah started.

"A Puseyite church, where the prayers are sung, or drawled, and the attention is distracted from them by every possible means, by pictures, flowers, tapers, even incense, I believe!"

Grace smiled. "I never saw any incense used there, nothing more dangerous in that way than a lady's smelling-bottle, but the services are undoubtedly conducted after the manner of the High Church party."

"And you are attached to that party?"

"No; I like good music, and I think religious ceremony and symbolism is a help, instead of a hindrance, to devotion. But that is all; I am not greatly interested in the questions raised by the High and Low Church parties."

Josiah's reply seemed to indicate that he thought her condition very dangerous, but still far from hopeless. He gave her a tract, entitled "The Abomination of Desolation, standing where it ought not," illustrated with a very rough and smudgy woodcut, that appeared to represent a tea-urn standing on a table. She afterwards found that the artist had intended to depict a censer on an altar. He also invited her to attend the services at St. Simon's, promising that a pew should always be reserved for her, if she would only make use of it. Grace consented to do so with great good humour; her quick instincts told her that this man meant to be a friend, and she had very few—in her present retirement absolutely none. Also she found herself beginning to like him; his peculiarities interested her, and she felt and recognised his thorough honesty of purpose.

Before he left her he asked after Mrs. Ashton, and, as Grace foresaw that he would be a frequent visitor, she thought it necessary to say something about her mother's mental condition. The subject was a painful one, but Josiah came to her aid, and let her know in the fewest possible words that he was acquainted with Mrs. Ashton's misfortune. He did this with great delicacy, for he was a gentleman (evangelicism, notwithstanding), and Grace then told him of the plan that she had adopted for curing her mother of her one delusion; it consisted, she explained, in ignoring the existence of the delusion, avoiding all approach to the subject, and treating Mrs. Ashton at all times as *herself*, Grace's mother, and a sane and reasonable being. Grace believed that this would be more conducive to cure than any amount of reasoning and discussion. Josiah thought so too, and added one or two kind and thoughtful suggestions, taking his leave soon afterwards, while Grace felt in some way assured that she had gained a friend, and a real one.

Her refinement of manner and appearance contrasted strongly with the bourgeois deportment of the "young ladies" of his congregation, and he felt the impalpable differences that exist, even in these days of general education, between class and class, or, should we rather say, between kind and kind. He called her "a polished corner of the temple,"

speaking softly to himself as he walked away from her door, and many times that day he found himself recalling her face, her manner of speaking, and the inflections of her voice. Grace described the interview to her mother; it was part of her plan to interest Mrs. Ashton as much as possible in all that was going on around her, so that her thoughts might be occupied with real things, to the exclusion of chimerical fancies. Mrs. Ashton thought it very unlikely that Josiah would remain in so poor and miserable a neighbourhood, now that he was possessed of a large fortune; Grace was doubtful about this, she thought him so peculiar and so unworldly.

Grace was a good deal altered since the old Clifton-street days; her character had gained strength and independence, and suffering had developed her mental powers; she found abundant occupation in caring for her mother, and in the many little matters that press on the attention of those who possess at once cultivated tastes and small incomes; she was a busy housekeeper and general manager, and a cheerful companion to Mrs. Ashton, in spite of the one episode in her past life that had changed for her the aspect of the future, and blotted out her brightest hope. Sometimes when she recalled the signs and tokens of the love that William Brooks had shown for her ever since they were quite children, it seemed impossible that in so short a time he should have found some one to fill her place; and then, again, she felt, with a kind of religious superstition, that her one great error, fallen into in a moment of mental and bodily weakness at Deepdale, had brought this blow upon her, as was only just and fitting. She did not appear to suffer in health or spirits, and this is easily understood; she had heard of William Brooks' second engagement many months previously, and her trouble was not new to her; on the other hand, her liberty, her ease of conscience, her freedom from fear and from the vicinity of crime, were all new and pleasurable. In her mother, too, she had found another interest in life; gratitude had deepened into love, and though the anxiety with which she watched for signs of her mother's improvement had something painful in it, still it gave her something to think about and to live for. So that she was not at all like those love-born damsels of romance to whom this world becomes a dreary prison, containing nothing for them but a grave; she brooded as little as she could over the past, and applied herself as cheerfully as possible to fulfil the duties of the present. Only that indefinable something that marks a great heart-trial had cast its shadow upon her; only she was aware of a great gap in her life and in her hopes; that was all.

Mrs. Ashton and Grace set out together, one Sunday morning, to the church of St. Simon's-in-the-East, to redeem Grace's promise and to hear Josiah Meadows preach. They had to go through some very dirty and miserable streets, and Grace conjectured that there must surely be some less objectionable route from their house to St. Simon's, adding that she should certainly never venture to attend an evening service there if that were not the case. On reaching the church Grace remembered Josiah's directions, and gave her name to the pew-opener, who showed her at once to a comfortable pew near the pulpit. The prayers were read by Josiah with a fervour that took away some of the dreariness from a service scarcely enlivened by music; a feeble old man took part in the commu-

nion service, and then Josiah went into the pulpit, and gave out his text: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Grace composed herself to listen with more attention than she was always able to give to those stereotyped compositions that pass muster for sermons, and offer such a wofully inadequate result of much time and money expended at college; Josiah had a fine voice and an impressive manner, and some ray from the fire of religious enthusiasm within shone through his outward aspect, or, as he would probably have said, through his earthly tabernacle.

He began by telling his hearers that the case described in the text was one of pure hypothesis, since no man ever did, and no man ever will, in the absolute sense of the word, gain the whole world. He briefly sketched the life of a great conqueror, who advances with quick step and giant stride towards that long-desired summit of all earthly greatness and glory, wading through seas of blood, darkening the noonday sky with the sulphurous smoke of the battle-field, desolating the land with a greater curse than any that has ever been sent directly from the treasury of God's wrath. "Still," he continued, "He who sitteth in the heavens has laughed them to scorn; death or defeat has stepped in, and the conqueror has descended to the grave with desires still unsatisfied, or has approached the crown of his ambition only to see it fade and recede before him. In the text, however, the Redeemer supposes such a case as that of a man who absolutely gained the whole world, and that we may fully appreciate the lesson thus implied, let us suppose it too.

"All the bells of a great city are ringing for joy, illuminations blaze from every peak and pinnacle, and the surrounding country, even to the smallest town and most unimportant village, reflects, in some form, the universal gladness. A prince is born, an heir to one of the most powerful and firmly established thrones in the world, and the land rises with one consent to welcome the royal infant into a world that had need of him, and was waiting for his coming. Water from the sacred stream of Jordan is fetched to baptise this fair and princely stranger; his sleeping and waking hours are watched by anxious eyes, ready to take note of the slightest sign of diminished health; and the greatest skill and the most advanced experience of the age is ready, and more than ready, to wait upon him in the hour of danger. But no such necessity ever arises; the child is strong and robust, and as the years of infancy glide away it is found that he possesses every good and perfect gift, his mental endowments are unusually complete, and his intelligence rises rapidly to the level of his teachers. As he advances towards maturity, the flattery that is usually lavished upon young men in his position becomes silent, because its common-places would fall so far short of absolute truth; and, on the other hand, the men who take the lead in art, and science, and literature speak boldly of his genius and of the depth of his intellect, and wonder all the more just because he is a prince. He succeeds to the throne of his fathers, and the land is so irradiated with gladness that foreign countries catch the reflection of it, and foreign tongues try to echo back, in imperfect syllables, words of joyous acclamation. His armies are the best disciplined in the world, his generals the wisest, and they push their conquests from shore to shore till the balance of power is disturbed and

political jealousy is aroused, and a combination is made against him. But no weapon that is formed against him prospers, and this great struggle results in victory to his armies. It is done; the shadow of his sceptre extends from pole to pole, and the whole earth owns him her only king.

"A new light falls upon his life—the light of earthly love; his power of affection is strong in proportion to the strength of his intellect, and it has been bestowed on one most worthy of the gift. A little delay and difficulty, just enough to make the prize more precious, and she is his for ever—for that short earthly ever of which we think so much. Fair children are born to them, and now his lot is doubly and trebly blest—blest with full powers of mental and bodily enjoyment, and with the full fruition of every desire; not cursed with satiety—no, my brethren—or intellectual activity; that curse falls not; the world is too full of wonders ever to exhaust the seeker's pleasure. The marvels of nature and of art are new every morning, unlike the feverish joys that vice and dissipation offer. Of vice and dissipation the king knows, practically, nothing at all; his tastes are pure, a virtuous love has preserved his youth, and a happy wedded life his after years, from all the grosser snares of world and flesh. But this is all; his life is regulated by outward decency—is, in fact, an example of virtue, because his natural tastes are free from the taint of vice, not because he has been regenerated by the sanctifying spirit. Of that he knows nothing; amid all the religious ceremonies that he attends regularly, and with a certain degree of pleasure and satisfaction, he is as ignorant of the converting grace of God as the unbaptised savage in his native forest.

"Years creep on, the king is growing old, the sources of all his favourite pleasures close to him one by one. His memory goes astray, and science becomes a spring shut up; his senses are enfeebled, and art becomes a fountain sealed. The end draws near; physicians perhaps whisper words of hope, but a voice more distinct than theirs says to him, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!' Looking over into an unknown eternity, he tries, but very feebly, to realise some of the promises that represent it as a haven and a home. All is dark and cold to him; he sinks into stupor, and the stupor ends in death.

"Let him lie in state in the grandest of his palaces; let the night of death itself be turned into day by the blaze of funeral tapers; let strains of music swell in the air above him, like faint echoes from the harps of heaven; let sculptors who are less skilled than inspired by art raise over him a fitting monument, with inscriptions that record all his virtues, all his greatness; but leave a space beneath on which to inscribe the question, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Muffle every golden harp in glory, and let the singers before the great white throne be mute; put a tongue into one of the planets, and let some angel hand pull the bell-rope, so that the knell shall sound through each of the three worlds, and let every knell distinctly say, 'What shall it profit a man?' For a soul is lost that once cost the incarnate soul of Deity, that once made Heaven bankrupt to redeem!

"Shall we follow the lost soul to the regions of endless despair, to the darkness that the grave so feebly typifies for us? Our ears could not bear to hear the wailings of the lost; our eyes could not look for a

moment on their despair; our senses would wither up before they could convey to our minds one glimpse of the inconceivable. But from the depths of never-ending woe that dismal question rises, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' And the voice of Omnipotence itself cannot reply, save by eternal silence."

The above sketch of Josiah's sermon may give some idea of it as a composition, but that is all. Only those who have seen the fire of enthusiasm shining through the face of a fervid orator, can imagine the effect upon a very common-place audience of the address thus epitomised. Grace felt, as sensitive minds always feel, the stir of mental excitement around her, and though she did not agree with the theology of the speaker, she felt the contrast between Josiah and the preacher she had been accustomed to hear, who had alternated between lectures on the history of Methuselah and dissertations on the Real Presence.

When Josiah next visited them, he was introduced to Mrs. Ashton, who expressed her regret that the time of his residence in their neighbourhood must be drawing to a close, and was more surprised than Grace when he answered that he had no intention of leaving St. Simon's-in-the-East.

"I do not know exactly where you live," she said, after a moment's pause. "Did you say it was in Grove-street?"

"Yes; No. 13. I have two rooms over a sausage-shop."

"And—you are really going to remain there?" Mrs. Ashton spoke incredulously.

"No. I should not have stayed even until now, only that the mistress of the house is in bad health, and she says that it is in some way a comfort to her to have me in the house. There is a mincing-machine perpetually at work, and the noise is a great hindrance to me when I wish to write or to think; and there is an inharmonious blacksmith next door, whose anvil is only separated from my bedroom by a very thin wall. But it is here that the curates of St. Simon have generally been lodged. I propose to retain the curacy, for I feel that work has been given me to do here, and that I have no right to leave it undone."

"But you will take a house of your own?"

"Yes; there is one at the corner of Milford-street that would just suit me, and I have looked over it already. There are two nice sitting-rooms and six bedrooms, all good sized, and there is a general air of comfort about the house and the way in which it is planned."

Mrs. Ashton was silent; she was wondering what Josiah intended to do with his large fortune. Grace was the one to speak.

"You will find such a house too small to receive all who will be anxious to claim acquaintance and friendship with you now."

"They will be welcome," he answered; "but the house will be too large instead of too small; that is, I do not mean it to be too large—I mean to fill it, if I can. I want to ask a favour of you, Grace (I may call you Grace, may I not?). I want you and Mrs. Ashton to come and keep house for me. I have no female relations except yourselves, and you must be related to me in some way, because my first cousin was your first cousin too. It will be a great comfort and happiness for a lonely bachelor like me to have you as inmates—a work of real charity, believe me."

They were both too much taken by surprise to be able to answer him immediately. Presently Grace replied with her usual good sense.

"Thank you for wishing for our society, but I cannot help thinking that you are not yet fully aware of all the consequences that wealth brings with it. You will soon find it expedient to have a very much larger ménage, and a greatly extended circle of acquaintances, among whom you will probably find some one to preside over your home—and hers."

She smiled, but Josiah looked annoyed.

"I shall never marry," he answered, quickly; "not because I have any leaning to the popish view of celibacy, but because I feel that the work to which I am called will require all my time. And I shall not keep up a larger establishment, because I shall not be able to afford it."

Grace understood him, but Mrs. Ashton began to think that he did not yet know the extent of his resources.

"May we know," Grace asked, presently, "what those plans are that are to keep you always poor?"

"Not poor, surely, with a nice house and two servants. I am ashamed to keep so much for myself while the poor are still in need. I shall not, in fact, allow myself so large an establishment, if you will not consent to share it with me. The plans that will prevent me from spending a large fortune on myself are sketched out here, and you can look over them if you please."

He laid upon the table a bundle of papers that he had taken from his pocket; they were designs for buildings, with a few written words on the back of each, and every one that Grace looked at seemed to her to be uglier than the last. Angles were the order of the day; everything was stiff, and straight, and square, even to the chimney-pots. There was a design for a nursery, in which the infant children of the poor would be received and taken care of during the day; another for boys' and girls' schools, to be conducted on the strictest evangelical principles; another for a dispensary and infirmary; another for a refuge, in which the very poor would receive food and shelter for a night, combined with religious instruction; and another for a laundry, which last was to be self-supporting, and was to furnish employment for three hundred poor women rescued from a life of vice and degradation. Grace ceased to sigh over the gratuitous ugliness of the buildings as she recognised the kindliness and good sense of Josiah's schemes. She softly repeated the verse that bids us lay up for ourselves incorruptible treasures.

Josiah's eyes kindled.

"You would like to be one of the workers?" he asked, eagerly.

But Grace shook her head.

"My work lies near at hand," she answered, "and it takes up all my time and all my thoughts."

"Ah, true; but many have come forward, willing and anxious to co-operate with me, to give their time and energies to the work; there is so very much zeal and strength wasted, for want of some system of organisation. And you will help, too, will you not? You will come and live with me, and take up the small cares of household management, that do not come naturally to a man; you will aid me indirectly, by giving me the benefit of your judgment when any difficulty arises, and in helping me so to modify my plans that they may meet future and unforseen emergencies. Say yes."

While Grace hesitated, Mrs. Ashton spoke. She had been turning over the designs, and reading the descriptions of their purpose.

"I should like to help you in such a work as this," she said, at last. "This is, indeed, a noble way of spending the Australian fortune—a way that I never thought of. I am not very strong, but I should like to do whatever I can to further these plans. Put me down as one of your co-operators, please, to the extent of my strength and means."

Josiah took her hand, and grasped it warmly; then he turned to Grace, and looked at her long and earnestly, and she knew what it was that he meant to say to her. She felt as he did, that an interest in these charitable works would give her mother the best chance of a permanent cure, and that the benefit would react upon the giver. She spoke at once.

"I think that we will both decide to give up our house here, and to share your home for as long a time as we are needed there. That is what you wish, mamma, is it not?"

"Yes, dear. I feel as if it would do me good to be of some use in the world, and there must be work here that I could do, or could help in, at least."

And so Josiah had his way, and it was agreed that he and his newly found half-relatives should live under one roof. In the mean time, Mrs. Ashton and Grace regularly attended St. Simon's Church, and one Monday morning, when most of the needful arrangements had been completed, and Josiah was about to move into his new home, Stephens knocked at the door of his room before breakfast time, and, being admitted, produced a small paper parcel, which he handled with looks and gestures of unmistakable disgust.

"What have you got there?" Josiah asked. "Is it anything alive?" for the care with which the sausage-maker held the parcel away from him gave the idea of something half dreaded and wholly disgusting.

"No, sir, it ain't; it's nothing but a remnant of Babylon, and a clipping off the vesture of the Scarlet Lady."

A small book was by this time disclosed to view—a book of Common Prayer, with a raised cross on the cover, either golden or gilded, and a clasp.

"That is a High Church Prayer-book," Josiah declared. "Where did you find it, Stephens?"

For all answer the sausage-maker opened the book, and showed the name of Grace Ashton written on the first page. Grace had left her Prayer-book in the pew, after the conclusion of the preceding day's service.

"We must return it to Miss Ashton," Josiah observed. "Give it to me to keep till I have an opportunity of doing so."

The sausage-maker groaned.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, with evident earnestness, "have you fallen already into the snare of the Canaanitish woman? Don't you see that the thing is accursed, and ought not to be kept for a moment in the tents of Israel?"

"I see that it is an emanation from Rome, Stephens; but what can I do with it, except to return it to its owner?"

"What, sir? Why first chop it in two, and then burn it atop of the

kitchen fire. Don't you remember the Commandment about cutting down their groves, and burning their graven images with fire?"

"Yes; but this is a question of property, to be returned to its rightful owner."

"Oh lor! oh lor! oh lor! Then I suppose the graven images of the Canaanites was so much property, to be took care of, dusted reg'lar every morning, till there was a opportunity of giving them back to their heathen owners! P'raps they was forwarded back to the heathen by rail, with Samuel's compliments, and a message to the guard that they was to be kept right side up'ards on the journey! That wasn't the way as you treated the Annunciation picter, sir."

Josiah grew red and hot at this reminiscence. The picture referred to had belonged to one of his Sunday scholars, and had represented a fair young maiden listening, with downcast eyes, to the wonderful message of the white-robed angel. He had destroyed the print with his own hands, after giving the presumed value of it to its sometime owner; but he could not treat Grace Ashton's Prayer-book in this way. In spite of the obnoxious symbol upon it, he felt disposed to put it away with more than usual care; he did not wish to analyse his feelings upon this particular occasion, but only to preserve the book from the iconoclastic hands of Stephens.

"Put it on the table," he answered, taking no notice of Stephens' allusion. "Leave it there, if you please; I will take care of it."

"And take care of the c'ruptions of the human heart," the sausage-maker concluded; "wot gets 'old of the most regeneratest of us now and then. That there sign of the cross is like a last week's sausage; it was good in its time, no doubt, but its day is over. There's many a poor soul now in the toils of Babylon, wot thinks that sign is a good and comfortable emblem, and will think so till their eyes is opened. Popery is like a bad Bologna, you must *cut* it afore you finds out the rottenness of it."

The shop-bell opportunely cut short the eloquence of the sausage-maker, who hastened to the door, and took a parcel and a note from a boy dressed in the livery of a page. Presently he handed the note to Josiah, exclaiming,

"Look 'ere, sir, 'ere's the fruit of them 'igh Church notions! 'ere's luxury and sinful daintiness, and care for the perishing body and neglect of the immortal soul! 'Ere's volupt'ousness!"

Josiah read the note, which was as follows:

"Mrs. Grant is obliged to return the sausages to Mr. Stephens, as they are sour and unfit for use."

After reading it he bent towards the parcel, and drawing back more quickly than he had advanced, he told Stephens that the sausages really had a sour and disagreeable smell.

"And wot then, sir?" Stephens demanded. "Are we miserable sinners to be always a-gorging ourselves with the sweets of life? Are we to revel for ever in the carnal delights of the flesh? The wery hog, wot them sausages was made of, knew better, sir; he'd go out and look for bitter herbs, dandelion, and them sort, and even pick up bits of cinder, instead of keeping always to the rich food wot was give him. But we miserable sinners must be carousing all our days on the borax and honey

of life, and pampering our sinful flesh with more luxuries than was known to Nebuchadnezzar!"

"You are wrong there, Stephens," Josiah interposed; "a Christian tradesman should be scrupulously exact in all matters relating to business, otherwise we give occasion to worldly people to revile the religion that we profess."

"They always takes occasion to do that, sir; whether we gives occasion or not makes no odds, they takes it all the same, so I never troubles about that. But really the luxuriousness of the rich is getting wus than it was in Isaiah's time; they can't swallow the gospel message itself unless it's done over with earthly delights, the churches is full of things wot please their senses, and they can't eat a sausage as has been kep' a couple of days over its time, even though one of them days was a Sunday! It's my belief that, if they'd lived under the old dispensation, they wouldn't have touched the paschal lamb without mint sauce to it, and they'd have got a doctor to say as the unleavened bread rose on their stomachs, and give 'em indigestion-pain. Serve 'em right if it did!"

The reader will be able to believe that Josiah was not sorry to find himself in his new home, with two streets between himself and Stephens, and with the constant society of two refined and educated women.

And work flowed in abundantly; there was an immense deal to be done, but though the harvest was plenteous, the labourers were by no means so few as in the old apostolic times. Josiah used sometimes to say that if he had twice the amount of work to portion out, he would have found the requisite number of workers; for the history of his self-abnegation had spread far and wide, and many were ready, through the mere force of example, to devote their time and energies to the work. Grace found herself the envied centre of a crowd of busy toilers, all inspired with the one desire of doing good—and of winning the regard of Josiah. Spinsters were attracted to him much more strongly than they would have been had he retained his fortune and spent it upon his establishment; then he would have been a mere rich man, able to make his wife a rich woman, and nothing more; but now he was a celebrity, able to place his wife in a position not often attained to, a marked man in his day and generation, and the favoured *she* would be envied and looked up to accordingly. Mrs. Ashton found work for herself, and Grace was so busy that she found little time to give to her own studies and pursuits; the various designs could not, of course, be realised and put in working order for a long time; but still there was so much to be done in the way of planning and arranging, electing to various offices, and caring in the mean time for those who were to reap the benefit hereafter, that work accumulated on her hands in spite of her utmost diligence. Some weeks elapsed before she had time to notice that the fire of Josiah's zeal was burning with diminished fervour—in other words, that he was no longer wholly engrossed by his favourite schemes, although he never failed to devote, each day, an allotted portion of his time to them. When she had once made this observation she noticed him more closely, and saw that he was not looking well; he was growing thinner, and his face had a worn and anxious expression. She spoke to him about

his health, telling him to remember how much depended on him, and how many lives would now be influenced by his.

"I have been thinking," she added, "that for the next fortnight mamma and I could go on very well by ourselves; we are quite in training now, and a fortnight's complete rest would be invaluable to you. Only you would have to go quite away from here: there will be no such thing as rest for you in your own parish."

"You mean very kindly, I dare say," he answered, abruptly; "indeed, I am sure you do, but you quite mistake my complaint. I want more work, not less. With nothing to do I really do not think I could exist for a fortnight; with plenty of hard work I shall get on very well indeed."

And without another word he put on his hat, and walked out of the house.

A few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Ashton came into the room with a large bundle of flannel in her hand; she was going to cut out several dozens of the long flannel garments into which babies are inducted soon after their arrival in this world. These were for Josiah's "nursery," and more than a hundred willing pairs of hands were ready to begin the sewing.

"Mamma," Grace said, as she helped her to unrol the flannel, "do you observe that Josiah is looking poorly?"

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Ashton answered, cheerfully.

"And unlike himself, somehow?"

"Quite unlike himself, dear—pull that flannel nice and straight, even with the edge of the table. Yes, as you say, he is altered, and has not his usual appetite, and he does not talk much now, except when he is obliged to discuss business matters."

"But, mamma, I did not say all that, because I really have not observed it; I have been so busy myself that I have not had much time to think about him. But to-day I spoke to him about his health, and he did not deny that something was amiss, only, instead of consenting to go away somewhere for a fortnight's rest, as I advised him, he declared that hard work would be his best cure, or something to that effect."

"I think his cure is here, my love, and that he would be going away from it if he took your advice."

Grace started, with a sudden consciousness of her mother's meaning, and then the colour faded from her cheek, and left her very white and cold.

"I hope I am mistaken," she answered, presently, "and that you do not really think I have anything to do with the alteration in Josiah."

"That is exactly what I meant, Gracie. I can remember my own youth now, though it is so long ago, and though there is a cloud of some kind on my memory when I think of the time between; I remember how I was loved, and sought in marriage, and the same thing is happening now to my daughter, in her turn."

"Not the same thing, mamma. Can you recal very clearly the time that you spoke of just now?"

"Yes, very clearly now; I never forgot it, Gracie, only I used to feel as if some immense number of years separated me from it—as if all this

had happened to me in some former existence, as it were. But that is over now. I remember the evening that I first saw your father; it was at a ball, and he danced with me twice in succession, when he ought to have changed his partner; we were not married for two years after that. I can follow those two years, month by month. His face used to light up when I came into the room, just as Josiah's does now the moment that you appear."

"But, mamma, I do not love him, and so I hope that you may be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken, dear, and love may come in time; do not worry yourself about it, but leave things to take their course, and perhaps in a few months you may know your own heart better than you know it now."

Grace feared to speak to her mother of the great trial that she had gone through; the subject was avoided by mutual consent, as one that bordered on matters too painful to be talked over, at least for the present. If she had given her full confidence to Mrs. Ashton, and told her the history of her past engagement, the poor mother would have seen the extent of the evil brought upon Grace by the vice that she had indulged in with such terrible consequences, and would have reproached herself doubly and trebly for the past. Only for the fatal habit that had paralysed her mental faculties, she would never have been separated from her daughter, and the fraud could never have been practised. So Grace was silent, and Mrs. Ashton continued to think that her capabilities for loving had not yet been awakened. Grace hoped, as she had said, that her mother was mistaken, and resolved to dismiss the subject altogether from her mind, in pursuance of which excellent resolution she lay awake half the night, thinking it over in every possible way. Hers were not the only wakeful eyes beneath that roof; the season of "storm and stress" (as we badly translate it) had come upon Josiah, and with little warning of its approach. He had seen in Grace at first a fine unselfish character, brave with the courage that dares to go forth singly against a wrong; then he had seen in her an efficient worker in his plans of benevolence and charity, and also a subject for him to influence with his utmost endeavours, so that through spiritual regeneration, as he understood the phrase, all her fine qualities should be redeemed from earthly use, and consecrated to the service of the great Master.

With these ideas he had striven, successfully, to be more intimately acquainted with her, and finally to induce her to take up her abode in the new home that he was preparing for himself. And before many weeks were over, he began to find that he was taking more interest in the merest trifle relating to Grace, than in the gravest question that referred to his plans for the good of humanity at large. He had been so sure that he should never wish to marry, that he had attained to a point of Christian experience from which the disciple looks down compassionately on the weakness of those loving natures that would fain lean on each other for a little space, instead of seeking the support of the Everlasting arms. Because he had never been assailed by passion, he had believed himself to be, through special grace, superior to it; hearts that are filled with the divine love, have no room left, he would sometimes tell his

hearers, to receive an earthly idol; and he had felt that his own "call" was one which required him to give his time, and thoughts, and affections to the poor, the sick, and the suffering, and not to expend the capacities of his nature on any object of earthly love or friendship. Poor Josiah made an appalling discovery—he found that he was human, and not the artificial product of a religious system!

Not without a severe struggle did he admit so much as this to himself; for some little time he called Grace a snare to be watched and prayed against; and this, in his phraseology, reflected no discredit on the snare herself, but only on the snared. It was the unsanctified corner of his heart that had made all her good and sterling qualities into so many weapons for the Prince of Darkness to use in seducing him from his allegiance. He thought more of her than of his prayers; he loved her better than his duty; this proved the existence of spiritual disease, which must be stamped out at once. His method of stamping it out was peculiar; instead of separating himself from his idol, he associated with her still more constantly, supplying himself with plenty of the most approved antidotes for this particular evil, in the shape of spiritual frames of mind and frequent incantations, only he called these incoherent phrases ejaculatory prayers. All in vain, for the malady increased, and Grace unconsciously changed his spiritual frames into the yearnings of earthly passion, and his devout aspirations into deep longings for her presence. Josiah was getting worse; but it did him one good—it showed him the fallacy of his past belief in himself, and in his religious attainments. When his eyes were fairly opened on this point, he fell into the opposite error of extreme despondency, declaring to himself, in the bitterness of his spirit, that he had been presuming to teach others, while he was practically ignorant of the first principles of Christianity; that he had been suffered to puff himself up with spiritual pride because certain temptations had not happened to assail him. There was truth in this last accusation that Josiah urged vehemently against himself, and at one time he was ready to give up his plans for the good of humanity, and his holy office itself, as a self-detected deceiver, unworthy to put his hand to any good or holy work. Had Josiah's character been originally a weak one, this would probably have been the result of the discovery he had made; but his mental powers were naturally good, though limited in their range, and evangelicism itself could not make him into a weak man. In the solitude of his own room he told himself that he had made a great mistake—that he had never, probably, come near that beatific height on which the advanced Christian is able to stand alone with his Master, free from all the claims and encumbrances of earthly love; and, further, that he could not so much as strive after that eminence, or desire with heart and soul that it should be his. But he would not, therefore, despair, but would work with all his strength, counting himself now the least instead of one of the greatest among the saints, hoping that earnest endeavour would bring a blessing with it, and feeling that his path lay in the ordinary by-ways of life, and not in the region of exceptional attainments. He would seek to gain the love of Grace; sweet vistas of earthly happiness smiled upon him from the future, very, very unlike his dreams of solitary endeavour brightened by a single ray from heaven; unlike, but oh, so much sweeter, so much more real! Then it was that, opening one of the books

lately hallowed by Grace's touch, he lighted on the verse that had once seemed to him poor and forced, if not profane:

> Life is transfigured in the soft and tender
> Light of love, as a volume dun
> Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathèd splendour
> In the declining sun.

And the words of the poet spoke the very language of his heart and soul, and, in spite of all his theology, he recognised their truth and fitness. Life without Grace might be consecrated to the very highest purposes—but it would be dull and sombre as the rolling smoke; life with Grace might be less exalted and sublime—but it would be illuminated by the sun of love, till even its dark and misty passages should hold and reflect the glory.

FAREWELL TO 1867.

Ma vie est l'instant où je suis, et non l'instant où je dois être.
ROUSSEAU.

O WHEREFORE for the coming year command me strike the lyre?
O wherefore bid my waning eyes glow with prophetic fire?
There is a time the brightest hopes must their beguilings cease,
There is a time no joy again can mantle in the face.

Why o'er the dying year rejoice? Its sun shall never more—
No, never, never, shine again on its deserted shore;
From its vast circuit ended now, to be repeated never,
Its wintry blasts and summer skies have parted, and for ever!

Bears it not many a memory of action overpast,
Of disappointment, cherish'd bliss, and scenes with shade o'ercast;
Of fair illusions, cherish'd long, in hope's blue garb array'd,
As brightnesses from glowing skies by storm-clouds overlaid?

Mark with what glee the new year's birth the senseless ringers greet,
Nor dream of eyes to ope no more in years that quickly fleet.
The last was theirs, was theirs and ours; its secrets all are told:
The stranger year, what scenes of joy or woe may it unfold!

Fancy may trim her richest plumes, and spread her gaudy wings,
And Hope, earth's great deceiver, tempt with gorgeous flutterings,
Yet ere the next year's day is drawn from Time's oblivious urn,
To earth how many breathing now shall unto dust return!

How many tears will soon be shed upon a new year's grave!
How many bosoms, joyous now, will misery enslave!
How many want will soon o'ertake in the domestic haunt!
How many wealthy insolence greet with its bitter taunt!

Departed year! no joy have we to see thee pass away,
And meet in everlasting night thy unknown destiny;
Ours were thy suns and seasons fled, but who to us may say,
"The coming year, too, shall be yours, with that now past away!

New Year's-day, 1868.

A TEARFUL TOPIC.

IMPROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS.

By Francis Jacox.

In Mrs. Browning's criticisms upon, and translated specimens of, the Greek Christian Poets, passing mention is made, and no more, of Nonnus of Panopolis, the poet of the Dionysiaca, a work of some twenty-two thousand verses, on some twenty-two thousand subjects, shaken together, who "flourished," as people say of many a dry-rooted soul, at the commencement of the fifth century. His paraphrase, in hexameters, of St. John's gospel thus *traduces* what his translator designates "the two well-known words, bearing on their brief vibration the whole passion of a world saved through pain from pain"—traduces them, consistently with his imputed gift of doing all that a bald verbosity can do or undo, to quench the divinity of that divine narrative:

> They answered him,
> "Come and behold." Then Jesus himself groaned,
> Dropping strange tears from eyes unused to weep.

Mrs. Browning has no patience with such a paraphrase. "Unused to weep!" she repeats. "*Was* it so of the man of sorrows? O obtuse poet!"*

Tears celebrated in story and song—the tears of strong men, brave men, rough and rugged men—some tiny efflux, in homœopathic globules, of the mighty whole, will more than fill, will overflow a paper.

Achilles rises before us, pacing the beach, "bathed in tears of anger and disdain," as Pope ventures in his translation to call those tears of which, says he in his Notes, "a great and fiery temper is more susceptible than any other"—but which, with studied respect to the hero's dignity, Homer, it is assumed, makes him retire to shed where no eye shall see the effusion, no tongue blab of it.—Agamemnon weeps, and openly, profusely, before his assembled peers: "down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows." Phœnix weeps, ere appealing to Achilles to relent: "down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows." And when Patroclus to Achilles flies,

> The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
> Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
> From the tall rock the sable waters flow.

An effusion so redundant as to excite his friend's curiosity concerning the grief

> That flows so fast in these unmanly tears.
> No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
> From her loved breast, with fonder passion weeps.†

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* Greek Christian Poets. 1842.

† Cf. Iliad (Pope's), books i. 455 *sq.*; ix. 11 *sq.*, 558 *sq.*, 723; xvi. 3 *sq.*

Villehardouin, Joinville, and the old chroniclers generally, are similarly frank and explicit in recording the tears of their heroes. As Sainte-Beuve says of Joinville: "Toutes les fois que ses héros et chevaliers auront peur ou qu'ils verseront des larmes, il le dira."*

Let us glance at some of the many instances to be found in Shakspeare of men in tears. Flavius, for example, faithful old steward of Timon, who is even moved by the sight. Timon at the mouth of his cave spurns visitors and suppliants of every degree, and is for spurning Flavius with the rest—rejecting off-hand his profession of being "an honest poor servant of" Timon's. If that's what he is, then Timon knows him; never had honest man about him; all he kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. ——The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then, I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping.†

That tragedy of the life and death of Timon of Athens closes with the reading of his self-written epitaph, on the gravestone where he lies newly entombed "upon the very hem of the sea." Alcibiades reached it, and thus apostrophises the departed:

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.

Lear, deprived of fifty of his followers at a clap, within a fortnight of abdication, by the elder of the daughters in whose favour he abdicated, and otherwise insulted under her roof, is as mad with himself for weeping, as with her for giving him such cause to weep.

——Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—
. . . . . Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you loose,
To temper clay.‡

This is but the close of the first Act. The second closes with the pronounced coalition of the sisters against their sire. If Goneril had previously struck off fifty of his followers at a clap, she now demands of him what need he has of five-and-twenty, ten, or five. What need one? is Regan's adjoined query. And that breaks the father's heart. He

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* Causeries du Lundi, t. viii. p. 401.
† Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. 3.
‡ King Lear, Act I. Sc. 4.

appeals to the heavens to touch him with noble anger, not with melting tears:

> O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
> Stain my man's cheeks!

And anon, amid a paroxysm of stiffling wrath and anguish, turning to his daughters, "unnatural hags," with incoherent, inarticulate threats of unheard-of revenges, Lear exclaims:

> ——You think, I'll weep;
> No, I'll not weep:—
> I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
> Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool, I shall go mad!*

And he keeps his word. Mad he becomes, and the ravings of his madness move to tears the disguised Edgar and sightless Gloster:

> *Lear.* If thou [to Gloster] wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
> I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
> Thou must be patient: we came crying hither.
> Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
> We wawl, and cry . . . . .
> When we are born, we cry, that we are come
> To this great stage of fools.†

Collatinus and Lucretius emulate each the other's passion first of words and then of tears:

> This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
> Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:
> At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.
> Then son and father weep with equal strife,
> Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.‡

In the old ballad which tells of a bloody field as e'er was fought on summer's day, when, of King Arthur's "own party, only himself escapèd there," except Duke Lukyn and Bedevere the butler—this expressive stanza catches (sometimes to dim) the eye:

> And when the king beheld his knights,
> All dead and scattered on the mould,
> The tears fast trickled down his face,
> That manly face in fight so bold.§

Tears are, however, accounted a phenomenon in men; which in women they most certainly are not. Mr. Slick calls it easy enough to stand a woman's tears, "for they weep like children, everlastin' sunshowers; they cry as bad as if they used a chesnut burr for an eyestone;" but, he adds, in his ironical way, "to see the tear drawn from starn natur' of man, startin' at the biddin' of generous feelin', there's no standin' that."‖ But the tears of a man bring with them no comfort as do those of the softer sex, remarks Mr. Trollope, when he flings Harry Norman on the sofa, "forgetting his manhood and bursting into tears . . . He was a strong tall man, and it was dreadful to see him thus convulsed."¶ The elderly lady, who has to soothe him, has to play the

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* King Lear, Act. II. Sc. 4.
† Act. IV. Sc. 6.
‡ The Rape of Lucrece.
§ King Arthur's Death.
‖ The Clockmaker, Second Series, ch. xii.
¶ The Three Clerks, ch. xii.

same part by another manly or unmanly weeper, later in the tale, where we see the said Mrs. Woodward watching Charley Tudor for a while in silence, as she "saw big tears drop from his face on to the dust of the path on the further side. There they came rolling down, large globules of sorrow. Nothing is so painful to a woman as a man in tears, and Mrs. Woodward's heart was wrung to its very core."* It may be easier work, dealing with a man who has no scruple about exhibiting his grief; like Voltaire, for instance, who "fondait bonnement en larmes" where Mme. du Châtelet giggled to stifle a good cry—"car il n'a pas de honte, lui, de paraître sensible."† Not to his mind, in this respect, any more than to Rousseau's own, would be the avowal of the afflicted husband as pictured, by his wife's death-bed, in Jean-Jacques' super-sentimental fiction, when surprised into tears: "Je ne croyais pas mes yeux faits pour en repandre. Ce furent les premiers depuis ma naissance, ce seront les derniers jusqu'à ma mort."‡ Tears of this critical, exceptional character it is that Lord Lytton puts into, or draws from, the eyes of his Last of the Tribunes, at the *grande finale* of his career:—"Tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him, a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom, a father when his children rebel against his love—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes, and relieved—but they changed—his heart."§ The differential element in tears, depending on temperament and occasion, character and circumstance, might be largely illustrated from the works of this author. Suffice it, at this stage of our zig-zag progress, to refer to one other example in another mood—that of Ernest Maltravers, newly fatherless. His face buried in his hands, he "sobbed like an infant. It was an easy matter to bring tears to the eyes of that young man: a generous or a tender thought, an old song, the simplest air of music, sufficed for that touch of the mother's nature. But the vehement and awful passion which belongs to mankind when thoroughly unmanned—this was the first time in which the relief of that stormy bitterness was known to him."‖ We seem to recognise in him as much of a feminine disposition, as of a masculine one in the Marian Halcombe of a later fiction, whose tears (she bears record) flow less easily than they ought—coming almost like men's tears, with sobs that seem to tear her in pieces, and that frighten every one about her.¶

The tears of man, says Wordsworth, in various measure gush from various sources; gently overflow

> From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
> Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
> And some, coëval with the earliest blush
> Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
> Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
> And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
> The sympathising heart.

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* The Three Clerks, ch. xxx. † Lettres de Mme. de Grafigny.
‡ La Nouvelle Héloïse, partie vi. let. xi.
§ Rienzi, book x. ch. ix. ‖ Ernest Maltravers, ch. xiii.
¶ The Woman in White, Miss Halcombe's Diary, i.

But, in his admiration of the demeanour of young Edward VI., when constrained to sign the death-warrant of Joan of Kent, Wordsworth goes on to assert that

> Nor these, nor yet
> The noblest drops to admiration known,
> To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
> Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
> The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
> To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.*

Scott's preference among the varieties is for another kind:

> Some feelings are to mortals given,
> With less of earth in them than heaven;
> And if there be a human tear
> From passion's dross refined and clear,
> A tear so limpid and so meek,
> It would not stain an angel's cheek,
> 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
> Upon a duteous daughter's head.
> And as the Douglas to his breast
> His darling Ellen closely pressed,
> Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
> Though 'twas a hero's eye that weep'd.†

"C'est une belle chose qu'un homme de bien et sévère, qui pleure," says Diderot‡—bethinking him of his own father, who welcomed him at the gate with tears, the day he returned from the Jesuits' college, laden with prizes. Byron, on the other hand, frankly opines that, as compared with women's tears,

> ——there is something when man's eye appears
> Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
> A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
> Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
> His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
> To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.§

Not but that Byron's sternest heroes, such as they are, can weep on occasion: Conrad, for instance:

> ——his mother's softness crept
> To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
> It was the very weakness of his brain,
> Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
> None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
> That useless flood of grief had never been—‖

which reads rather like a bull: but let that pass. Scott's heroes indulge in a good cry without much compunction, when the fit takes them. The veteran Douglas of another poem than that already quoted, makes a sort of attempt to resist what Sir Hugh Evans would call a great disposition to cry,—but soon gives in, and has it out:

> In answer nought could Angus speak:
> His proud heart swelled well nigh to break:
> He turned aside, and down his cheek

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* Ecclesiastical Sonnets, xxxii.
† The Lady of the Lake, canto ii. st. 22.
‡ Lettre à Mdlle. Voland.
§ Don Juan, canto v.
‖ The Corsair, canto iii.

A burning tear there stole.
His hand the monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook. . . . .
. . . And while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whispered to the King aside :—
"Oh! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed!
A child will weep at bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye!"*

As closed the sorrowful lay of Thomas the Rhymer,

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.†

Bold bad Bertram, in "Rokeby," the most Byronic perhaps of Scott's creations, can't weep himself at Edmund's tale:

'Twould wake the fountains of the eye
In other men, but mine are dry.

But at the parting with that indomitable spirit, "there swam in Edmund's eye a tear," which went far towards drawing one from the rugged felon:

Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,
It almost touch'd his iron heart:—
"I did not think there lived," he said,
"One, who would tear for Bertram shed."‡

Tom Robinson, Mr. Reade's convict, who found it never too late to mend, was first won over to try, or (so to speak) was first moved to an amendment, by the tears that Mr. Eden, the chaplain, shed for him and with him. "The good man and the bad man mingled some tears through the massy [prison] door." Anon, "the bad man wept abundantly; to him old long-dried sources of tender feeling were now unlocked by Christian love and pity.—To both, these holy drops were as the dew of Hermon on their souls."§

O lachrymarum fons tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te pia Nympha sensit.

Chateaubriand would make out that Savary became of sinister importance to Napoleon, simply from having seen the First Consul weep at Marengo. Men who stand alone in the world ought, this author con-

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* Marmion, canto v. st. 16.
† Scott's Thomas the Rhymer, part iii.
‡ Rokeby, canto vi. st. 20, 22.
§ It Is Never Too Late to Mend, ch. xv.

tends, to mistrust their tears, which place them under the dominion of ordinary men. "Tears are one of those weaknesses by means of which he who witnesses them can render himself master of the resolves of a great man."*

Andrea of Hungary, in Mr. Landor's trilogy, owning himself "unmanned" by the calamity that has cut off, so suddenly, amid their pranks and joyances, Caraffa and Caraccioli,—the queen-mother protests against the phrase, and reads him a lecture on the manliness of an honest man's honest tears:

> ——Speak not so, my son!
> Let others, when their nature has been changed
> To such unwonted state, when they are call'd
> To do what angels do, and brutes do not,
> Sob at their shame, and say they are unmann'd:
> Unmann'd they cannot be; they are not men.
> At glorious deeds, at sufferings well endured,
> Yea, at life's thread snapt with its gloss upon it,
> Be it man's pride and privilege to weep.†

Are the tears of men unmanly? "Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim. I drop them ofttimes myself, cried my uncle Toby.—I know your honour does, replied Trim, and I am not ashamed of it myself."‡ Milton speaks of "tears such as Angels weep;"§ and in another place, describing the previsions the first man had of human maladies, calamities, and despair, he asks,

> Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
> Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
> Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
> His best of man, and gave him up to tears.‖

Hartley Coleridge rules that tears seldom become a man, unless they come unbidden strangers to his eyes. A full-grown blubberer, he says, with great greenish-grey goggles, swimming in his own pathos, like half-cold calf's-foot jelly, soaked in his drizzling tenderness for his own dear self, makes one ashamed of humanity.¶ But your Respectable, adds Hartley—who is treating of "your Respectable" in the capital essay named below—is seldom lachrymose. That is a remark which may serve as reminder of a passage in Mr. Dickens's Tale of the Marshalsea. "Still highly respectable at bottom, though absurd enough upon the surface, Young John took out his pocket-handkerchief, with a genuine absence both of display and concealment, which is only to be seen in a man with a great deal of good in him, when he takes out his pocket-handkerchief for the purpose of wiping his eyes."** Young John is not respectable in Hartley's sense of the term, as initialised with a capital R.

Rosalind, in man's attire, *will* weep, let Celia say what she pleases; and "Do, I pr'ythee," rejoins Celia; "but yet have the grace to consider

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* Chateaubriand, Mémoires d'Outre-tombe: Mort du Duc d'Enghien.
† W. Savage Landor, Andrea of Hungary, Act V. Sc. 2.
‡ Tristram Shandy, vol. iv. ch. iv. § Paradise Lost, book i.
‖ Book xi. ¶ Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman.
** Little Dorrit, part ii. ch. xxvii.

that tears do not become a man."* But there are plentiful passages in Shakspeare which go to prove it is no way unmanly to weep for a good or a great cause. Lewis the Dauphin expressly characterises as "honourable" the "dew" that "silverly makes progress" on Salisbury's cheeks, while yet avowing his wonder and concern at it:

> My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
> Being an ordinary inundation;
> But this effusion of such manly drops,
> This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
> Startles mine eyes. . . .
> Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
> And with a great heart heave away this storm:
> Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
> That never saw the giant world enraged,† &c.

The death of the Duke of York among those who fought with Harry on Saint Crispin's-day, is described to the king with tears by Exeter, fresh from the field: It forced, the narrator says,

> Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd,
> But I had not so much of man in me,
> But all my mother came into mine eyes,
> And gave me up in tears.
> *K. Hen.* I blame you not;
> For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
> With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.‡

Cranmer in tears is admired of a later Henry: "Look, the good man weeps! He's honest, on mine honour. . . . He has strangled his language in his tears,"§ and is too full-hearted, therefore, to thank his sovereign.

Will Cæsar weep? is the whisper of bystanders and lookers-on, when Octavius is parting with his sister, the April in her eyes:

> *Eno.* Will Cæsar weep?
> *Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.
> *Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
> So is he being a man.
> *Agr.* Why, Enobarbus?
> When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
> He cried almost to roaring: and he wept
> When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.‖

But Enobarbus has no notion of such goings-on. Antony was troubled with a rheum that year, and that was all. Never believe in anything beyond that, until he, Enobarbus, is caught weeping too. Well, the whirligig of time brings round its revenges; and, later in the play, Enobarbus *is* caught weeping, or something very like, by his own avowal. For, remonstrating with Antony in so taking leave of his followers that their eyes run over, the bluff veteran exclaims,

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* As You Like It, Act III. Sc. 5.
† King John, Act V. Sc. 2.
‡ King Henry VI., Act IV. Sc. 6.
§ King Henry VIII., Act V. Sc. 1.
‖ Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Sc. 3.

——What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.*

Antony's own capacity for tears is indicated in the other tragedy, when he turns from his lament over Cæsar's body to receive a messenger from Octavius, and notes the shock the man betrays at sight of the piece of bleeding earth:

Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.†

Friar Lawrence essays to check the tumults of Romeo's grief, by bootless appeals to his manhood. Nurse had previously tried to shame him, as he lay "there on the ground, with his own tears made drunk," and telling how she left Juliet lying in the same "piteous predicament," "blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man." While the Friar follows on with the reproach, "Thy tears are womanish;" and fairly styles him, on that account, "unseemly woman, in a seeming man!"‡ But there is more of philosophy in Laertes's style, when told of his sister's death by drowning—the conceit in the first line rather marring the natural earnestness of the others:

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.§

Adam Smith asserts that he always appears, in some measure, mean and despicable, who is sunk in sorrow and dejection upon account of any calamity of his own; the weakness of sorrow never appearing in any respect agreeable, except when it arises from what we feel for others more than from what we feel for ourselves. But he allows that a son, upon the death of his father ("an indulgent and respectable father," at least), may give way to it without much blame—his sorrow being chiefly founded upon "a sort of sympathy with his departed parent;" into which humane emotion we readily enter.‖ The Father of Political Economy could hardly do less, after austere Cato's approval of Juba's tears in such a case:

Juba. —— My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.¶

It is to the honour of gruff reprovers of an honest sorrow—to the

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* Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. 2. † Julius Cæsar, Act III. Sc. 1.
‡ Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. 3. § Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 7.
‖ Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, part i. sect. iii. ch. i.
¶ Addison's Cato, Act II. Sc. 4.

honour of their feelings, not of their consistency—that they, sometimes in the act of blaming, are overcome too.

> And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace
> Of tear is on his manly face. . . .
> Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,
> But shared the weakness, while ashamed,
> With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
> And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.*

By what Belford feels, at Clarissa's forlorn distress, which he so wishes Lovelace could have witnessed instead, he avows himself convinced, that a capacity of being moved by the woes of our fellow-creatures is "far from being disgraceful to a manly heart." "My heart and my eyes gave way to a softness of which (though not so hardened a wretch as thou) they were never before so susceptible."† "Nay, my friend," says the stout sailor to Scott's Lovel, when the latter entrusts to him a farewell billet,—digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he speaks,—"never be ashamed for the matter—an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action."‡ Manly Colonel Guy Mannering could not restrain his tears at seeing the change in his old friend, the Laird of Ellangowan;§ and his evident emotion at once gained him the confidence of the else friendless Lucy Bertram. When Dominie Sampson, again, came to recognise in the full-grown stranger from the east his well-remembered little Harry Bertram, he threw himself into his arms, pressing him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport, which shook his whole frame,—sobbed hysterically, and, at length, in the emphatic language of Scripture, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Colonel Mannering had recourse to his handkerchief; Pleydell made wry faces, and wiped the glasses of his spectacles; and honest Dinmont, after two loud blubbering explosions, exclaimed, "Deil's in the man! he's garr'd me do that I haena done since my auld mither died."‖

Shallow judges of human nature Lord Lytton pronounces those to be, who think that tears in themselves ever misbecome a man. Well did the sternest of romance writers, in his judgment, place the arch distinction of humanity, aloft from all meaner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears. "Sooner mayest thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew. Only," adds his lordship, "when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred."¶

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* Scott, The Lord of the Isles, canto iv. st. xx.
† Belford to Lovelace, Clarissa Harlowe, vol, vi. letter lxvi.
‡ The Antiquary, ch. xx.
§ Guy Mannering, ch. xiii.
‖ Ibid., ch. l.
¶ What will He Do with It, ch. vi.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

By a Looker-on.

PART THE SEVENTH.

I.

SIR THOMAS BRINGS HIS FRIEND TO ARLINGTON ABBEY.

Sir Thomas Danby, without once thinking whether it might or might not be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Arlington to receive his old comrade and friend as a guest, gave him a cordial invitation to Arlington Abbey, assuring him that the family were hospitable, and always glad to see strangers. He added, moreover, that there were some nice pretty daughters, with whom Sir Adam might resuscitate his old skill in flirting.

"There are plenty of them for you to choose among," he said. "There are short and tall, plump and slender, brunettes and blondes; some are musical, some are literary, some are useful—that is to say, look after the house, give an eye to the servants, and know that

A stitch in time saves nine.

You spoke of your sister's charity schools," he continued. "One of my nieces is much taken up with these educational establishments, catechises the little ones, and drives the elder ones to church. The father of these agreeable daughters is a good, kind-hearted, honest John Bull. His wife, a chatty, pleasant, active woman, has the whip hand of him; but he goes very well in harness, and never kicks. My wife and her sister don't get on quite so well together; there are endless little tiffs between them, but Arlington and I leave them to fight it out, and never interfere with them; women's quarrels are generally about petty matters, and it is better for us men to keep out of the way of them."

"And are the young ladies quarrelsome?" asked Sir Adam, with some curiosity.

"Oh dear no—by no means," replied Sir Thomas. "Fanny, the eldest, would make you a capital housekeeper, and see that you never had a bad dinner. Aurelia would look extremely well at the head of your table. Cornelia would take care of the interests of your soul. Letitia would keep you in constant good spirits by her amusing remarks; they are rather caustic sometimes, but that would not signify to you. Eleanor would devote herself to your comforts; and Maria, who is a second Saint Cecilia, would charm you with her beautiful singing. So, you see, there is variety enough among them."

"I thought you told me there were eight daughters? Counting them on my fingers, I only make out six."

"So there are eight of them in all," answered Admiral Danby, "but the two youngest are mere children, at school at Brighton."

He laughed immoderately when he said this, and Sir Adam looked at him with astonishment; he could not perceive any cause for such hilarity at the mere mention of two little girls at school.

After lunching at the hotel the two elderly gentlemen drove out to Arlington Abbey, taking the baronet's small portmanteau, dressing-case, and hat-box with them.

"Who on earth can your Uncle Danby be bringing out here with him?" cried Mrs. Arlington to Fanny, who was sitting with her mother in a low window that overlooked the avenue, examining some of the tradesmen's bills.

"Susan Danby perhaps," said Fanny, who was short sighted.

"It is not the Danby girl," replied Mrs. Arlington, who was not short sighted in any respect. "It is some man—some old ship-mate, I suppose—some half-pay officer, who will help him to get through a gallon of brandy a day. I think the admiral might perceive how anxious I am to get rid of him and his wife, and not take upon himself to invite people to our house. But he is dreadfully opaque."

The carriage had driven up to the front door, Sir Thomas had descended from it, and, rushing into the house, had speedily returned with Mr. Arlington, who had been reading or writing in the library, and introduced the stranger to him. Mrs. Arlington saw her husband shake hands with him, and with all manner of courtesy usher him into the house.

"I will go down," said Fanny, "and find out who the person is."

But before she returned Mr. Arlington had gone to his wife's private sitting-room to inform her that the admiral had met a former friend of his at Weymouth, and had brought him out to dinner. The frowns that were gathering on Mrs. Arlington's brow were soon dispelled, however, when her husband informed her that the stranger was a baronet with a large fortune, and unmarried. These magic words instantly dispelled her rising ill-humour, and she hastened down-stairs,

On hospitable thoughts intent.

She received Sir Adam Loftus with the pleasing smile and bland manner she knew so well how to assume, and begged that he would give her and Mr. Arlington, as well as his friend Sir Thomas Danby, the pleasure of his company for a few days at the abbey. The invitation, so frankly given, was as frankly accepted, and the admiral's friend was installed an honoured guest.

Sir Thomas was in great glee. He liked to talk over old days with the baronet, who, however, was a few years younger than himself. The frolics, the adventures, the fun, and the troubles of these youthful days they both delighted to recal; but, in reality, they were neither of them sorry that they could smoke their cigars and take their quarter-deck walks on terra firma. The dinner and evening passed off pleasantly, but the admiral came in for a curtain lecture from his better half, who found fault with him for bringing the wealthy baronet amidst this bevy of damsels, all looking out for a matrimonial chance, when he had his own niece, Susan Danby, to provide for.

"But, my dear," urged the admiral, "there are actually *eight* of these poor girls to get off; Susan is only one, now Rose is married."

"Charity begins at home, Thomas," said Lady Danby, "and you must not forget that Susan will be left a burden upon us if we can't get her married."

"Well, well, Letty, it is not at all certain, nor indeed likely, that Loftus will take a fancy to any of your nieces. There are too many of them; they come in each other's way. Remember the old song in the once popular 'Beggar's Opera,'

> How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!

If Adam leave this place heart-whole, which he is likely to do, we will have him and Susan together at Plymouth, and see if you and she can't hook him in."

The few days were lengthened to many days, and still the baronet remained at the Abbey, not however without an invitation.

Fanny, Aurelia, and Maria had all tried to make themselves very agreeable to him. Cornelia, Letitia, and Eleanor had not taken so much pains to please him. Cornelia had annoyed him by laying down the law in a dictatorial manner on religious subjects; Letitia had frightened him with her sarcastic observations; and Eleanor, though amiable and polite, never thought of winning his heart, being too much taken up with her own feelings for her gallant admirer, Captain Colville. Nevertheless, Eleanor was the very one with whom he was the most pleased.

He heard with how much affection she spoke of her brother Richard; he was told by Sir Thomas Danby how kindly she had acted towards the sinner, Silvester, and his unwelcome wife; and he had observed that she did not care for display, was no way anxious to attract attention, and quietly and cheerfully performed all the duties, both of domestic life and of society.

"I think Miss Eleanor Arlington is a very charming girl," he said one day to his friend the admiral, "and if I were ten or fifteen years younger I should be inclined to try my luck with her."

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, "you talk as if you were as old as the hills. With the regular life that you have led, you are as young as many a man of forty; and, after all, you are not so much past fifty. Fanny, the eldest, to be sure is more your age; but you don't care for her, eh?"

"No, I don't," said the baronet, decidedly.

"Ah! I thought she had no chance," remarked Admiral Danby. "I am afraid her doom is sealed, and that she will be an old maid. But Eleanor certainly is more attractive."

"Do you know if she is not pre-engaged? So nice a girl would hardly be without plenty of admirers."

"As to admirers, I dare say she *has* plenty of them; but suitors is another affair. In my younger days, if a man liked a girl, and she liked him, they did not think much about prudence, and counting the cost, &c. &c.; they married, trusting to Providence, and rubbed on somehow or other; but now, the generality of young men only look out for money. If they have chanced to fall in love with a girl, they stifle the feeling, and sell themselves, if they can, for fortune. They are quite

callous to the distress of mind and disappointment they may cause the young lady, whose heart they have been besieging with no serious design. There are cart-loads of these fellows in the world, Loftus, and if each of them could get a taste of the cat-and-nine-tails it would do them good."

The admiral had waxed wrathful on the subject; but the fact was that his niece, Susan Danby, had been jilted by a gentleman—a major in the army—who had paid her great attention, and gone the length of proposing to her. She had referred him to her "papa and mamma," but he never went near the worthy couple. He had found out Miss Susan would have no "tin," so he beat a timely retreat, and started off to the Continent. Somewhere abroad he met a lady, said to be worth a thousand a year; and though she was ten years older than himself, he married her. He was taken in, however, for the lady had not more than five hundred a year, if that.

Sir Thomas had been charged by his wife never to mention or allude to his niece's having been jilted; but he often forgot her injunctions, and told the whole story, of which indiscretion he always afterwards repented, blaming himself for his loquacity.

The jilting of poor Susan was communicated by him to his friend Sir Adam, whom, however, he besought to keep it a dead secret.

"But Miss Eleanor has not been jilted, has she?" asked the baronet, in some anxiety.

"Oh no! never that *I* heard of; and Lady Danby would have told me if such a thing had happened."

II.

AN OFFER REFUSED.

Backed and urged on by the well-meaning admiral, his friend Sir Adam Loftus screwed up his courage to make a proposal. He had not known the fair lady or her family long, certainly; but more intimacy takes place during a sojourn of three weeks, even in a country house, than during three months of acquaintance in town, where people can only meet for a short morning call, at an occasional ball or dinner-party, or a ride or walk in the park.

Eleanor had made herself very agreeable, and seemed much pleased with Sir Adam's company and conversation, therefore it was no inordinate vanity on his part when he allowed himself to be persuaded that she would accept him. So he got over his timidity, and, wavering between hope and fear, he ventured the offer.

Eleanor was quite as much embarrassed at receiving his matrimonial overture as he was at making it. They sat together on a bench under a spreading tree. This seat was a favourite resort of Eleanor's, and she had gone there with a book in which she was interested. She had not read many pages before she beheld Sir Adam strolling slowly towards her. Her first feeling was vexation at being interrupted, but she quickly remembered that Sir Thomas, Lady Danby, and two of her sisters had gone to lunch with a neighbouring family, and as her father was also out, that perhaps Sir Adam found himself lonely in the house. No idea of

his reason for joining her entered her brain. She was not in the least conceited, and it never occurred to her that she had made a very favourable impression on the mind of her uncle's friend.

He sat down by her, and, after looking at her for a minute or two in silence, he seized her hand, and blurted out the proposition he had come to make. The poor man had got up a speech, which he intended to deliver on the momentous occasion. He had studied it thoroughly, and repeated it to himself both in the grounds and in his own room, but when it came to the push, lo! it was all gone—faded entirely from his memory! This is often the case with would-be orators and unaccustomed public speakers, whose best arranged speeches are swept from recollection just when the time for delivering them has arrived, and some blundering inappropriate jargon is obliged to be substituted for the neatly turned sentences that were to have been received with applause.

His speech, so fluently delivered to himself, forgotten, the bewildered baronet had to make his confession and profession extemporaneously. With a flushed face and sheepish looks, he accomplished the trying task he had assigned to himself, and awaited with trepidation her answer.

At that moment the bench under the shady tree recalled vividly to her memory the day when, in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, a tale of love from one so dear to her had agitated and enchanted her. Ah! why was *he* not by her side now! Would he never, never, come to claim her? "Yes, yes," she said to herself, "I have faith in him and in the good day that is coming, and I will put no obstacle between him and me."

She had been sitting, since the baronet's avowal, looking dreamily before her.

Sir Adam attributed her silence to shyness, and he whispered:

"Nay, speak to me, dear girl! and tell me, is it to be Yes or No? Yes, I earnestly trust."

"Alas!" murmured Eleanor, "I grieve to distress you, but I cannot say Yes. Much as I like and esteem you, Sir Adam, proud and happy as I should have been under other circumstances to have accepted your flattering offer, I cannot do it, for—for my faith is pledged to another!"

"To another! Are you privately married?" asked Sir Adam, dropping her hand.

"No—oh no! But I am more than half engaged."

"Why half? Why not wholly?" demanded Sir Adam, with unusual impetuosity.

"Because, though his image is in my heart, and he loves me, we cannot marry at present. He is too poor."

"Ah, that is sad!" said the good man, sympathisingly. "And I must not be so selfish as to think only of my *own* disappointment. Can I do anything to improve his position?"

"You, Sir Adam! Oh! how kind and generous you are! I can never feel sufficiently grateful for the mere thought."

"And who is this gentleman whose good fortune, although he is poor, I cannot but envy?"

"He is in the army—a captain—but he has nothing beyond his pay."

"I might buy him his majority."

"Oh no, my dear sir, no; he could not accept such a favour from a

stranger. His father is not rich, but his grandfather is, and at the old gentleman's death his means will most probably be increased."

"Indeed. It is not well, however, to wait for dead men's shoes. But I cannot gather my ideas just yet. I know I had no right to think of a young and lovely girl like you, and I am perhaps justly punished for my presumption. Forgive me! It was a dream—unhappily for me too bright a dream to be realised!"

"Forgive *me*, rather!" cried Eleanor, with emotion. "But, believe me, I never tried to win . . . . win. . . . ." She could not finish her sentence, and burst into tears.

"Farewell!" he exclaimed, in a husky voice, as he wrung her hand and slightly kissed her brow. "Farewell! Let me hope that you will still look upon me as a friend."

Sir Adam strode away towards the house, and Eleanor remained sitting under the tree, her face buried in her hands, and sobbing bitterly.

At dinner Sir Adam Loftus was grave, but not sullen. He exerted himself to keep up a conversation with Mrs. Arlington, who sat on one side of him, and Fanny, who was on the other side. But it was evident that he was not in his usual good spirits. Eleanor, too, looked pale and depressed. Mr. Arlington did not perceive any difference in the demeanour of either of them, but Mrs. Arlington's quick eye speedily discovered that something was the matter as she glanced from the baronet to Eleanor, and back again to him. However, she chatted on in her accustomed manner, which was the best thing she could do.

In the course of the evening, after a couple of games at chess with Aurelia, in both of which he was beaten, Sir Adam announced his intention of leaving Arlington Abbey the next day. There was great opposition made to his going, but he spoke in a quiet yet determined manner, which showed that his mind was made up, and that it would be useless to try to detain him. He gave a cordial invitation to Sir Thomas and Lady Danby, and to the Arlington family, to visit him at Hurst Vale, and, after having contrived to obtain a few minutes' private conversation with Eleanor, he took his departure, much to the regret of the Danbys, Mr. and Mrs. Arlington, and Fanny, who had deluded herself with the idea that she was gaining ground in the elderly baronet's regard, and would soon have it in her power to become "Lady Loftus."

When he was fairly off, Mrs. Arlington questioned Eleanor as to the cause of his almost sudden departure, and heard with dismay and anger that he had made an offer to her, which she had refused.

"Refused, Eleanor!" she exclaimed. "Have you taken leave of your senses? Do you expect an earl or a duke to pay his addresses to you? One would think a baronet, with a good fortune, might satisfy your ambition."

"I have no ambition, mamma," said Eleanor, "but I could not marry Sir Adam Loftus, caring for another."

"That Captain Colville, I suppose. I really did not think you were such an idiot, Eleanor. If he can get any one with a tolerable fortune to take him, you will see and hear no more of him. It is dreadful to see such reckless folly in one's family. Richard turns his back on a nice girl with thirty thousand pounds, Silvester marries a creature no better than a housemaid, and you refuse an excellent man, a rich baronet, on account

of an officer, with the munificent annual income of two hundred pounds! What next? I suppose Maria will be walking off with some fourth-rate music-master or singer at the Opera. I am thoroughly disgusted, and I only wish that Sir Adam Loftus had taken a fancy to Fanny or Aurelia instead of you."

"I wish he had with all my heart," said Eleanor; "and as I don't think he cares very much about me, perhaps he may marry one of them yet."

"That he won't," replied her mother. "My sister, Letty, will secure him for her husband's niece, Susan Danby. You have acted scandalously, Eleanor."

Vexed and disappointed as Mrs. Arlington was at Eleanor's imprudent and impolitic conduct, she did not mention it to any one while the Danbys remained at the abbey. She was particularly anxious to avoid their knowing that Sir Adam had been refused. She justly thought that no man likes it to be known that he has encountered such a mortification, and also she fancied that if the affair were kept quite secret, the baronet might renew his offer at some future time, provided he escaped being caught in Lady Danby's net.

Nothing more occurred just then at the abbey, except Richard's arrival to bid his family good-bye before going to Ireland with his regiment, which was ordered to Dublin. He seemed in very bad spirits, but would not allow that anything was the matter with him, except a severe cold, which he could not quite shake off. He certainly had a short, nervous cough, and there was a restlessness in his eye and in his manner which convinced his mother and sisters that there was something on his mind. Mrs. Arlington supposed he had contracted debts which he was now pressed to pay, as he was about to quit England. His sisters fancied that the idea of having to leave Mrs. Larpent, and give up her pleasant society, grieved him. But they questioned him in vain. Two or three times he said that he wished he had been in his father's banking-house, instead of the army. He would have been better off in many respects, and have avoided some of the troubles that had befallen him. These remarks strengthened his mother's belief that he owed money he could not pay, and she used her influence with Mr. Arlington to obtain a handsome sum of money for Richard when he was about to leave the abbey.

Letitia ventured one day to ask him something about Mrs. Larpent; but he looked so defiant, and, at the same time, so distressed, that she immediately dropped the subject, and that lady's name was not again mentioned to him.

He took an affectionate leave of his family on parting with them, and his mother remarked:

"Why, if Richard had been going, like Silvester, to Australia, he could not have been more sorry at bidding us good-bye."

"He has a kind heart, poor fellow!" observed Eleanor; "and, after all, he will see very little of us when he goes to Ireland. When he was stationed in or near London, he could be often with us."

If we could only see into other people's hearts, how differently we would sometimes judge of their actions! But there are depths in the human heart which are concealed from view—for good or for evil, who can tell!

III.

THE DEPARTURE TO AUSTRALIA.

The Danbys had at last taken themselves off, after a visit of seven weeks. Richard had also left the abbey, and Mr. Arlington had gone to London to make arrangements about Silvester's emigration with his wife to Australia. Poor Silvester had no wish to go. Had it been his own plan, it might have been agreeable enough to him; but to be sent into banishment, as it were—"penal servitude," he called it—hurt his feelings and his pride. He had been very sullen and morose in his manners to poor Hetty from the time that they were turned out of his father's house. He took long walks in the country alone, and left his wife to stroll about the streets by herself, and amuse herself, as best she could, in staring at the shop windows. The showy dresses and gaudy bonnets which she saw took her fancy exceedingly, and she would have been quite happy if she could have purchased some of them; also, like a child, her mouth watered when she looked at the cakes and sugar-plums in the confectioners' windows, but she had no money to buy anything. Silvester himself paid the weekly bills for lodging and living, and he never gave her a shilling.

After being a short time at Exeter, he met an old college acquaintance, a curate who resided in the town, and was employed in one of the churches there. They struck up an intimacy, and the curate came very frequently in the evening to see Silvester, who regaled him with oysters, toasted cheese, or similar delicacies, and gin twist for supper. The two young men talked over their Cambridge days and Cambridge doings, and both of them often forgot the presence of poor Hetty, who took no interest in their conversation, and was generally half asleep. It was a weary life she led. She did not care to read; it was a positive task to her, and if Silvester ever brought her a novel even, she would take it up with a despairing look, thumb three or four of the pages, dog-ear them, and then put away the book. She could not do fancy work, and she had no plain work to do. She dared not go into the kitchen to peel potatoes, wash the vegetables, or assist in the cooking; and her greatest pleasure was to steal up-stairs when Silvester was out, and assist the poor maid-of-all-work to make the beds and dust the furniture.

It was quite a pleasure and comfort to her when the curate said one evening that he wished he had some fair friend who would make up half a dozen shirts for him. Hetty eagerly offered her services, and, as Silvester did not forbid it, she undertook the commission with great joy. She had been accustomed to take in such work in her mother's house, and she not only made up the shirts, but she washed and ironed them, by the contrivance of her friend, the maid-of-all-work, to the great and agreeable surprise of the curate, who was thus saved some eight or ten shillings by the useful kindness of Mrs. Silvester Arlington.

But when there were no more linen garments to make, Hetty relapsed, perforce, into her usual idleness. She was actively inclined, therefore it was a punishment to her to do nothing.

"Oh my!" she sometimes exclaimed, "I wish I had married Ralph! I would have had the dairy to look after, and the pigs and the poultry,

and to cook the dinner, and keep all the pots and pans in the kitchen clean and bright. And on Sundays I would have gone to church with a silk dress on, and in the pony-shay. I would have had my own house, and a girl under me, and not be sitting cooped up like a prisoner, as I am here."

She could not help confiding her regrets to the maid-of-all-work, who was exceedingly astonished at them, and replied:

"Well—lawks—if I was made a lady, and had nothing to do but to eat my vittels and twist my thumbs, would not I be happy! You grumble 'cause you've nothing to do. You wouldn't like it if you had to be up early and down late; if you had to work your fingers to the bone, with a cross missus scolding you all day,"

But Hetty could not be convinced that she was or ought to be happy; and, moreover, she had a great dread of the voyage she was condemned to encounter, and often annoyed poor Silvester by repeating to him, over and over, that she was sure they would be "drownded."

"Drowned, Hetty, not drownded, if you please," he invariably remarked to her. "Can't you say *drowned* instead of drownded, which is not a word in the English language."

But Hetty stuck to her "drownded," and in other ways showed her inclination to become restive. And Silvester repented more and more of the miserable match he had made, and felt more and more how he had thrown himself away. Could he get rid of her? It was impossible! She was, and would be a millstone round his neck for the whole of his future life! How he cursed his own folly, and the vile woman who had palmed her daughter upon him!

Hetty's weariness of the life she was leading—for she had nothing to occupy either her mind or her hands, and no one to pay her compliments and flirt with her—and her extreme horror of the voyage to "them outlandish parts," all combined, induced her to pen a private despatch to her mother. This was a laborious job to her, but she accomplished it at last. The writing and spelling would have horrified Silvester, and amused his friend, the curate, could either of them have seen the curious epistle. In it she informed her mother that she was very "unappy," and "was going to be drownded in the sea," and therefore begged to be allowed to go home to save her being eaten up by the big fishes.

The mother, having more sense than poor Hetty, took the letter to a college friend of Silverster's, and was assured by him that it was all nonsense about her being drowned. Disasters did sometimes happen at sea, but Silvester would go to Australia in a good ship, and not in an overcrowded emigrant vessel. The best thing he and Hetty could do was to go abroad. Thereupon Mrs. Evans sent a sharp reply to her daughter, and refused to receive her at Cambridge. She added, that if Mr. Silvester and Hetty went to the mines, of which she had heard tell, she hoped they would send her home some good big lumps of gold.

"Good big lumps of gold!" said Hetty to her friend, the servant at the lodging-house. "And how is I to find lumps of gold? They don't grow like leaves on a tree, sure!"

"No, but they are dug out of the ground," replied the better-informed maid-of-all-work. "My brother is a sailor; he has been in these parts; and he has told me all about it."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Hetty. "Dig it out of the ground—how nice!"

It was a cheering idea to her to dig up gold, and she determined to ask Silvester for a little money, part of which she would lay out in the purchase of a spade to dig for gold, an infantine idea which pleased her mightily.

The time was fast approaching when Silvester and his wife were to be expatriated. Mr. Arlington had seen in London some gentlemen connected with Australia, merchants and others, and had obtained a few good introductions for his son. He had also made arrangements for supplying him with money, and had taken his and Hetty's passage in a ship which was soon to sail for Australia from Bristol.

Silvester had a great deal to do, for Hetty could help him in nothing. She had not an idea of packing, nor had Silvester himself. *He* had always been accustomed to have everything of that kind done for him, and *she* had never had occasion to pack up anything; for the small wardrobe she took to London had been packed by her mother. The curate, the mistress of the lodging-house, and the maid-of-all-work had been pressed into the service, and through their united exertions the necessary arrangements were completed.

When all was settled, and there was no longer a chance of their being allowed to remain in England, Silvester wrote to his mother, proposing to come to the abbey to bid her and the family farewell, and to see once more the home of his childhood before leaving Europe, perhaps for ever. But he got a chilling answer from Mrs. Arlington. She said she would have been glad to have seen *him*, but as he would no doubt have brought his wife with him she must decline his visit. She wrote that she wished him success in the distant land to which he was going, and hoped that the companion he had chosen for life would make up to him for all that he had lost through her.

Silvester was much hurt, mortified, and angry at his mother's letter.

"She throws me off easily," he said to the curate. "Well, so let it be; I will never put pen to paper to her again. I will change my name, and no one shall know that there exists in this proud England a creature who is connected by a single drop of blood to me. It is dreadful when vanity and pride choke up natural affection."

"It is dreadful," replied the curate. "But the tares too often choke the wheat in this world."

The ill matched couple went to Bristol. Hetty was pleased and amused with the busy, bustling town. Silvester scowled at every one, as if in him or her he beheld an enemy. His spirits were much depressed, and there were moments when the idea of suicide crossed his mind.

But he was not neglected and forgotten by all his family, as his morbid fancy told him.

His father, his sister Eleanor, and his uncle, Sir Thomas Danby, all came to Bristol to see him off. They were exceedingly kind in their manners to him, and even to Hetty, and Eleanor brought him affectionate messages from his sisters at home, and letters from Richard, from the two girls at Brighton, and from his grandmother, the latter enclosing him a fifty-pound note.

So he went his way, not certainly rejoicing, but at the same time not entirely despairing.

IV.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

ELEANOR returned home in very bad spirits. Partings are always sad, but when the parting

May be for years, or may be for ever,

it is doubly trying to say that melancholy word, "Farewell!" It was said, her brother was gone, and she went back to her comfortable home with many misgivings respecting the future career of poor Silvester. She could only pray for him, and she did so with all her heart.

But, great as her sorrow was for the fate her brother had brought upon himself, she had soon cause to feel still deeper concern for her own blighted prospects.

The *Times* and the *Morning Post* were generally brought in before breakfast was quite over, and Mr. Arlington always seized the *Times*. Letitia, who felt an interest in politics, usually took up the *Morning Post* before any of the rest of the family attempted to look at it. It was her habit just to glance through the births, marriages, and deaths before passing on to the foreign or home news. She was running her eye over the above-named announcements, when she suddenly stopped, and involuntarily exclaimed,

"Good Heavens! Miss FitzHenry married, and to Captain——"

She checked herself, however, and did not utter the name of the captain. Eleanor looked up surprised, but with no expression of anxiety in her countenance.

"Miss FitzHenry married!" exclaimed Mrs. Arlington. "To whom?"

"To . . . to Captain . . . Impossible!" cried Letitia.

"Captain Impossible!" repeated Mrs. Arlington and Maria, both laughing. "That's a funny name!"

"It must be a quiz," said Aurelia.

"Here is another marriage just below," Letitia hurried on to say. "That old East India Colonel Sidney to Mrs. Gray, Miss FitzHenry's friend and chaperone, doubtless."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Arlington. "There are no fools like old fools!" she continued. "But I fancied she was setting her cap at him. Where were they married?"

"At Ryde. I suppose it is the Mrs. Gray to whom Colonel Sidney was introduced at the Crystal Palace," added Letitia, "for she is called 'widow of the late Maurice Gray, Esq.,' and you know she used to be always alluding to her dear departed Maurice."

"Well, we know who has taken Mrs. Gray for better and for worse, but to whom is Miss FitzHenry married?" asked Cornelia, starting up from her chair, and looking over Letitia's shoulder.

Letitia pulled her dress, and whispered very softly,

"Hush!"

But Cornelia could not be hushed. She was intensely selfish, and cared little about anybody's feelings, except her own.

"Letitia wants to make a great mystery about the man's name, but

that is of no use—it must come out sooner or later," she said. "Miss FitzHenry has married Captain Colville, third son, the newspaper says, of Lewis Colville, Esq., of Hillthorpe, Yorkshire."

There was a dead silence for a moment at table, which was interrupted by a little scream from Fanny. She was in the act of replenishing the teapot with warm water from the urn when the paragraph was read aloud by Cornelia, and it so entirely drew her attention, that she forgot the water pouring from the urn, and allowed it to run over not only the sides of the teapot, but over the tablecloth, and a pool of scalding water was soon making its way in all directions.

"What is the matter? What is all this?" cried Mr. Arlington, lifting his eyes from the column of the *Times* he was studying. "Is the urn leaking?"

Two or three table-napkins were in immediate requisition to arrest the progress of the warm water, and during the bustle and perturbation, Eleanor, pale as death, escaped from the room.

"How could you be so stupid or so ill-natured, Cornelia?" exclaimed Letitia, angrily.

"But the man can't be unmarried, so what is the use of mincing matters?" replied Cornelia.

"Poor Eleanor need not have heard it so suddenly, and without the least preparation," said Maria. "Bad news comes fast enough."

"Captain Colville's conduct does not in the least surprise me," said Cornelia, tossing her head. "These military men have honour in their mouths, but very little in their hearts or their actions," she continued. "They are devoid of Christian principles, and without these what stability or good can be expected?"

"That is rather a sweeping denunciation, Cornelia, and not over-charitable," replied Aurelia. "Military men are often poor, and, if they marry at all, they *must* marry girls with money."

"They are not the only class of men who marry for money," said Letitia, with one of her sneers. "The clergy do the same thing when they can. The Roman emperor himself, I dare say, would give up an angel for a——"

"You have no right," interrupted Cornelia, "to make such an assertion, Letitia. Mr. Severin has never shown any craving for money; he is not to be named in the same breath with that Captain Colville."

"I should think not, indeed," said Letitia.

"I only wish," remarked Mrs. Arlington, "that this marriage had been announced a few weeks earlier, perhaps then Eleanor would have acted more reasonably, and not have refused Sir Adam Loftus!"

"Sir Adam Loftus! who refused him?" asked Mr. Arlington, who had just laid down the *Times*, and was helping himself to a sardine.

"Your daughter, Eleanor," replied Mrs. Arlington.

"I was not told of this—why?"

"Because there was no use in troubling you about it, after the deed was done. Eleanor applied to no one for advice, took no time for reflection, but point blank rejected the poor man when the offer was scarcely out of his mouth."

"It is a great pity," said Mr. Arlington, gravely. "She may go farther and fare worse. Sir Adam is an excellent man."

The worthy father of so many daughters looked not a little chagrined.

He left his sardine untouched, and rose from the breakfast-table, which was immediately deserted by the rest of the family.

In the course of the day Eleanor received a letter from Captain Colville, bidding her farewell, begging her to forgive what seemed his heartless conduct, and assuring her he could never forget the object of his earliest affection, although an adverse fate had compelled him to unite himself to another. He said he had hoped, at the death of his grandfather—his mother's father, who was considered a very rich man—to have inherited from him sufficient money to have enabled him to pay off his debts, and to have married according to his inclination. But he had met with a great disappointment; the old gentleman's legacy was not enough to pay off his debts, and left him as far from independence as ever. Under these unfortunate circumstances he was compelled either to marry a young lady with money at her command, or sell out of the army; and if he had sold out, he would not have known how to gain his daily bread. She would see how he was placed, and her kindness would induce her to make allowances for what his poverty compelled him to do. The letter ended with fervent wishes for her health and future happiness.

And Eleanor did forgive him and pity him, and she felt no animosity towards him, nor even towards the young lady whose fortune had won him. But she had sufficient dignity of character not to answer his letter, and she devoutly hoped that she might not be put to the trial of meeting him again.

"No; I never wish to behold him again in this life," she said to herself; "but in yon distant world, where the spirit is free from the trammels of earth, we may meet in love—pure, and renovated, and unchangeable!"

Her sisters were all very sympathising to her, with the exception of Cornelia, who took every opportunity of either openly abusing all military men, or insinuating that they were an idle, pampered set, who, if they did not fear men, neither did they fear God.

"You are very presumptuous, Cornelia," said Letitia. "You assume to yourself one of the attributes of the Almighty. How can you see into the hearts of those you are now condemning en masse?"

But retribution for her callousness towards her sister's disappointment was soon to overtake her. Notwithstanding Mr. Septimus Severin's Christian principles and eminent piety, of which Cornelia spoke so much, that model clergyman showed the cloven foot quite as prominently as Captain Colville had done. He, too, married for money; but instead of selecting a young wife, he took one considerably older than himself. The widow lady who had, for a time, frequented the church in London where he preached, and who had given him a curacy in her immediate neighbourhood in the country, was the object of his choice—a choice not dictated by any love, except the love of money, a temptation so often held out by the Evil One, the enemy of mankind.

Cornelia, however, escaped the shock of hearing of his marriage first through the newspapers. He wrote to her to inform her of the coming event, and bespeaking her congratulations on his happy prospects. He addressed her as his "sister in the Lord," and exhorted her to continue to distinguish herself in good works, and not to be "weary in well-doing." He told her that the clergyman who was appointed in his place to the

church of St. Mark's in town was a very energetic labourer in the vineyard, and intended to introduce confession among his congregation, which he considered would tend much to the welfare of their souls, inducing Christian humility and a penitential spirit. He sent his best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Arlington, and to Cornelia's sisters, and to herself every good wish and kind greeting.

"So," cried Letitia, when she had read Mr. Severin's epistle, which Cornelia showed to every one who would take the trouble of reading it, "his Christian principles have not prevented him from looking after the loaves and fishes. One really cannot blame him, however; a young man ground down with poverty, and no prospect of any increase in his finances until, perhaps, he is well advanced in the vale of years! It is a shame that the church, the army, and the navy should be so ill paid."

"But what about the confession that he recommends?" said Fanny. "Are you going to turn Roman Catholic, and confess to a priest?"

"Not I, indeed!" said Cornelia, indignantly. "I shall never set foot in that church again. They may humbug whom they can; they shan't humbug me."

Cornelia was exceedingly angry at her old favourite, the Reverend Septimus Severin, and did not attempt to conceal her vexation. Her vanity was wounded, and she was much provoked at his defection, and at having found him so worldly minded; but she had no real affection for him, therefore she did not feel as Eleanor did. Eleanor never uttered a syllable against Captain Colville, and would not permit him to be blamed in her presence. But his having forsaken her sank deeply into her heart, and it required constant efforts of self-command to seem cheerful, and to trouble no one with her regrets.

"This is really very sad," remarked Mrs. Arlington to Fanny. "Here are two defaulters, two gentlemen, who have backed out after having gone so far. I dare say Mr. Duff Watson will play the same game, and it will end in his marrying some girl at Guernsey or Jersey. I am told there are ten ladies in these islands to one gentleman. If this be true or not I don't know."

"It is a pity Lionel amused himself at the expense of Mr. Duff Watson," replied Fanny. "His foolish trick certainly frightened Mr. Watson away."

"There was nothing to frighten him in reality," said Mrs. Arlington; "he knew that there was no *real* ghost, and it was very silly of him to take himself off as he did. I am afraid Lionel's masquerading was only made a pretence for his going. I assure you, Fanny, I am seriously distressed, for I cannot keep Julia and Amelia much longer at school. Julia is going on for twenty, and she *must* come out this next season."

"But you know, mamma," said Fanny, "their being at school is all nonsense; they go for an hour or two, perhaps twice a week, for music or drawing-lessons, but they stay with grandmamma, and can visit where they please. You had better leave them where they are."

"But what will the world say?"

"I suppose the world knows nothing about them, with the exception of a few inquisitive people, who have no concerns of their own to attend to."

"Well, at any rate, they can remain at Brighton until after next Easter," replied Mrs. Arlington. "Heaven only knows what may turn up before then!"

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, *VIA* MOUNT SINAI AND PETRA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

This proved to be a most disagreeable day in camp, for a regular *Khamseen* wind set in from about noon, which blew so vigorously that clouds of fine dust were flying about in every direction, whilst the innumerable flies were particularly tantalising, and gave us not a moment's peace. About three P.M. our camp was put quite on the *qui vive* from the circumstance of a caravan of European travellers having been signalled in the far distance on the north-western side of the gulf, and descending the road, or rather path, that led to Năkŭl. All was now excitement and wonder, and we were each of us conjecturing who the party or parties could possibly be, as well as what sort of people these new arrivals would prove, and particularly whether they, also, were bound for Petra. As their rate of travelling, from our own experience, was under three miles an hour, we gave them from an hour to an hour and a half to reach Akăbah, for they were, when first made out, a very long way distant—so much so, that no other naked eye save that of the practised Arab could have possibly seen this small caravan.

This little excitement, which had instantly set our whole camp in commotion as soon as the above piece of stirring news had been proclaimed, had no sooner subsided, than a fresh cause of sensation to our nervous system brought us all out of our tents again, to welcome the truly gladdening as well as cheering sight of the arrival in our camp of the first batch of the fresh camels that were to take us on to Petra, and thence to Hebron. This last fact was welcomed by us as being far more interesting than the sight of the distant caravan, even though the travellers who composed it should turn out to be our own countrymen, so selfish do we all feel, in this world, when our own particular "interests" are concerned; and I must say we most certainly were very greatly interested to get away from Akăbah, and to "do," as well as to get "done with," Wădy Mōōsa.

The very fact of the arrival of a portion of our camels assured us that we had now a very good chance of being enabled to break up our present encampment within the period stipulated for, and to resume our march northwards. The rest of the camels all arrived in camp before sunset on the following day.

The camel-drivers who had accompanied us all the way from Cairo were at once paid up the balance due to them for the hire of their animals to this place, the total of which amount from Cairo was 3*l.* 10s., English money, for each camel and dromedary. It is, perhaps, as well to note, in this place, that the above sum of money was the customary price which ruled in the Egyptian metropolis; but, in the event of any of the animals falling sick or lame, or too fatigued to proceed the whole distance to Akăbah, it was arranged, previous to our departure from

Cairo, by our dragoman, for his own interests, that in the event of its becoming necessary to change any of the camels at Mount Sinai, the terms of their hire should be, from Cairo to Mount Sinai, 2*l.* 7s., and for fresh animals from the latter place to Akăbah, 1*l.* 3s. This arrangement was a most advisable, if not necessary, precaution, as the requisite "reliefs" would take place without the usual engendering of disputes, altercations, high words, and vexatious delays at the foot of Mount Sinai.

On reaching Akăbah, our dragoman had very wisely not paid up and discharged the Cairo camel-drivers before he was assured of the arrival of the fresh ones. This was only a measure of prudence as well as precaution on his part, in case the shaick of the *Allowēēn* should prove false and deal with us treacherously, which he might have been tempted to do with the object of "fleecing" us of a good round sum of money, which in all probability we should have had to pay him to purchase his "good-will" towards us, as well as the means, which he alone could supply us with, of departing from Akăbah.

Had the hire of the Cairo camels been paid up the day after our arrival at this place, their drivers would have immediately left our camp on their return journey, and we should have been entirely at the mercy of Shaick Mahomed. By our dragoman's having retained the balance due until their "reliefs" arrived in camp, we had but little to fear, inasmuch as, in the event of the shaick's refusing to let us have camels, the route to Gaza was always open to us, *viâ* Nakl, at which place we should have fallen in with a fresh tribe of Bédouins, called *Jiáhah*, and where we should have replaced our Cairo camels by a batch of animals from this race of Arabs. It will be easily imagined that the arrival of a portion of our fresh camels, the departure of the old ones, and the passing, about a couple of hours before sunset, along the sea-shore between our sleeping-tents and the waters of the Elanitic Gulf of the anxiously looked-for caravan, whose members consisted, as we very soon afterwards learned from our dragoman, of an English clergyman and his two maiden sisters, who had arrived direct from Suez, without having visited or even passed by Mount Sinai, but which it was their intention to take, however, on their return to Cairo—for they had no idea of proceeding northwards—caused no little commotion as well as excitement in our camp.

The new arrivals, as they passed our tents seated on their dromedaries, looked fatigued and jaded. The two ladies, who rode sideways, European fashion, on their respective dromedaries, carried their umbrellas, which had served to protect their heads and faces from the fierce rays of the sun, as well as their eyes from the intense and hot glare of the surrounding atmosphere, during their day's journey. They had selected the sands of the sea-shore, at the distance of about eighty or a hundred yards to the southward of our encampment, for the site of their own encamping-ground, and as they travelled in very "light marching order," their two tents were soon pitched, and in readiness for them to retire into to rest and repose themselves after the fatigues of the day.

Wednesday, March 15.—This was our fourth and last day's halt at Akăbah. Not a breath of wind, and extremely hot all day.

Thursday, March 16.—From early dawn this morning might be heard, on every side, the arrangements that were being made for the

speedy striking of our camp for the move to the northward, through the "Wilderness of Zin." The cook and his mate were equally busy with the rest, who helped to administer to our necessities as well as to our comforts, with the object of making things as "serene" and "pleasant" to us as it was possible, under the circumstances, to do. We felt most thankful we had not been detained at Akăbah longer than the time we had stipulated for, as our dragoman, previous to our final signing the contract at Cairo, had made it a *sine quâ non* that a clear four days' halt at Akăbah should take place, in case he should meet with "difficulties" in smoothing our road northwards to Petra and Hebron, as well as to make fresh arrangements for the continuance of our journey. The least flavoured of the four or five different kinds of fish which we saw and partook of at Akăbah were those which were of a deep red or roseate colour all over; next came those of a red colour, but which were marked or studded with round spots on their sides; and a third sort, which in point of size and external appearance resembled our own freshwater dace. This last fish was particularly delicate in flavour. In addition to the above, the Mocha fisherman brought to our camp, on one occasion, a couple of ugly-looking black-coloured fish, without any scales on their bodies, and which were of the size of a small cod-fish, the smallest of which was furnished with rows of white teeth in the upper as well as in the lower jaw, and which, being round, pillar-like, and tapering to a point, looked like so many "cribbage-pins" or markers!

The warbling voices, at early morn, of several of the feathered creation, in the gardens surrounding our encampment, proved always a very pleasing as well as a cheerful and most welcome sound to our eager-listening and but too-delighted ears.

Shaick Mahomed was not idle this morning, for, shortly after sunrise, he had strolled down to our camp, "on business intent," where he was very soon busy in laying his hands upon, and appropriating to his own wants, every single article which our dragoman had thrown aside, as being done with; for Hussănēēn's object was to leave Akăbah with a smaller caravan of camels than he had done from Suez, whence he broke ground to commence our first march with no less than nine-and-twenty of these animals. He now found that the consumption of several of the different stores would enable him to dispense with at least three camels of the above number, so that, inclusive of our riding-dromedaries, six-and-twenty beasts of burden fully sufficed for the use of our onward journey. It was a strange sight to witness a Bédouin shaick, a chieftain of a large and powerful tribe, "shuffling" about the Christian camp, with quickened strides, picking up empty jam-pots, fragments of half worn-out mats, and a large empty reed "hen-coop," which had served as the residence of a batch of turkeys belonging to our itinerant poultry-yard. This last article seemed to afford him the greatest satisfaction, if I may form an opinion from his looks—for I was close beside him when he ran to "clutch" and "pounce" upon it, before other hands should have removed it as their own "perquisite," as it would serve to form a seat or a bench to sit upon, after having been first of all covered over with a mat or a rug, or possibly an old piece of carpet, Arab fashion. The "coop" in his grasp, he now turned round in search of some boy to carry it off to his own quarters, and beckoning to a small

urchin, who was looking on from without the precincts of our encampment, and who was in a state of semi-nudity, the shaick made it over to him for immediate removal out of the camp. The "appropriations" having come to an end, our *Allowēēn* chief now beat his steps towards the small tent which the dragoman and the servants occupied, and which served as a "Goshen" for his "stores" and "provisions," &c., by the way; and having seated himself on the carpet, which our dragoman occupied when alone, he called for coffee, and made himself quite at home. During the time he was picking up all stray "waifs" in camp, he never had his short cherry-stick chibouque out of his mouth; one would have imagined this man lived solely upon coffee and smoke.

Hussănēēn felt as glad as we did to get out of the place, for this shaick had not only made him pay *very heavily* for camels and for the "privilege" of our visiting Petra, but he was by far too frequently a self-invited guest to the dragoman's tent, wherein he hesitated not to help himself *most freely* to both eatables and drinkables (these consist of sherbet and coffee), and laid a heavy as well as a grasping tax on manifold cups of coffee, lumps of white sugar, and handfuls of Syrian tobacco! All these abstractions in the aggregate, during the last three days, considerably diminished our dragoman's supply of those very necessary articles of consumption, and which are so requisite to parties travelling through desert countries, which, when finished, the dragoman would be unable to replace; for, it should be observed, the camel-men—at least the heads or chief men thereof—always expect, morning and evening, a cup of sweetened coffee, as well as a pipe of tobacco, and consequently, as may be well supposed, there was always, as on banks during a panic, a great "run."

After a couple of hours of brawling, and vociferating, and shouting, and squabbling one with the other, on the part of our new camel-men, about the different loads their beasts were to carry—which at one time rose so loud, and looked so threatening, as to not only raise doubts in our minds, but to cause serious apprehensions lest we should not be able to start to-day, after all our anxious expectations on this head—a dead "lock" was come to, from the circumstance of these fellows each refusing to load his own particular camels with the dragoman's four large "canteen" boxes, which were made and fitted up upon the pattern of our Indian *Bābăchēē-khānā* camel-trunks; and this affair was only settled and adjusted by the personal interference of the shaick himself, to whom the dragoman had been obliged to appeal, when the camel-drivers, having seen fit to change their tone, loaded their animals, and hastened to overtake the rear of the caravan, which had already started, and had got some little way on the road.

Our party now mounted each his dromedary, and by 9.40 A.M. we were fairly out of Akăbah. On turning round to take a last look of the Elanitic Gulf and its waters, the idea again forcibly struck me that the ancient Jewish sea-port of Ezion-Geber was never in Solomon's days situated so far distant from the capital of the land of Edom, and that, consequently, the waters of this sea must have extended considerably to the northward. Moreover, what authority is there for placing Ezion-Geber on the *eastern* shores of this gulf?—at least I am, I must confess, not aware of any. The true site of the ancient port where King

Solomon had his navy would seem to have been lost to the world at large for centuries and centuries; nay, the whole of this part of the earth has been a sealed book for ages, since no living soul, save and except the nomad tribes of Bédouins and the Mahomedan pilgrims who annually proceeded to, and afterwards back again from, Mecca, ever traversed its "wildernesses" and its sandy "deserts;" whilst no European ever dared, or even found it practicable, to extend either their travels or their researches through such a country—such a feat being not only difficult, but a hopeless undertaking.

The savans of Europe had, if I mistake not, their profound attention first awakened and directed to these parts after a perusal of the published travels of the Swiss explorer, Burckhardt; following whom came the Russian traveller, Sectzen, who published an account of these lands; and next came the interesting work of Irby and Mangles. A few years later the attention, as well as the curiosity, of the *literati* of Europe, ecclesiastical as well as lay, were awakened, with feelings of unfeigned astonishment and delight, at the published travels of Monsieur Léon de la Borde, who, with a fellow-countryman, had succeeded in reaching "Wady Mōōsa," and had given a most interesting account, enriched by drawings taken on the spot, of their visit to Petra. Since the days of the Crusades, I imagine, the above-named travellers were the first Europeans who had succeeded in "opening up" these hitherto closed lands to the outside world.

The last thing which I shall consider it necessary to allude to is the *name* given to these waters, which were called those of the Red Sea, which have been so denominated, as many persons imagine, from that colour having been given to its waters either by the quantities of red coral, or by the quantities of submarine weeds of a reddish hue, or by myriads of small red animalculæ with which its bottom was supposed to be covered, and whose hues, by their reflexion, give the roseate colour! All these theories are, however, mere fanciful suppositions. The fact is, this sea was so called after the adjoining land of Edom, whose "coast," in the words of Scripture (Numbers xx. 23), it washed—Edom, in the Hebrew language, signifying *red*. The safest guide in all such matters I hold to be the language of Holy Writ, from whose inspired pages man is made wise. From this sacred book we learn that from the very earliest times this sea was called the "Sea of Edom." It might also have been called the Sea of Esau, for we learn that Esau is Edom, and that he was, moreover, the father of the Edomites (Genesis xxxvi. 1, 8, 9).

The result of my own observations, which were made on the spot itself, both at Suez, and down the eastern shores of that gulf, where we struck its waters on our road to Mount Sinai, and likewise at Akăbah, as well as along its western shores, satisfied me that the waters of this sea were no more of a *reddish* hue than those of the English Channel! I feel bound, however, to state in this place, whilst I am alluding to the subject, that on one occasion, and only once, did I observe a slightish appearance of a sort of red film floating, as it were, over the surface of the sea at the very head of the Gulf of Akăbah, and this was during the afternoon, and whilst we were rounding it to reach the village of that name. But it was not difficult to see what had occasioned it, and my own impressions were that this hue was induced by the effects of the

heated atmosphere, through which a slight hazy film was floating at the time, which being influenced by a powerful sun, from whose fiery orb the rays seemed to come with a roseate tinge—as is often to be witnessed in other countries—and which tint being communicated to the scarped and shelving sides of the surrounding mountains which bounded this sea on the east as well as on the west, produced a reddish-coloured reflexion on the surface of the water, which reflexion was further aided by the quantities of red-coloured pudding-stone with which the shores were lined, as well as of very small pieces of broken pottery and earthenware, all of which were of a very *deep red* colour, and with which last-named minute fragments of this material the *shallow* bottom of the head of this gulf was strewed.

It would have been, perhaps, better had our authorised version of the Holy Scriptures kept to the original term, and always called it by its proper as well as its earliest name—the Sea of Edom.

Our camel-drivers, to our surprise, as well as to our intense disgust, made but a short march of it this day, and loud were the cries and appeals to the dragoman to urge these men to proceed for an hour or two's journeying further on; but the camel-drivers were resolute, and told Hussănēēn that it was the usual place of encampment the first day's march out of Akăbah; that the spot was elevated, clear of bushes and thorns, and an excellent site for our encampment, and that, moreover, their camels had travelled far enough with their heavy loads the first day; that, if they proceeded further, the chances were their animals would get sore backs; and as they had to go the whole distance on to Hebron, without any opportunity of relieving the jaded ones on the road, it was evident the camel-men were in the right, although none of my fellow-travellers would see it in this light, and they became greatly indignant and vexed, and indeed almost furious, at the shortness of this day's march. It was as early as 2.40 P.M. when the camel-men called a halt, and had commenced unloading their animals; so that we had only travelled for five hours since leaving Akăbah, and had not accomplished more than about fourteen or fifteen miles!

There were two ways of proceeding to Petra, one up the "Valley of Zin," and through its "wilderness," which was the one generally followed, and the other up the "Wady Isthm," which was situated at a right angle to the former, and on its eastern side, the entrance to which was pointed out to us. We had, during our stay at Akăbah, sounded our dragoman as to taking us by this last road, so as to enable us to enter Petra through the long and very narrow gorge, or rather ravine, in the mountains, called the "Sēēkh;" for there were but two entrances into Petra, and this last was the one which produced the most wonderful impression upon the mind as well as upon the vision of the beholder. But Hussănēēn would not hear of our suggestion; for he at once told us that, owing to the extreme badness of the narrow path, filled as it was with quantities of loose stones, as well as the extreme narrowness of the stony path through the "Sēēkh" itself, the loaded camels, with the four large canteen-boxes, which protruded some distance from their sides, would not be able to pass through such narrow gorges and defiles, and that it was hopeless for us to think of proceeding by that route.

When the route by the "Wady Isthm" is taken by travellers, it

should not be done on the "contract system," as the dragomen, having to pay such heavy "fees" at Akăbah to the shaick of the *Allowēēn*, not only for permission to visit "Wady Mōōsā" under a safe escort, but likewise for the hire of each camel, and, lastly, the "perquisite" to the shaick for each camel, find it absolutely necessary to cut down the sum-total of the number of camels they engage to the very *minimum*. In the contract, however, previous to leaving Cairo, it might be arranged that, if the party of travellers should decide, after their arrival at Akăbah, to proceed to Petra up the "Wady Isthm," and through the "Sēēkh," they would engage to pay an additional sum for the hire of a few more extra camels as far as "Wady Mōōsā (a journey of four days' march only by this route), in order that the load of each camel might be so lightened and arranged as not to be in danger of being torn off the animal's back by catching or fastening on to the projecting pieces of rock which line these narrow pathways.

We noticed a very perceptible difference in the temperature this afternoon in our camp, to what we had done during our four and a half days' residence at Akăbah, where the breeze was shut out from our confined encampment, and where ventilation was greatly needed. On this large, wide, open, as well as elevated plain the breeze was cool and most refreshing, and stimulated our appetites in no small degree for the good dinner which was preparing for us. The waters of the Elanitic Gulf had been lost sight of some little time before we reached our camp.

Friday, March 17.—We started this morning at seven o'clock, by which hour the last of the camels had got well out of camp and on their way to the next encamping-ground, which we reached at 7.20 P.M., after journeying nine hours and twenty minutes, and getting over somewhere about four-and-twenty miles of ground.

Saturday, March 18.—Broke ground at 7.20 A.M., and cried a halt at 3.30 P.M. Our "*shikārrēe*" walked nearly the whole of yesterday's as well as this day's march with gun on shoulder, in the hopes of bringing down a few partridges or hares, a few of which we were fortunate to see rise close up to us (the latter especially), almost under our camels' feet; but, as ill luck would have it, whenever such occurred, our "sportsman" was sure to be some hundred yards distant, either ahead of the caravan or away to the westward of the line of camels. This was the more provoking, as no less than five or six hares had risen up, during this day's journey, out of the small bushes with which the whole of this extensive plain was covered, as the camels threaded their way through this jungle, which consisted for the most part of the Indian *byr*-bushes, called in Arabic *hăbug*.

Our road yesterday led straight up the "Wilderness of Zin," but inclined to the right or eastern side thereof. This day's march led still closer to the range of hills which bounded this immensely wide as well as lengthened valley on its eastern side. We passed this day a small patch of greensward, which, to the eyes of "desert travellers," is always a most inviting as well as refreshing object to behold, near which were some few trees of stunted growth, as well as osiers, with one or two small fields of cultivation, all of which were watered and kept in a verdant state by a spring of fresh water in their immediate neighbourhood; but

we could not see any signs of either a village or of a Bedouin encampment, or even a solitary hut or tent, either far or near.

This our third day's march found us "hugging"—to write in nautical language—the eastern side or "coast" of the "Wady Arăbah;" and having started from our last encamping-ground at the hour of 7.20 this morning, we reached our new ground about 2.30 P.M. Here, again, my fellow-travellers waxed extremely wrath with the camel-men for having halted so early in the afternoon, and for having made what they considered such a short day's march; but seven hours and upwards of travelling, under a hot sun and across a sandy desert, was not a bad day's work, after all, for heavily laden camels to accomplish, and which had averaged, owing to the goodness and comparative hardness of the path the whole way, close upon three miles an hour, giving a total of fully twenty miles of ground gone over during yesterday's march. I was particularly struck with the appearance of a portion of the first or lower range of hills which formed the western boundary of the "wilderness of Zin," the more so from having observed what I took to be the ruins of an enormous stone fortress. We were at some distance from them, certainly, but I kept my eye steadily upon this curious-looking as well as conspicuous object for a considerable time, as we were progressing up the "wady," seated on our dromedaries.

It may, possibly, have been only the peculiarly jagged and crenated appearance of a portion of the rocky mountain, which had, through the lapse of ages, become so formed by natural causes as to appear but an illusive vision to the traveller's gaze. As I am not aware, up to the present time, of any tourist who has journeyed up this valley, along the base of the mountain which bounds its western side, or even of any traveller who has penetrated the line of country immediately within these hills, and overhanging, as it were, the "Wady Arăbah," I cannot but think that were this portion of the "wilderness" explored—which, although off the beaten track of either tourists or caravans proceeding either to "Wady Mōōsā" or to Palestine, might nevertheless be accomplished, I imagine (especially where the traveller is not pressed for time, and unhampered or unfettered in his own movements by a companion), without any very great difficulty, were an amicable and friendly understanding come to with the shaick of the Tiáhah tribe of Bedouins at Nakl, which place (situated almost in a line, as well as nearly midway between El Arish, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and Mount Sinai) would be, naturally, the best point of departure for the exploration of this "coast"—the spirited tourist who should have the good fortune to stumble upon the ruins of some ancient city, or hit upon what may, after a minute investigation into the *pros* and *cons* of the same, be determined and assigned as the real site of the ancient seaports of Elath and Ezion-Geber, might well be envied the pains of labour he underwent in their exploration and discovery.

Why geographers, savans, and ecclesiastical critics should have considered and regarded Akăbah as having been the original site of the ancient "Ezion-Geber" I am at a loss to understand. In accompanying the Israelites in their "journeyings" from Mount Sinai to Mount Hor, we find they proceeded in a northerly direction in the first instance, and afterwards struck off into an easterly one; and as we further learn they

were on their way to the land of Canaan, which was situated to the northward, and not to the southward, of their purposed route, it is incredible to suppose they should have gone out of their way, and have consequently departed from their direct path, by "steering a south-easterly" course (as a sailor would say), and "shaped" so as to reach or "make" modern Akăbah! But such criticisms can only be made after a personal investigation of the country, as well as after considerable reflection on the spot itself, and after a study of the Biblical narrative of the journeyings of the Israelites out of the "land of Egypt" towards the "promised land" of Canaan.

The site of our encampment this day was in a clear, level, as well as open piece of ground, with a soil more free from sand and dust than we had previously met with; whilst around our camp, on three sides thereof at least, were very visible signs of cultivation, the patches of ground which had been cleared and prepared for that purpose being larger than any we had come across since we left Cairo.

It was a very welcome and agreeable sight. No cultivators of the soil were visible, however, nor even a solitary Bédouin's tent. We saw a few hares and partridges again to-day, but our "sportsman" made no "bag."

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXXIV.

CHRISTINE, true to her word, requested her father next day to call upon Ernest, telling him, at the same time, that the young man, feeling himself ill the previous night, had come to their apartments. His secret was his own, and unless he mentioned it himself, she of course considered it sacred. San Isidora's report was far from satisfactory: he had found the artist in bed and spitting blood, a circumstance the more alarming from his having always had a tendency to consumption, which tendency had been aggravated by his sedentary pursuits and morbid sensitiveness of character. The pitying girl heard this account with much alarm, and lost no time in despatching Nina with some little luxuries which she thought would be acceptable from the hand of a friend. Strange to say, the illness of this poor youth, when combined with Sir David's insulting remark about her father, the night of the ball, brought Christine's mind to a fixed determination as to her future course. She now felt how necessary was her success in the musical world in order to place herself in a position admitting of no misinterpretation as to her independence and that of her parent, besides giving her the blessed power of succouring the unfortunate. What her father had done to provoke the injurious words applied to

him she could not imagine, but an undefinable fear that they were in some way merited haunted her mind and disturbed her tranquillity. Another thing that had roused her to energy was her receiving a saucy message from Sophy Trevor by her French femme-de-chambre, saying, "that it was unnecessary for Miss San Isidora to give herself the trouble to call at their apartments in future, as to *her* they should not be at home."

Although it was impossible to take this prohibition to further intercourse in any other sense than the insulting one it was intended to convey, nevertheless it was a crisis that brought relief, for her rare visits to the family had for a long time tried to the utmost her self-command and moral courage. There was something dubious in Mrs. Trevor's intimacy with her father from which Christine shrank; while the manners of her eldest daughter were not only disagreeable, but sometimes insolent, when by any accident she happened to relax from the constant attention which she was in the habit of paying gentlemen to the exclusion of ladies. The false and heartless Sophy, as Christine now knew her to be, had become to her almost an object of horror, and she felt no surprise at the message which she had received, when she recollected the reproof she had given the coarse old man who had spoken in a manner so insulting of the parent in presence of the child. She would have been still less surprised had she known that jealousy was the real motive which prompted the proceeding of the bride elect, whose fears were continually awakened by the constant harping of her *futur* on the subject of "the lovely vixen." This arose partly from his having been much struck by the said vixen's beauty, but still more from his wishing to awaken the pouting pettishness of his "pretty pussy," so convincing to him of the extreme love and devotion she bore to the distinguished veteran—for such he considered himself—whom she was about to espouse.

Whether San Isidora had or had not heard Sir David's insolent speech in the arbour his daughter could never guess; but on her repeating the message she had received from the future Lady Dinwiddie, she saw him wince and look perturbed. As he said nothing à propos to the subject, however, she took courage, and observed:

"It appears to me, father, that my coming here with the Trevors has been productive of no good whatever; neither has my introduction to my relatives been of any apparent advantage. I therefore think, since it is your intention that I should appear as a public singer, that the sooner it takes place the better. My masters flatter me by the assurance that I have now nothing to do but to keep myself in practice; and I acknowledge that the monotony of my existence here oppresses me so much as to make me dread deteriorating in voice if I continue longer in inaction."

San Isidora regarded his daughter with surprise whilst she was speaking, but at the same time seemed well pleased with what she said.

"Pazienza, mia figlia," he answered; "the time for your appearance, though not yet come, is not far off. The heats of summer are beginning, and during the time they continue you must nurse your strength. You have yet to learn the relaxing power of the oppressive

sirocco; but so soon as the cool autumn weather commences, then we shall prepare for your appearing before the world in all the splendour of your powerful talent."

The truth of his words quickly manifested itself, for soon the prevalence of the sirocco winds quite unstrung for the time the sensitive nerves of the musical girl, hitherto unexposed to its influence. The feelings of depression which it engendered were much augmented by the accounts she received of the declining health of Ernest Arnheim, who, her father had assured her, could not survive the autumn, for that the spitting of blood continued, and his strength was evidently declining. Of the Trevors she saw nothing, and only heard that their departure was fixed for the first cool weather. This piece of information was imparted by San Isidora, who added that, in consequence of the impertinent message sent to her by Miss Sophy, he had ceased to have any intercourse with the family. When lying inactive on her couch, overpowered with languor, many thoughts coursed over Christine's mind; the images of everything painful that had occurred in her life seemed to thicken the heavy air, and weigh upon her spirits. Her father's base conduct to her mother now appeared quite unveiled; and, in a true point of view, he had left his daughter no illusion with which to gloss it over. Her sufferings in her brother's house, the insults to which she had been subjected after Mrs. M'Naughton's death, in forcing themselves on her recollection, made her whole frame thrill with excitement. She did not weep for her own woes—no, Christine was one of those who never wept from causes purely selfish; it was only at the remembrance of her mother, of kind old Nanny, of the generous Guy, of her deep-feeling, unostentatious great-aunt, that her tears flowed fast, and sobs heaved her bosom. Then the cold and unkind manner assumed by her only parent, and her present unsatisfactory position, suggested themselves. A young, inoffensive girl to be scarcely recognised among her near relatives! It was useless disguising the truth; her father was esteemed a dangerous character, and there was no resource for her and him, in the present state of their affairs, but in her appearing as a public singer. Three years, she hoped, would be sufficient time in which to realise a sum to enable her to purchase an annuity for a man no longer young; and when she came of age, she would withdraw from the stage, and seek some quiet home in England—approved of by Guy—where she would have her dear old Nanny to wait upon her. She had a fixed purpose; she felt confident of success. With such stimulus to action, she persevered with unceasing assiduity; and, in spite of the heat, continued to cultivate her vocal powers to the most minute point—a degree of application rewarded by feeling her voice becoming more full and flexible every day under the influence of the warm and dry Italian climate.

It was towards the middle of September that the sultriness of the weather began to abate. A quantity of rain at last fell, and a delightful coolness came wafted by the breeze from the country. Christine felt as if she were translated to another sphere, so exhilarating was the sensation she experienced. Her step regained its wonted elasticity, her eyes sparkled with a more dazzling lustre than ever, and the

rich tones seemed to pour from the scarlet-tinted lip as if inspiration and power breathed around her in the delicious atmosphere. Present care and sorrowful anticipation seemed to have fled far away; she felt happy in herself; she hoped for everybody. She contemplated with pleasure the career that was before her; she felt certain that poor Ernest would revive in weather so invigorating, and that her father would at last renounce his fatal vice when he saw the exertions she would make to secure him independence, and spend the remainder of his days in respectability and peace. Her present sensations were all of harmony; in short, her brightened spirit could discern no shade in perspective; she even felt certain that she should soon see dear Guy again. "The wanderer, where was he sailing now?" She hoped that it would be in some delightful latitude like the one in which at the moment she felt that it was happiness to exist.

Similar sensations, I believe, will generally be found to arise, in a lesser or greater degree, in delicately organised temperaments, when resident in the warmer parts of Italy, during the first few days after the summer heats give way to autumnal coolness. The feelings of physical alleviation act upon the mental powers, and even the recollection of the most bitter misfortunes changes from agony to resignation; life, for the moment, becomes softened in the past, embellished in the present, and gilded by the mirage of hope in the future.

It was in the very commencement of those agreeable but delusive ruminations that Christine was interrupted by the entrance of her father at an hour that she was unaccustomed to see him. He looked hurried and disturbed whilst informing his daughter that he was called off unexpectedly to Messina, and should not return for some days. Then, as he was leaving the room, he turned back a few steps, and added, "I understand that those Trevors, and their old imbecile of a sposo, leave Palermo to-morrow for Naples. As I consider their conduct towards you to have been grossly insolent, it is my desire that you should not receive them if they should call to bid you good-bye, and I shall give Nina orders to that effect on going out. Adieu, figlia mia. In anything else you may do as you like, for I know that I can trust you." And with this compliment he took his leave. It would have been difficult for Christine to have guessed at the motives which her father had for his sudden journey and his orders with regard to herself, for, in truth, they were rather varied and complex. He well knew that if Mrs. Trevor were to call him to account for the disbursement of many sums of money entrusted to his care, he was in no situation to answer it, for, in fact, the most part had gone at the gaming-table. Then, again, his pride was wounded in having been so completely superseded in the family by the sapient baronet, besides fearing that the said baronet's lynx eye might discover much that he wished to conceal. He was also desirous of escaping being obliged to act a fit of sentimental regret in parting with Mrs. Trevor, for whom internally he felt both pique and contempt; so, adding to those more weighty reasons some of minor importance, he decided on absence as the best way of clearing all accounts. Fearing, however, that his daughter might come to a knowledge of some of his misdemeanours, if any of the circle, either in civility or anger, came to visit

her before their departure, he issued to Nina the mandate of "not at home," and went away contented with his own spirit and prudence. Christine slept soundly, and dreamt pleasantly, that night. The immediate pressure was removed; the nervous expectation of her father's return, which generally disturbed her rest, now agitated her no more, and it was late in the morning when she awoke. On ringing for her maid she learned that the whole household below were in commotion, for that the family were just starting for Naples. Nina, when she returned from market, had met Mrs. Trevor in the court, who had merely requested her to give her compliments to her young lady, and to her master when he returned from Messina, and then stepped into the carriage, where her eldest daughter was already seated—"la giovane essendo nel legno del vecchio sposo."* They were, indeed, gone, and Christine was left almost alone in the large palace of her forefathers; for the maestro di casa of the conte having taken the consegno the day previously, the apartments were shut up until a Russian family arrived who had engaged them for the ensuing winter.

Their departure, nevertheless, raised a great weight from her mind. She had nothing to dread for the moment—not even the chance of an impertinent note or message to answer—and in a variety of quiet amusements the forenoon passed off. With an unusual degree of light-heartedness she took her solitary meal, and, after having worked for an hour or two, she thought she would avail herself of her father's permission, and go to St. Dominico to vespers. She rose to fetch her veil and to summon Nina, when the last purpose was anticipated by her attendant appearing at the door of the saloon, looking pale and agitated. To her young lady's hurried interrogation, as to what was the matter, she sorrowfully answered, "Ah, signorina mia, the poor young painter, il Signor Ernesto, is dying; he has again ruptured a blood-vessel, and, thinking that he cannot survive many hours, he has sent a message begging to see you, as he has something particular to say." Here was a blow to one of the air-built castles in which Christine had indulged so short a time before; but neither the shock she received nor her fast-flowing tears for an instant delayed her in meeting the request of the unfortunate young man. In hurrying along with her maid to the neighbouring street where was his lodging, she asked her how the unfortunate occurrence had happened, as she had understood from her father that he rarely or never attempted to make any exertion. Nina answered that the woman who attended him had told her, when she came with the message, that, invigorated by the change of weather, he had got up early, and was sitting at his window in his dressing-gown, when the noise of advancing vehicles attracted his attention. He asked his attendant what it was, and on her telling him they were the carriages of the English family of Palazzo San Isidora, who were going away to Naples for the marriage of the youngest signorina, that he had risen on his feet, and looked out. She immediately saw by his appearance that he felt very ill, and ran forward to sustain him; but, before she could reach the window, he sank back with a deep groan, and immediately after the blood began to

* The young one being in the carriage of the old bridegroom.

flow from his mouth. Her agitated auditor felt sick at heart on hearing this mournful account, for she but too well understood whence had come the internal shock which had occasioned the fatal relapse. When they reached the humble abode of the invalid, Christine, with feelings of awe, followed the attendant to the chamber of the dying artist. Never since the day of Lucy's death had the subject of the shortness and insecurity of life been brought home to her; and at that time her extreme youth, reduced physical forces, and the agitating events that succeeded, had weakened the force of the impression. Now, however, the case was different. In the full development of her mental powers, in the flush of health and hope, with her acute feelings rendered morbidly sensitive by solitude and reflection, she stood at the bedside of one almost as highly gifted as herself, who hovered on the verge of eternity. Ernest had been raised a little on his pillows, so that his sunken temples and emaciated cheek were distinctly visible; and when he lifted up his mild but still bright eyes to the fair young face that bent weepingly towards him, and faintly smiled his thanks for her kindness, he looked like a saint about to render up his pure spirit in presence of his guardian angel.

"Signorina," he whispered, in a low voice, "I have taken a great liberty; but, feeling that my time was short, I was forced to apply to the sympathy which I knew would prove responsive. I have a widowed mother"—a slight contraction passed across his features as he spoke, and his large eyes filled with tears—"she is in difficulty, and I am dying. Had I been spared but a little longer, I could have immediately relieved her. A friend owes me for a portrait; unhappily he is not here; but the thousand francs she requires will be sent as soon as he returns; therefore it is to your goodness I apply to acquaint her with this circumstance and with my death—to say that you have seen her much-loved son, and that he died blessing her for all her tenderness and care. I see your answer in your angelic face. Do not weep, signorina; why weep for one who is weary of the world, and who has but this single tie to bind him to it?"

Christine's self-command had, indeed, completely given way; she covered her face with her hands, but the tears forced their way through the slender white fingers.

"Another request I have to make," murmured the sinking youth, while a bright hectic spot glowed on his worn cheek from the exertion of speaking, occasionally interrupted by a short dry cough. "I believe it is not in your religious creed to pray for the dead; yet, even if it is not, I am sure that you will not refuse to visit the little chapel in St. Domenico, where my body will be laid previous to my funeral. It is also for my dear mother's sake I ask this favour, for it will be a comfort to her to know that at least one pitying friend honoured with attention the remains of her darling boy. When I have disappeared for ever from the world, *then* you will write and tell her that all is over, sending her this lock of hair; but say nothing of the *cause*."

There was fever in the excitement of the dying youth, when speaking the last words, as he held towards the weeping girl his mother's address, along with the mournful token he wished transmitted to her;

and pressing the hand that received them between his—already clammy with the damps that precede dissolution—he sank back exhausted on his pillow.

"All that you ask, Monsieur Ernest, I promise most solemnly to perform," sobbingly articulated Christine; but her words elicited no other reply than a glance of gratitude.

She sat beside him for a few minutes, and, at last, perceiving that he had sunk into an uneasy slumber, she rose to return home, in order to execute without delay a resolution which she had taken in consequence of the artist's communication.

XXXV.

Having reached home, Christine hastened to her own room, and opened a *secrétaire*, where she kept the few objects of value she possessed. In a drawer in this *secrétaire* she had deposited all that she had saved from her allowance since Mrs. M'Naughton's death, which, together with a small sum unexpended of her board while in the convent at Naples, amounted to nearly fifty pounds. How thankful she felt that her forethought had preserved this purse of money, which now proved the source of a happy feeling in giving her the power of succouring the mother of the unfortunate Ernest! To do so with effect, it was necessary to act with promptitude; so, without losing a moment, she again set forth to have the business immediately transacted. The important purpose that filled her mind left no room for timidity, and explaining at a bank that she wanted an order on some house in Dresden—the town where Madame Arnheim lived—she enclosed it at the instant, merely saying in the letter that the accompanying draft for her immediate use was sent by a friend of her son's. Hastily sealing it, she next sought the post-office, to which, by her own hand, she consigned it, and then returned to the Palazzo San Isidora with that lightness of heart which ever accompanies the performance of a good action. Her intention was to visit the invalid on the following day, in order to relieve his mind by acquainting him with what she had done; and if he should insist upon afterwards repaying the money from the price of the picture which was owing to him, she proposed sending that sum likewise to the bereaved mother, that she might not have to struggle with pecuniary embarrassments at the same moment that she mourned the loss of her son. This was the poor girl's simple plan of her necessarily limited generosity, and, in the contemplation of it, she sought to distract her thoughts from the painful scene she had gone through in her visit to the dying artist. Towards night, she sent to inform herself how he was, and on her messenger returning, she was much relieved to hear that, soon after she had left him in the morning, a friend had arrived—"un Inglese molto ricco," Nina added—"who had never since quitted his room except to order every alleviation to the sufferings of the patient that money could procure." The young man had much revived after this gentleman had come, and his nurse had reported the reaction as truly surprising.

Christine felt much cheered by this intelligence, and, like all youthful,

inexperienced, sanguine persons, even began to indulge a hope that his life might yet be spared; but, alas! this temporary revival of physical force was but the forerunner of dissolution, for when she despatched Nina in the morning to ascertain if the favourable change continued, she almost immediately returned with the announcement that he was no more. At break of day the poor artist had breathed his last in the arms of his friend, and in the evening his body, according to his wish, was to be carried to the church of St. Domenico, to lie there throughout the night, preparatory to his funeral on the following morning.

On receiving these melancholy tidings, Christine's heart sank; she now felt the shock of an annihilated hope—a hope indulged almost without her having been aware of it. There still remained, however, the fulfilment of her promise to the deceased—that of visiting the chapel where his remains were to be laid. Her religious creed, it is true, did not admit of efficacy in prayers for the dead; but she could pray for the living; she could solicit Divine consolation for the desolate mother on receiving the sad intelligence of the death of her only child, and she could petition to be herself endowed with those powers of judgment which would enable her to make the cruel communication in the most judicious and soothing manner possible. So soon, therefore, as the shadows of evening enveloped the bright landscape, and the lapse of time convinced her that vespers were over, she again emerged from the garden-door, and, shrouded in her veil, prepared to bend her steps towards the church. At that early hour there was a crescent moon just rising in the dark blue cloudless sky, which shed a pure pellucid light on the objects around; its silvery rays glittered on the foliage of the trees, gilded the dome of the solemn pile of St. Domenico, cast into a mysterious kind of shade the ruined archway in the distance, and sparklingly danced on the sea below, where a beautiful little yacht was anchored in the bay. The last-mentioned object looked so exquisitely lovely in that mellowed moonlight scene, that she stopped for a moment to contemplate it.

"I never saw that fairy-looking vessel there before," she observed to her attendant.

"Oh, I have often seen la barca nel piccolo zolfo," said Nina, in answer to her young mistress, adding that it belonged to the ricco Inglese, who had been so kind to il povero Signor Ernesto.

This observation recalled Christine to graver thoughts. She loitered no longer, but without further delay proceeded towards the church. On entering they found a great many devotees still lingering at their favourite shrines, while several were kneeling before the chapel where was deposited the body of the poor painter. The saddened girl felt chilled and awe-struck on perceiving the stiff and motionless form on the bier; and, advancing with a grieved spirit, sank on her knees at the foot of one of the small columns in front of the altar, while Nina, with rosary in hand, devoutly addressed herself to prayer beside her. After some time Christine rose from her devotions, and, leaning against the base of the pillar, sorrowfully regarded the cold remains of one who was so very lately not only in possession of life, but of that genius which, in happy circumstances, renders life a blessing. It was a grave

subject of contemplation for a heart so warm and young, and many and painful were the ideas associated with it. The extreme wickedness of Sophy Trevor's conduct had never appeared in so prominent a point of view as at that moment, when the scenes of heartless coquetry which she had witnessed from the organ-loft vividly recurred to her memory. The image of the poor victim of her levity, as she had last seen him, next presented itself forcibly to her mind; his pale wan face, the expression of saintly resignation in his mournful smile, and singularly lustrous eyes, were again before her. Then a pang shot across her heart at the recollection of the spasm of agony which had contracted his features in mentioning his widowed mother and her poverty. "Ah! that poverty, there was the fatal sting; from *that* quiver came the dart that had laid him low! He had sunk under a feeling of remorse for having been so duped by the arts of an unprincipled woman, as to lose the power of assisting his aged parent in her hour of need." The tears streamed down Christine's cheeks as those painful ideas suggested themselves, and she almost felt relieved when she looked again at the still and insensible corpse, and remembered that no trials or sorrows could touch him more. "His woes are ended," she thought, "while my own—some more bitter, perhaps, than any I have yet experienced—are but beginning."

With this depressing train of thought came the remembrance of an old dirge that she had picked up in her desultory course of reading at Seafield, and in which she had taken at the time a great but melancholy pleasure. Some parts of this almost forgotten elegy now suddenly rose to her mind, as being singularly applicable both to her own state of feeling and to the fate of the hapless youth now lying lifeless on his bier. The opening—peculiarly appropriate—ran thus:

> Sleep, sleep, poor youth! sleep, sleep in peace,
> Relieved by death from mortal care,
> While we who pine in life's disease,
> Uncertain blest, less happy are.

It haunted her, this piece of mournful poetry, but she could not clearly recal it; she only remembered that the second verse began with—

> Couch'd in the dark and silent grave.
> No ills of fate thou now canst fear.

And while she leaned her head on her arms for a moment, endeavouring to recollect the two last lines, her attention was distracted from the subject by a movement behind her. She distinctly heard some one breathing irregularly, as if trying to stifle a fit of sobbing; and an instant after she distinguished a melancholy, deep-toned, manly voice say, in English, in a low but audible whisper:

"Why weep, my Emmeline? Believe me, our poor friend is to be envied; his trials are over; he has well escaped from 'all the ills that flesh is heir to.'"

There was the pause of a few seconds, and then the same voice softly rejoined, in a still more mournful cadence, but in a tone so impressive as to thrill every nerve in the sensitive frame of his fascinated auditor:

Past is the fear of future doubt,
The sun is from the dial gone;
The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
The folly of the farce is done.

How extraordinary the coincidence! At the very moment in which she tried to recal to her memory the words of a dirge so indicative of her own sad thoughts, and so applicable to the cold remains lying before her, that a stranger should approach the spot where she stood, and repeat the last impressive lines—as if, by some mysterious intelligence existing between them, he followed her train of reflection, and sought to fill up the blank in her mind! She had an intense desire to look round to see what they were like, this gentleman and lady, who so truly seemed to grieve for the untimely fate of the gifted and unfortunate painter; but a feeling of extreme nervousness prevented her, even although she was aware that they were moving away. It was not until Nina rose from her knees that she at last ventured to turn, but it was only to see the figure of a tall and distinguished-looking man in the act of leaving the church, with a slender and elegantly dressed female leaning on his arm. In an indescribable state of mind Christine returned home; there was something in the circumstances that had occurred which particularly interested and absorbed her.

This gentleman, whose ideas and feelings kept such mystic touch and time with hers, must be the "Inglese molto ricco" who had come at the trying moment to watch and sustain the expiring Ernest. She had no doubt he was the person; but who was the lady who wept?—this Emmeline, who was she—the possessor of that beautiful aristocratic name? Was she his wife? No; his was not the voice of a happy husband; there was an intonation of the deepest melancholy in his accents; the tones were those of a man weary of the world and all its vanities. Her ear was too fine, her perceptions too acute, to leave her in doubt of that fact for a single instant. The morning did not enlighten Christine's mind on the subject; on the contrary, it only served to deepen a certain superstitious impression. The coincidence about the elegy was so singular that she could not forget it. It haunted her then—as it ever continued to do in after years—as a demonstration of one of those incomprehensible sympathies in which are sometimes involved the happiness or misery of our destinies.

Her first care, the following day, was to acquit herself of the sacred charge she had undertaken. She wrote to the mother of Ernest, enclosing the lock of hair, and telling her that she was childless, but doing so with the soothing tact which is only to be inspired by real sensibility. She represented his having come to Sicily for change of scene; that his health had declined gradually for some months, but that at the last he had sunk rapidly. She mentioned his desire to see her, and that she had gone accordingly, and had promised to undertake the sad task she was now fulfiling, that of acquainting his beloved mother of his death; and added that she, as well as some others who loved and valued him, had visited the chapel where his remains were deposited previous to interment. She reserved for the end of her letter the only circumstance that could prove of any con-

sequence as an alleviation to the mournful event communicated—namely, that his last moments had been soothed by the attendance of a kind and efficient friend. She attempted to offer no consolation for a loss in this world so irreparable; she only hoped that well-discharged duties and a fervent faith might reunite them all in a better state hereafter.

Her genuine humility and gentle nature would permit her to say no more; she shrank with horror from repeating any of the common-place, hackneyed phrases of condolence brought into use by those who neither think nor feel. She knew that she was communicating heart-breaking intelligence; she trusted to her sympathy to guide her pen, and her tenderness and truth of character spoke in the feelings that pen expressed. She did not omit signing her name to this melancholy letter—as she had purposely done in the former one; but in putting the date she made no mention of her residence, for she feared being recognised by her writing and signature as the person who had sent the money bill. If this were to happen, it would probably elicit some reply, which might awaken her father's attention to a subject of which she was sure he would disapprove; she therefore followed a course which would prevent the chance of such a circumstance occurring, and, on his return two days afterwards, simply mentioned the fact of Ernest Arnheim's death, and of her having gone to see him at his urgent request.

Renewed activity in her avocations soon enabled Christine to shake off in some degree the sorrowful impression left on her mind. She had returned to St. Domenico on several occasions, but her associations with it were so painful that after a short time she ceased to go at all; and soon a new and exciting subject filled her thoughts, almost to the exclusion of everything else. This was the announcement by her father of her approrching début in the musical world.

It was now the beginning of October, and, Palermo being full both of natives and strangers, it was agreed among the dilettanti that it was the proper moment to give the annual amateur concert for the poor. San Isidora, when applied to, declined contributing his aid to the entertainment; but seized the occasion to mention that, as his daughter had some talent for music, he would have no objections to let her sing a little *canzonetta* at the end of the evening. His offer was immediately accepted; for, although her masters had been bound down to secresy about her splendid vocal powers, yet, on the two occasions in which she had been seen at the Trevors', her extreme beauty had made a great sensation. It was true that her father's disreputable character and the customs of their country had prevented the Italians from asking the youthful signorina to join in any gaiety going forward; but to see her on the stage, to contemplate at their leisure that lovely and expressive face, and to watch the movements of her graceful form, without compromising their dignity and safety by admitting the gamester to familiar intercourse, was an immense gratification. The evening of the concert was accordingly fixed, and Christine was set to practise the piece of music selected for her by her father and teachers. San Isidora was in high spirits; he not only contemplated with pride and delight the triumph awaiting him and his daughter, but

the cards and dice had likewise taken him so much into favour, that he seldom returned home a loser from the Casino. Christine, on her side, seemed to spring into new life with the excitement which she experienced in preparing for her début; the recitative and bravura, from a new and favourite opera, which had been fixed upon for her, although of a varied and complex structure, and requiring great expression and brilliancy of execution, cost her no effort to acquire. It suited her voice, it pleased her ear, and she caught it up with a facility that astonished those who accompanied her. Having made herself quite perfect in this difficult piece, she declined singing it any more, asserting that if she continued going over the music, she should get weary of it, and consequently deteriorate. San Isidora saw her security, and let her do as she liked, and at last the important evening arrived. The young songstress, having had her own way about practising the bravura, let her father arrange the momentous affair of the toilet, wondering, nevertheless, at the cold taste he displayed—her dress being neither more nor less than a very light, glossy black silk, called by the French *soie glacée*. It was true that it was made low at the bust, had short sleeves, and was trimmed with superb blonde; yet she thought it a very grave dress for a young girl, and would have very much preferred the white muslin one that she had worn at Mrs. Trevor's. Still more astonished was she, when the coiffeur came to arrange her hair, in seeing her father bring in one or two passion-flowers to be placed in the plats at the back of her head; he superintended the operation with great attention, and, when ended, pronounced it "*molto bene*." When she was quite ready, and San Isidora had descended to the court to see if the carriage had come to take them to the theatre, Christine advanced towards the large mirror in the saloon and contemplated her own appearance with feelings of unqualified satisfaction. She was obliged internally to acknowledge that her father had judged better what became her style of looks than she should have done herself. The black silk threw out the marvellous purity of her complexion with immense effect, and made her arms, neck, and shoulders look like sculptured marble; while the dull-coloured passion-flowers relieved the bright fairness of her hair, without having too glaring an effect. She had a narrow band of black velvet ribbon round her throat, which was fastened in front with a small diamond pin; and she wore broader ones on her arms, with buckles of the same, those precious ornaments having been procured from a jeweller at a considerable premium by San Isidora, in order to complete the simple but becoming toilet of his young and beautiful daughter for this her first appearance in public life.

FENIAN CONSPIRACIES.

WHILE we have seen another step in national advance under the head of constitutional reform, a step in the true direction, and in the spirit of those institutions of which a Norman bandit (for he was little more) by force of arms had deprived us, and though in a certain degree restored by one of our greatest monarchs in Edward I., it had been little further advanced until a comparatively recent period. The stream of time, rendered turbid by that deterioration which marks all sublunary things, had borne along with it and engulfed those more valuable appliances of our Saxon ancestors, which rendered the elective, or rather representative, system the more valuable. The restoration began under Lord Grey, and it became necessary to amend it still further. Lord Derby, then, has only made that addition to the measure of Earl Grey which became inevitable, in order to do constitutional justice to the popular branch of the government, thus advancing it to the original design, that of being the "real," instead of the "nominal," representative body of a great and powerful people.

No right-thinking persons have, or ever will in future suffer political questions to be judged by the interest of a part only of the people. If nations have been committed to a course of policy in such a mode, without regard to justice, they have ultimately been the victims of that mode of proceeding. No matter the excuses put forward to palliate such a course, nothing can justify it; for though a moment of success may, perchance, crown the effort upon some exceptional occasion, the basis is still rotten. No policy is safe unless founded upon that measure of justice attaching to all; none else is lasting. Politicians of no principle of action, save that which will not admit of justification by the rule of morality, are to be suspected. We were first impressed with the necessity of a reform in parliament by the observation of acts, most unconstitutional, which came within personal knowledge, and were similar to cases long before confirmed by the remark of the great Earl of Chatham, that "the Commons must be reformed from within, or it would be reformed from without with a vengeance."

This reform has been just carried out, and the constitution has thus received additional stability. Fresh vigour is infused into the government by strengthening the popular branch, the basis of the structure. Nor is reform less worthy on account of the previous step of Earl Grey, because by thus proceeding *pas à pas*, the advance is made upon a more solid ground than would otherwise have been the case.

At such a moment as it were of transition, it is painful to discover that persons, natives of the sister kingdom, serviles of a distant nation by adoption—persons with as little morality as they are destitute of reflective power, and with language floating on a sea of bombast—such persons, ignorant as they are mischievous, have laid themselves out to disturb the peace of these islands, and to practise treasons and assassinations under the pretence of that virtue of which, judging by their actions, they know no more than the name. While, like Swiss hirelings, ready "to fight for any god or man," they have endeavoured to desolate our shores,

having nothing to lose, destitute of knowledge from want of education, and most of them associated with violence and plunder in the most savage species of warfare, or that of races. Thus seasoned for any desperate enterprise since their discharge from the ranks of the American army, and with great pretensions, grown adepts in crime, they return into their native country, limited in mental calibre as they are, and with nothing to lose. Insensible to the pleadings of humanity and peaceful social interchange, lurking in holes and corners, or when openly appearing bearing false characters, they still imagine, by their own account, that they are metamorphosed into heroic patriots, crossing the Atlantic to subdue thirty millions of people with pocket-pistols, the blowing up of houses, and murdering the inmates. Such is the species of intellect and the stratetic action by which they are going to emancipate nations that do not ask them for their aid, or seek the licence of robbers and murderers. Can there be a more flagrant exhibition of weakness of judgment, combined with heartless villany, than the scene at Clerkenwell, for example, or the assassinations in Holborn? If England, if the world, desire to have an explanation of "Fenian" patriotism and humanity, let them visit the scene of devastation at Clerkenwell, and then go to the hospitals that have received nearly a hundred victims. What is to compensate those poor people for ruined houses, desolated homes, the destruction of their property, and the murder of their relatives? We think that the scene enacted by the American-Irish on this occasion, explanatory as it was of the pretended championship of republicanism, shows how well they have profited by the part they bore in the late civil war, where, as in Clerkenwell, they might, no doubt, "be known by their works," as the Scripture has it. Their notion of patriotism seems not unbecoming the obliquity of their acts, and of their transcendental morality. The murder of officers of justice, it is natural, should be classed by such as heroism.

But these miscreants are mistaken, if a nation that has contended with half Europe in arms is to be braved by the fag end of a discharged rabble whom America had sent back to an uncongenial state of unendurable peaceful life, and who have turned themselves loose upon these islands. Such persons, reckless of the consequences of their outrages, and of the murder or assassination of women and children, miscalled "patriotism" among conspirators, will certainly be deemed what they really are, not only in Europe but in America, or we are much deceived. "Irish independence" will become a proverb, a byword, a phrase, a reference, indicative of the most heinous social offences by villains inured to crime. It thus becomes every upright native of the "green island"—and they are nine out of ten of the population—to mark the deed, and perform a lustration to purge their shores of the guilt of such reckless agents of villany. In truth, the mode in which their crimes have been effected speaks the low order of intellect, as well as the baseness, of those who planned and executed them. In future, pistol-shot and gunpowder explosion will be indicative of the means of nursing mock patriotism in Ireland in its advance after such school-lessons of civil war in another country. It becomes the Irish people of all classes, that have never yet crossed the Atlantic, to remove the stain by some demonstration of the disgrace such villanies must bring upon their nation, through the acts of those unworthy of its generous soil and its more kindly children who scorn such acts.

But a new light has broken in upon these belated persons. The conquest of Ireland, and its separation from England for ever, are to be effected. The Irish parliament—that corrupt parliament, the history of which Irish annals have made so notorious—is to be restored, a natural desire of congeniality of feeling with the old parliament being the reason of the desire. If the conspirators cannot subdue Ireland with revolvers and knives—if gunpowder and assassination do not succeed, the hopelessness of open war is to be avoided by insisting as a *sine quâ non* upon the restoration of a similar parliament. The last parliament was so incorrupt, so "pure," so solicitous for the comfort and happiness of the humbler classes that they must have it back again as it was before the "union," no matter for its rank corruption—no matter, as it was Irish to the core, if its system of action failed. Yet its failings were so notorious that it seemed, as Curran observed of an informer, "to have been buried and dug up again, festering in corruption." No matter for that, the cry is, "Let us have back our immaculate parliament—let us have it either in its summer bloom or its autumn maturity, and let the union no longer exist!" Cunning often defeats itself. The next concession demanded may be easily guessed—a resistance to the British crown, and a separation, or rather abandonment, to its pristine glory and excellence in Irish-American rule.

But how did it happen that the experiment succeeded in Scotland aforetime, and who were the causes of its failure in Ireland but the Irish themselves? That great grievances existed before the union there is no doubt, many of the more important of which were thus remedied, while some remained that the Irish themselves were bound to remedy, and did not do it. They would lend no hand themselves to their own prosperity. If the oligarchy of Ireland played a ruinous part towards the country previously, its power has been abridged, for example, in that it is obliged to contribute to a poor-law. Dr. Doyle considered that measure would be a most healing one for the country, and prevent the previous grinding of the faces of the poor; yet it has in no way amended the position of the island. The evil has its cause elsewhere. Lord Clare said that the people "were a tenantry ground to powder by the landlords;" and he was not a liberal-minded man. Was the conduct of the landlords the fault of England? But the poor-law has not done the expected good. The burdened estates commission did good, and though Irishmen for the most part bought the land which was sold, yet the cry is still the same as before. Some say that the Irish capitalists invest their money in the funds. Is that wonderful? Rich as the country is in natural advantages—mining, fishing, manufacturing, all presenting great temptations to capitalists—they naturally will not venture their money there. Some fancy that even the purchases made there are not secure; and that feeling is not wonderful. Even-handed justice in small local matters, it is said, was difficult to get, so easily got in the loyal island. The higher ranks have wanted sympathy with the lower. They have been extravagant and profligate in times gone by. The magistracy often consisted of men who themselves had sought to evade processes. Twenty were quoted at one time, some years ago, in the city of Limerick alone, of whom seven or eight were insolvent. They kept closed doors to avoid processes; yet such men distrained for high rents, and some disregarded oaths. A

resident magistrate of Cork declared, some years ago, that there were Irish gentlemen who "in several instances had encouraged that disregard." Was there no need of the union when the country was in such a state, and its representatives in its own parliament no better? Will any one dare to say that the change, even on the score of morality, has not been for the better, in comparison with such representatives as sat in the old Irish parliament? Is England to suffer such a state of things to return, with the example of the flourishing state of Scotland to bear her out in the course she has pursued?

The union must have done some good, since the will of the landlord has not since been the uniform law. Catholic emancipation has been carried out, and measures brought in by both the English political parties in office have been decidedly beneficial, and given great relief to the sufferings of the poorer class. As observed in the last number of this publication, the law, or rather no law, save the oppressive usage of the landlord to the tenant, still demands regulation. We could quote men of consideration, natives of Ireland, whom we have heard speak loudly on the treatment of the humbler classes, and the disregard of their interests. That want of feeling with which nature has branded some men the law should be adapted to compensate. It should enforce that equity which reason and humanity, alike absent, enable the harsh and unjust to disregard, and the disaffected to the government to play upon. The Church question is of far less moment as to its effect on the mass of the population than the relations of landlord and tenant, when looked upon as opposing interests—a state of things adverse to the peace of the country, but not so grievous as the land question.

But the renegades who have come back to disturb Ireland are for a parliament of their own, no matter how composed. If we could afford the pecuniary means, we would abridge and publish Sir Jonah Barrington, and one or two other writers on Ireland, descriptive of the manners of the people of Ireland, high and low, about the time of the union, or perhaps a year or two before. Sir Jonah lets "the cat out of the bag" as to the times and manners a little before the union. We are of opinion that many of the incidents and characters in those halcyon times of the Irish parliament, in their relation with profligacy, tyranny, and social abandonment, have never been outdone since the days of Peter the Great and his orgies in the north; but Peter was a great man in many respects, to balance his errors. "Let us have back parliament and all!" shout the discharged mercenaries in the late American contest, who know not what they demand, and whose only excuse is that, perhaps, they are so ignorant as not to know the results of that they so daringly ask and feloniously attempt to work out by murder and assassination. They are of course prepared—we speak only to the few who can reason on the matter—to return again to a war such as that of 1798, and to the state of society preceding it—a state of domestic oppression, parliamentary corruption, public immorality, profligacy in the higher, and disaffection and misery in the poorer, ranks—not through England, but their own loyal people. The return would be worthy of those whose footsteps are now marked by crime, even towards the unoffending, misnamed patriotism—men whose alliance would be an opprobrium, who as conspirators betray themselves by their want of perspicacity, who will stop at no crime, washing their

hands in murders, and all the while displaying their incapacity, imagining they are to make a figure among the historic characters of coming ages, of which they have caught up a foolish ambition.

It is the turbulent among the Irish themselves who drive away the capitalists, and make them take lower interest in the funds than they might obtain in Ireland in many undertakings, with the great capacities of the country. Thus the poorer classes, for want of employment through their pretended friends, enhance the evil. Past ills and the history of but a few preceding years of the misery sustained by parents or neighbours that have passed before his own eyes, or have been learned in detail from others, if he have not himself witnessed them, must have a full effect in preventing a man doing that beneficially in Ireland he would not hesitate a moment to do in England or Scotland. This state of things existed under the Irish parliament, and men of capital must be "Irish" indeed to think of curing a malady by imploring Heaven to increase its intensity, as is just now the case.

But to reason with a people that mistakes impulse for wisdom, and tumult for patriotism, is a waste of labour. The return of the parliament to Dublin once more would realise the old simile of the pig swimming to save itself, and thus cutting its own throat. They who deny that the state of Ireland is not, amidst all, wonderfully amended to what it was a few years ago, must be ignorant of its affairs altogether. There is one thing against its continued amendment, which is, that the Irishman, when discontented, never remembers that, as he expects everything to be done for him, others get tired of the burden of such a song. How can he expect the Englishman to adventure his experience or his capital where the Irishman will not do anything for himself—where, too, some, not natives, who have adventured have felt themselves so insecure that they have declined to remain, and quitted the land? It is a most inconsistent thing to blame England for the evil which the Irishman brings upon himself. The idea of a shot through the head over a hedge, on an Irish tenant taking offence with you, is not a pleasant feeling when riding or walking home of an evening, having perhaps the consciousness of a few unpleasant words with a tenant in a dispute on the morning of the same day.

"It is the little value the Irish of the poorer classes set upon life that is a great puzzle in their character," said William Curran to the present writer. "All else I can account for; they have their virtues too." He should have said, their vindictiveness; for that is the key to the secret both abroad and at home. We repeat it, their vindictiveness matured by ignorance, but sometimes the wild justice of revenge alone.

It is in vain to reason with those who have no knowledge but that which passion prompts—who live under the influence of it continually. The return of a parliament to Dublin is the panacea of every evil with some among the present conspirators. When Dr. Doyle thought a poor-law would remedy the evils prevalent among the lower classes, it was naturally concluded that the security from absolute want would be a healing measure. The doctor no doubt thought so, but it did not answer as he expected. The poor-law obtained, it made no visible alteration in the appearance or conduct of the humbler classes. Just so would it be if Ireland had a parliament of its own. The cry, however, is not now made for the benefit of peace if granted, but as the first step to a separation of

Ireland from England under American-Irish auspices. On such a point, and on the ground of self-defence alone, it should and would be resisted. The more respectable part of the Irish people, too, have no voice, and give no support to those descendants of the Scotch who thus nickname themselves "Phenians." We have quoted the example of Scotland as to the disposition for labour, and the Scotsman's success without half the advantage in climate, soil, and access. We are inclined to think, that while the Irishman will labour hard enough for a time, he has little or no foresight, and will dissipate his gains as he gets them. His temper is mercurial, and his powers of reasoning as regards advantageous action with steady application are singularly weak. He has much more of imagination than reason; his desires are animal, and his impulsive tendencies always uppermost.

His reasoning powers, too, are as limited as his acquired endowments. He really imagines that the Irish are descended from Phœnicia, in place of Scotland. In his bullock-hides stretched upon poles, his only ancient mode of navigation, he never dreams that he could not navigate beyond the creeks and rivers of his own island. Just so it is with his present project for shaking off the British yoke. He forms, no doubt, an alliance *in nubibus* with the United States, while to begin this scheme of conquest he imitates the American knights of the round table, their Centres and Zigzags. By this scheme he imagines he shall tear Ireland from British rule, and perhaps in his waking dreams renew the alliance between Ireland and certain yet unborn Pharoahs of Egypt, to be dug out of the pyramids and resuscitated, on the strength of his friendship, through the good offices of a second Moses as of old. But a truce to jesting, where serious effects are so close at hand as the recent tragedy got up under wild dementation.

That the Irish peasant for the space of a century or more has not greatly improved, is but too evident. His scanty measure of knowledge is as it ever was. He is still the leader in every riot, still the hewer of wood and drawer of water, the Gibeanite of the Jewish history. Ill housed and ill fed, that he has not for above a century's space improved himself is clear enough. His "looped and windowed" raggedness is still a mark of his character as regards appearance. The Scotch highlander, equally poor, does not exhibit any similarity of character, and will raise himself in life; but the Irishman has remained the same thoughtless being, without ambition, through his ignorance and the coldness of those around him, from whom he gets his bread.

The present attempt of men let loose from the ranks of war to brave the strength of England, who give such continued evidence of their lack of the reasoning power, their want of forethought, and deplorable miscalculation of means, will explain their real weakness. Judgment they have none. As leaders, a want of mind is evident: none appear above the average of the labouring class. They are of such as having become voluntary exiles, and then soldiers, and being dismissed from service, imagine they can turn their experience to account by combating odds as great as Don Quixote with the windmills. They may yet do mischief, as they have already done, and add to their offences fresh maledictions of the sufferers whom they have murdered or mangled; but we are much mistaken if justice spare them. It spares not those whose provocation is

almost enough to make murder venial, and it ought not to spare those who wantonly murder and maim innocent people, destroy property that is perhaps the sole sustenance of whole families, and while thus reflecting, as in a mirror, their own immoral hideousness, expect to obtain a reputation as so many William Tells, in place of being rendered notorious only on the lists of unpitied felony.

There is something peculiar in the tendency of the Irish mind, for it has not moved on with the time. An American gentleman, a friend of our own, and no politician, but a distinguished mechanic, who crossed the Atlantic, and was on his way to the Continent, repeats what we before noticed, that in New York the Irish character was as marked as it was here—the change of countries made no difference. He alluded more especially to the working men. They would work like slaves, and spend their money with the free blacks as their companions. They would get up a riot to abuse and rob those very companions after they were made free, on the ground alone that they must lessen the quantity of work and wages of labour. It was sufficient, with no provocation, for the men of colour to be attacked. There the same actions and similar irrational violences which mark them in Europe characterised them in the land of their adoption. We have no doubt that after doing further mischief here, and putting the country to much trouble and expense, the thing will die out until some accidental circumstance revive it in another form.

"Hearts of Oak Boys," "Hearts of Steel," in 1763 and 1770, "Peep of Day Boys" in 1784 (the latter formed only to persecute the Roman Catholics, perhaps Orangemen now), "Right Boys," to resist tithes and hearth-money, too often secretly urged on by men of property even Orangemen, have all appeared in the Sister Island symptomatic of trouble, the causes of which have been since generally removed. The levying of local taxes is said to have been abused, but these and other evils it is the duty of the Irish representatives to bring before parliament for legal redress. Neither Whig nor Tory desires the continuance of existing evils. How many of these have been removed which once existed! Many, we cannot avoid thinking, of those evils complained of originate with the Irish themselves. The classes that are well off in fortune do not regard the humbler orders. This is an evil, but it is not one removable by the bayonet or rebellion. The landlords have been rapacious, but the poor-laws have remedied much of the evil in this way once produced among the indigent. The truth is that the flourishing condition of any people must depend mainly upon themselves. If Ireland continue to be in a disturbed state, she never can flourish, with every means at hand for the purpose. Security is the fundamental principle upon which trade and wealth are founded. No secondary aid can be effectual without assured peace and the certain protection of property. There must, too, be a perfect confidence of this, or no advantageous establishments, no manufactures, no aid from wealth can exist to remedy the mischief and build up confidence.

That such is the truth every reasoning individual must feel. Though Ireland is loyal while the existing incendiaries have been turned loose there, through the want of unison with their views and the vigilance of the police, the peaceable disposition of the larger part of the respectable people, clearly shows the world the insignificant character of the men

who have been detected in their complicity with Transatlantic agents. It is true they do quite sufficient mischief to add to the distrust of those who, with capital, would, but for the fear of disturbance, speculate in Ireland upon her extensive natural productions. This is a great and main evil. Such incendiaries are the true enemies of the prosperity of the island. Every recurrence of a similar mischief acts as a prolongation of the time when Irish industry and English capital may act together. Until that time Ireland will continue to send forth her complaints—complaints that it becomes her people to remedy. The efforts continually made to retrograde, by the conduct, as in the present instance, of her own children, prevent all advance. The revolutionising of the island by such characters as in the present case, self-constituted out of the ranks of a sanguinary civil war, in which they had no interest by birthright, must operate to delay yet longer that state of things which every well-wisher to the United Kingdom at large wishes to see carried out. What an agency for the task professed! What a prospect of future good to be obtained from such agencies! What a prospect for England when the deliverance of one fair portion of her empire from her ancient rule is to be effected by the operation of that political wisdom which exhibits itself in the acts of the self-styled Fenians, thus heroic in the murder of the peaceful and unoffending, great in the committal of felonies, and patriotic and learned in those savage principles and sanguinary acts acquired in practising the devastations and hellish deeds of civil warfare! A happy selection made to impart to Ireland the principles of freedom, of commerce, and the arts, while reeking from the scenes of murder, and black from the smoking and ruined habitations of those made homeless. Let the law as it stands be dealt out to them in full measure. They who have set humanity and loyalty at defiance, let them be tried and punished, on their guilt being proved, by the exhibition to their concealed friends of a suffering similar to that they have made others undergo. We have no objection that they should be treated as they would treat others—or rather have treated them—if they are the last of which to make an example. There was something so mean, so dastardly, so deficient in reflection in the deed recently committed in London, that were it not for the murder and misery inflicted on innocent people and their properties, we should cite it as an example beyond all others of which we have heard or read of weakness of mind—shown in the want of consideration for those they sought to emancipate. We admit that the horrors of civil war abroad, with apt scholars, were excellent copies for Fenian emulation at home, but hardly of its low-mindedness.

Leaving these wretches to the law, and that fair justice we would have afforded to every criminal, we cannot trace the formation of the conspiracy, which originated the crime, but to the sudden thought of some Irishman in the American States, who was struck with the American example, as useful if applied to the like treasonable purpose in his own country. Thus it was but a miserable imitation after all. The traitors of North America in favour of the South, that furnished the example to the Irish, laid their scheme in aid of the slaveholders in 1862 or 1863, or very early in the last year. It was concealed, or else not made known, by the American Government until 1864, as we have observed in a former number. Thus there was no originality in the plan of Fenianism,

unless it be in a name derived from an idle dream of ignorance, ambitious of imitating some imaginary characteristic of antiquity and gratifying vanity, if a credit even so far honest can be admitted as a motive.

We have still to conjecture how far this conspiracy may have ramified in the United Kingdom. We do not think it so extensive in this respect as many imagine. In England, the brotherhood of the working man with the Irish is by no means remarkable for its coherence. The disgraceful facts which came to light at Sheffield, the other day, among the canaille of a trades' union there, had no sort of connexion in any one point with Fenianism, nor indeed with anything beyond the limit of the trade to which they owed their origin. They were bad enough, it is true, in their way, but were limited in object and effect. Fenianism is a more ambitious species of iniquity, covered with a plausible mask for murder, and sounding a louder note. There is no sympathy in England with murderers and assassins. Those who practise open or secret treason will find no support here; on the contrary, the people will raise up against similar infamous and treasonable acts a power that must of itself crush them, if their exhibitions of pseudo-patriotism are such as we find them, when displayed to a race which will have no alliance with such as render vice more vicious by the hideous garb in which they clothe it, and the wary secresy which bespeaks the lowest order of villany.

For ourselves, we do not view Fenianism so fearfully as others may do. There are some crimes, heinous enough in degree, that are innately weak, and are not half as alarming as they appear, from the paucity of the intellect which is shown in carrying them out. To frighten the weak, harass the police, and keep up a public feverishness, are not formidable mischiefs. Still, if vexatious, they may serve to prevent inattention from having the mastership, where, with combustible matter, vigilance should be ever awake. The Irish character is not formed for those conspiracies that defy the expert eye in penetrating into their secrets, while they may do that mischief in a limited degree, which it is, notwithstanding, so desirable to prevent.

The punishment of those who create serious alarms in society, under any pretence, is always necessary, in order to prevent offences of a similar and more extended nature. In the present atrocious case there seems to be such a paucity of means in hand, compared with the effect intended to be produced, that had not such atrocities been connected with the object in view, and changed the scene into one really melancholy, we should have greeted the incident with a smile of contempt for the mental capacity that planned, and the audacious display in disregarding the probable effects of the crime.

How happens it that in all riots in England among another class, originating with the Scotch or English, the Irishman is certain to intermingle? Naturally good-natured when he can have his own way, quick in temper, destitute of judgment, he is, when thwarted, vindictive beyond bounds. He is one of God's creatures with which, when he loses his temper, common sense dwindles with him far below instinct. There must be some reason besides misgovernment, religious bitterness, and inveterate obstinacy of temper or ignorance, that prevents time or climate from effecting any change in his habits or manners, at least among that

part of the mass which seems to breathe only in an atmosphere of passion or discontent.

Everywhere we have the same complaint of the Irish. The Scotch, for example, are equally poor when they emigrate, yet in every case we find the Irish in excess and out of proportion. In the New York poor-house we find in one year 82 admissions English born, 37 Scotch, and 246 Irish, out of a total of 1265. Half the strangers relieved in New York are Irish.* The truth seems to be, that nearly all the Irishmen, as emigrants, perform no other work than the simplest and lowest in mental order, and thus a superfluity abounds in the lowest department of labour. Compared with the English or Scotch, they do not enlarge the sphere of their labours. Just so in London, the Irishman performs only the simplest and commonest work; he is ever the Gibeonite. There seems to be something unaccountable in this respect. The truth perhaps is, that he wants that patient frugality which is common to the natives of the other parts of the British Islands. Whatever be the cause, the effect is plain enough, especially when combined with that want of education, which the unhappy religious antipathy towards each other in Ireland has prevented from being effectual, by the jealousy of the two leading sects towards each other—in fact, by their unchristian hatreds. It would be far better if religion were not taught at all in public schools, but left to the minister of the sect to which the pupil belongs. This, however, would be met by the remark that the parent would not see at all to the supervision of the minister in the faith to which, perhaps, in truth, he only nominally belonged, really caring for none.

But we wander from the consideration of the criminals and their acts, with which we began this article, and having occupied our space somewhat diffusely as regards collateral points, we must for the present close our observations with the advice to the public generally to rally round the authorities. The cause is their own. They will reflect that the conduct of a very few emissaries for crime in this great nation can only startle the weak-minded, and occasion local alarm here and there. They may be certain that those who are thus criminal will not fail to find their contemplated treasons defeated and punished. The far larger part of the people of Ireland have no part in the felonies that have taken place by the returned hirelings engaged in the late unhappy American civil war.†

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* See also a note from Navarette in our last number. It was clear, in his time, that the Irish were little different, as to labour, through some peculiar cause, from what they are now.

† That the traitorous individuals concerned in these crimes in England and Ireland are scholars of the American rebellion we can show by the facts that have transpired on the examination of those concerned, compared with the statement of the American authorities. It is useful to make them known, that magistrates, the police, and special constables may be awake to them when suspicion appears. The conspirators in the States began under different names, but merged finally into that of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," or "Order of American Knights." They seem to have got into some regular order in 1863, for in that year a Belgian consul was enrolled among the conspirators. "The society was modelled wholly on a military character." It had its major-generals, besides a commander-in-chief in each state. Every brigade had its brigadier-general. Each county had a regiment, and each township a company, the military titles being given to dazzle and attract the masses. In 1863 it constituted

The language of some of the Irish newspapers is truly matter for irresistible ridicule—so full of pretension, so violent, so bombastic. It is "Fenian thunder"—a species of flatulence which can only do mischief where ignorance, recklessness, and dissatisfaction are prevalent. It is on this account alone that it should be repressed, with its appeals to America, and abuse without any reasoning. Otherwise we would have it copied, and sold as ballads are sold for amusement. Calling names and inflated appeals to the inhabitants of other nations to aid in the infliction of evil and the committal of wholesale murder, addressed to a population a part of which is most excitable by nature, deplorably ignorant, and uncontrolled by any consciousness save that of vengeance thus awakened, demand the punishment due to all acts of wilful injury to society. Even the murder of a poor policeman by armed men is denominated "patriotism," in place of "assassination." If England is to change her language, and give false meanings to plain words, in order to accommodate crime, it is an extravagance a little beyond reason or conscience, or both. Fenian patriotism would have had us sanctify murder, rather than inflict the just punishment received, for example, by the Manchester assassins.

CYRUS REDDING.

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a strong armed force. Four thousand dollars were subscribed for arms in one meeting; and in March, 1863, no less than six thousand muskets and six thousand revolvers were in hand, besides private arms. One lodge of two hundred subscribed four thousand dollars for arms alone. These were sent in packages marked "pickaxes," "hardware," "nails," and "household goods." In regard to oaths, the penalty of a "shameful death" was prescribed for violating the secrets of the order, which were to be paramount to any oath which might be administered in a court of justice or elsewhere. Thus it was that, when arrested, the prisoners refused to give information, denied they were members, or had any knowledge of the existence of a society. They had private signals and passwords, and were sworn to observe all these things, and keep in faith when arms were in their hands to overthrow the government. Soldiers were to be aided to desert, deserters to be protected; and, in consequence, in December, 1862, no less than two thousand six hundred desertions took place at one post. In Indiana the enrolling officers were to be shot, the marshals' books and offices destroyed; disloyal speeches were made, violent articles were to be inserted in the newspapers, and members of the order to desert to the slaveholding forces. Treasonable publications were written and circulated by the order. Information was to be given to the enemy, and spies protected, as well as emissaries and mail-carriers, for means of conveying intelligence and the movements of the loyal. Members were employed in the express and telegraph offices. Recruits were got for the Confederates. In 1864, no less than two thousand men are said to have been secured for the slaveholders in one district. Women were also employed, from not being suspected. They transported percussion caps, concealed about their persons, to spots near the Southern lines. The Order aided in incursions made into the Federal lines. They planned at one time a simultaneous rising, and the first command given was to cut the telegraph wires and break up the railroads, to stop the transit of intelligence. The destruction of the government property was another of the objects of the order, and here it was but too successful, as well as in maltreating those belonging to the loyal. Such, in brief, are the ripening objects of the Fenians in England at present.

ALEXIS PIRON.

I.

The peculiar character which distinguished the various classes of Frenchmen, and the general organisation which subsisted between them, were more virulently assailed, and yet more permanently affected, by the Revolution of 1789 than were the political institutions of France. The revolutionists were pre-eminently social levellers. They sought political freedom far less for its own sake than as an efficient weapon to destroy class-distinctions, and as a means of modifying individual superiority. There was, indeed, but a brief interval between monarchical destruction and monarchical reaction. Elated by the unexpected advent of the Revolution, the spirit of equality, which had been for some time insidiously working its way into the popular mind, overpassed in its rabid vehemence the extreme limits of moderation, and made the stability of the most democratic republic impossible. Not, however, until the whole framework of society had been frequently shaken and disorganised did the people curb their fanatical worship of equality, and then no glance for safety was vouchsafed towards the hated past. Refuge from anarchy was sought neither in the qualified absolutism of the Bourbons nor in constitutional monarchy, but in the despotism of the sword. Precedence was willingly conceded to one man, and all political power thrust into his hands, to the end that the rest of the nation might be reduced to a state of political insignificance, and to a very self-satisfying extent of social uniformity. Destruction did its worst, and buried even the ruins of the old social fabric. Of the manners, customs, and laws of French society before the Revolution there exist traditional and voluminous written accounts, but extant substantial relics rarely reward the minutest search. The violent animosity of the people for institutions which had lost their primitive applicability, and had mostly degenerated into insolent forms and unjust exactions, is neither remarkable nor, to a considerable extent, unwarrantable. This hatred, however, was little heeded, much less feared, by those who made or administered the laws, because a trustworthy estimate of its extent and intensity was hardly possible in a community so rigidly and even hostilely separated into classes.

Among the various partial and indirect means of testing the prevailing sentiments and aspirations of the people, the Drama must be ranked as one of the most conspicuous. It is not, however, until we approach the middle of the eighteenth century that we find French dramatists systematically thrusting into their productions, veiled in innuendo or couched in far-fetched strains, utterances of political or social rights and wrongs. In the seventeenth century the secret disaffection felt by the people towards their rulers was not so general or so bitter as to create any special political sympathy between the poet and his audience, and thus impart a peculiar significance to the language of the stage. Poetry was rarely moulded to suit certain popular speculative forms: it was never dragged down to perform the drudgery of propagandism. Hence one of the chief causes of its superiority to the poetry of the succeeding age. If Corneille oc-

casionally gave expression to a few vague accents of political liberty, he felt no lurking desire to assimilate the political constitution of his country to any model furnished by the past, or to any Utopian creation of his own. If Molière sometimes ridiculed the marquis or the country gentleman, it was not in the service of any socialistic theory. In Regnard we get but rare glimpses of a moral earnestness sufficient to award either praise or blame, far less can we discover a doubt as to the propriety and sufficiency of existing institutions. He presents us with cynically accurate photographs of folly costumed in the fashions of the time, and derives his inspiration mainly from the passing light of a joyous and careless humour. Lesage, too, though contemporary with Voltaire and Fontenelle, is more congenially placed among the writers of the preceding age. His mind was in no wise tainted by the spirit of scepticism which was then achieving on all sides such extraordinary conquests. He was unwilling even to mix a little instruction with his gaiety, much more to damp it by whispering disquieting doubts or disloyal sentiments. It was Voltaire who first deliberately masqueraded the drama in a fantastic farrago of political novelties. In his "Sémiramis," "Mérope," "Zaïre," and "Mahomet" are more especially palpable the efforts he makes,

By dint of high heroic fustian,

to inflame the minds of the people with vague notions of freedom. But he was too courtly to define, or even to desire, any radical change in the government. Liberty was to reconcile herself somehow or another to the chief features of the existing despotism. This strange alliance is mixed up in most of the political speculations of the writers who flourished during the long literary domination of Voltaire. Nearly the only important recusant was Rousseau, who clothed his ideal liberty in very primitive democratic attire. Extravagant social theories abounded, but few were the aspirations, and rare indeed the expressions, which ventured to fashion out a form of government differing materially from that which ages had elaborated and made familiar to the nation. The few feeble political utterances hazarded upon the stage were generally, from their cloudy elevation, of very doubtful import, besides being designedly mystified by expressions having an ostensible and an "aside" meaning imparted to them. So it continued up to the very eve of the Revolution. Yet it cannot have been that this reticence, this cautious circumlocution and ambiguity, was occasioned solely, or even mainly, by fear of the censorship—of pains and penalties—for the decrepitude of the law, or rather, it should be said, the culpable remissness of the law-dispensers, was notorious. The general, indeed the all but universal, ignorance of politics—of the science of government—forced timidity and vagueness upon the wildest speculator. Beaumarchais himself, one of the boldest of innovators—standing conspicuously among the last of the precursors of the Revolution—hesitated to propound new political theories, not so much from dread of personal risk, as from absolute bewilderment where to steer a political course, and from a lingering affection entertained by him, in common with the people at large, for royalty in its then just and too gentle aspect under Louis XVI. In the most popular of his comedies, "Le Mariage de Figaro," the two chief characters, Count Almaviva and Figaro, are evidently intended to personify the governing classes and the

people. No disrespect is visible towards the Count, nor is he represented as deficient in capacity, but he stands far below Figaro in ability and practical aptitude for government; and yet obscurity is the enforced lot of the abler man. When Figaro, after comparing himself with a proud consciousness of individual superiority to his master, who monopolises all power and all the more covetable external means of enjoyment, exclaims, "Tandis que moi, morbleu!" the application is significant enough. We think, however, that the blow was aimed far more in a social than in a political direction.

As the latter half of the eighteenth century advanced, the most conspicuous and influential part of the literary world became more and more influenced by a spirit of change, and groped about more and more frantically in every conceivable direction to find relief for the suffering nation. This spirit pervaded not only the literature of the period, but thrust itself more or less visibly into every public assembly, and intruded on all occasions, under all circumstances, into all the varied intercourse of society. We seldom encounter an individual possessing any pretensions to celebrity, who does not obtrusively present some unfriendly aspect towards the existing order of things. The shadow of the Revolution was visibly darkening the old *régime*.

In glancing over the roll of Frenchmen who, during the eighteenth century, obtained a prominence worthily entitling them to an enduring reputation, and who were least susceptible to the novel influences which were rapidly working a change in many of the most distinctive national features, and who therefore reflect most truthfully, and in its most numerous phases, the character of the vast aggregate of the French people, the attention is sure to be arrested for a moment by the poet Piron. Piron neither occupied a position so prominent as to place him far above the mass of his countrymen, nor was he so undistinguishable from the mass as to afford insufficient data wherewith to epitomise adequately the national character. He was neither a saint nor a sinner; if there was any inclination in the balance, it was rather on the sinful than on the saintly side—an inclination by no means singular, for the old French society possessed in reality, and even in pretension, a very low standard of morality.

Alexis Piron was born at Dijon in 1689, and died at Paris in 1773. His father, who was an apothecary and a poet, saluted him in his cradle as a "prince;" his school-instructors confidently asserted that he was "demonstratively afflicted with ineradicable mental imbecility." The aspiration of the fond parent, and the estimate of the pedagogue, turned out, in due course of time, as it is not surprising they should, to be based on fanciful or on very shallow foundations. In the present case, the reality worked out a career diametrically opposed to that which early predictions had pointed out. The "prince" was a garreteer nearly all his life, and the "dullard" one of the most brilliant conversationalists and epigrammatists of the eighteenth century. Some justification, however, for the unfavourable opinion so confidently hazarded by the instructors of young Alexis may fairly be found in the fact that the alleged imbecility showed itself in the rather confirmatory guise of a too frequent propensity for rhyming and playing the poet. It turned out, indeed, on this occasion, that the presumption—in the twofold sense of that

term—was inspired by an intuitive consciousness of a poetical aptitude. The youthful imagination of the future author of the "Métromanie" was evidently excited by occasional inklings of its latent powers.

"I shall return Achilles," said a young military recruit on taking leave of our poetical enthusiast.

"And find me Homer," was the equally modest reply.

Recalling this boyish incident many years later, Piron remarked that if his early friend had not prematurely closed his career in the Invalides, he would on his return have found little resemblance save blindness between the playmate of his boyhood and the Greek poet. When young Piron had reached the age at which it is usual to make some definite preparation for the future, by electing to follow the law as a profession, he courageously placed the most effectual barriers between himself and the Muses. The practical sense—the notable absence of "imbecility"—which dictated this course is worthy of more than ordinary praise, because the erewhile inveterate rhymester was a true poet. To him it must have been a painful subjugation—for a time, indeed, seeming even to border on a suppression—of self. But the trial was of short duration. When he had taken his degree at Besançon, and was about to test practically the sufficiency of his legal knowledge, misfortune overwhelmed his father, and put an end to a career which it may reasonably be conjectured might have been marked, if not by very substantial, at least by some brilliant traces. Then followed, on his part, an insult to the Muses—an outrage against propriety—vengeance for which never ceased unrelentingly to dog his footsteps through life, and never failed at the most propitious conjunctures of his career to thrust itself between him and the light of fortune. A licentious, doggerel ode, written when he was about twenty years of age, at a carousal of wild and thoughtless youths, fastened upon him a reputation which eventually multiplied a single contemptible composition, comprised in a few lines, into a volume of obscenity, and gave him precedence as the author of nearly every novel anonymous-rhymed immorality. The incident affords a very apposite illustration of the old adage, "give a dog an ill name, and hang him." There were many, however, who detected and denounced the injustice of hanging Piron because the malicious, the envious, and the thoughtless conspired to point him out for destruction. Piron had sinned; justice demanded an adequate chastisement; and it would appear that the lad was immediately and sufficiently punished. Thus equitably adjusted, the matter should have been allowed to terminate. But prurient moralists were shocked at such quiet, unobtrusive justice, and they determined otherwise, exclaiming:

Périsse le pécheur, et vive le scandale!

To those, however, who, upon all questions depending upon human testimony, give more heed to the quality than to the multitude of such evidence, Piron can adduce in his favour the unimpeachable opinion of Montesquieu, the mere mention of whose illustrious name suffices to disperse a whole host of obscure persecutors. Piron's repentance was immediate and lasting. This is known by all his unprejudiced contemporaries to have been the case, apart from the poet's own assertion:

Je n'ai point oublié les torts de ma jeunesse,
Ni pour m'en repentir attendu la vieillesse.

Beyond a few epigrams, Piron presents us with no memorials worthy of consideration during the third decade of his life. This is a strange and ill accounted-for inactivity. It seems to mark a parenthetical and indecisive period in his career. The abrupt manner in which his plans for the future had been crossed, and the exasperation caused by unrelenting obloquy, probably made him reckless of the present and indifferent to the future. But for such a man an existence so aimless and derogatory could not be lasting. The monotony of idleness, the unwearying assiduity of malignity, and the sure occasional remonstrances of a powerful mind anxious to escape from the pettinesses which were poisoning the sources of its vigour, aroused at last the pride and energy of the poet. Shaking off an unworthy slumber of ten years, Piron awoke to find himself without money, without friends, and with impaired eyesight, the tenant of a wretched garret in an obscure quarter of Paris. For a time he subsisted upon an uncertain stipend of forty sous a day, which he earned as copyist to the Chevalier de Belle-Isle. This occupation came to a speedy termination: it had been accepted as a necessity; it was abandoned as worse than its expected alternative—starvation. Even the remembrance of this harassing and distasteful acquaintance with De Belle-Isle was speedily banished by the poet, in whose happily constituted mind there was but scanty resting-place for past privation, and seems never more to have obtruded itself upon his recollection except for a moment, when, on a suggestion being made, in 1761, to place the remains of Maréchal de Belle-Isle beside those of Turenne, at Saint-Denis, he proposed the following as an appropriate epitaph for his early employer:

Ci-gît le glorieux à côté de la gloire.

From the forlorn and critical position in which he was placed, Piron could perceive no means of escape except by a vigorous essay of his poetical powers. This apparently desperate resource represented, he assures us, "the last frail plank which had been left him from the shipwreck of his hopes." It proved an adequate deliverance from immediate peril; but the poet, though assured of safety, beheld before him a prospect little less barren of substantial fruit than the one he had lately turned his back upon. The special form of the "safety plank" which rescued him from destruction was a poetical fantasy, entitled "Arlequin-Deucalion," represented at the Opéra-Comique, by which he deservedly earned reputation and a means of subsistence.

Piron acknowledged with gratitude his escape from a perilous position; and if in passing on his way he met with little which merited much rejoicing, he assuredly gleaned what few crumbs of enjoyment fortune accidently dropped in his path. Seldom did it happen except in solitude, when the door of his lonely garret in the Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre had closed upon him, and there was thrust upon his attention the absence not merely of many essentials to physical contentment, but, far worse, of all loving solicitude—the cheerful hearth and the comfort-inspiring smile of affection—that he failed to maintain the natural buoyancy of his spirits, and that melancholy successfully assailed him. Chastened by the continual irritation of such wants, of such saddening deprivations, poor Piron has very superficially justified the epithet "buffoon" applied to him by some of his biographers. "Be assured,"

he writes to the Abbé Legendre, prior of Saint-Ouen, "that my secret anxieties far outweigh the amount of actual pleasure I enjoy. I can boast of little real happiness; I suffer from ill-health; I have many triumphant literary rivals, few friends, and no home, and therefore little hope. A spirit thus terribly tortured surely merits some indulgence." Certain it is that Piron, though often exposing a vein of buffoonery in his social life, was very far from being inherently frivolous. Naturally buoyant and gay, his spirit sought to enjoy the full measure of its vitality, and to console itself for the many weary hours of depression passed in a wretched garret by indulging in frequent excesses when opportunity afforded it congenial companionship. The exuberance of his wit indemnified Piron in some measure for the scantiness of his purse, and was, indeed, the only assured outlet afforded him for indulging in a little pleasant extravagance. Emphatically thankful for the possession of so brilliant a faculty, Piron rarely expressed much regret at the absence of more substantial blessings. Fortune, indeed, exhausted her fertile invention in countless assaults upon his physical and mental powers of endurance. Yet even when, in the guise of some grand seigneur, she visited his poor abode, and by a striking contrast offensively displayed the wantonness of her injustice, giving herself patronising airs, and, more irritating still, uttering simpering accents of pity, whilst, as a fitting conclusion to her torturing mood, she placed at her departure a few louis upon his mantelpiece, the murmur that escaped her victim was barely audible.

Piron seldom desponded, and never despaired. He was emphatically a poet, and had a healing faith in the all-sufficiency of poetry. He could dispose of any number of the most picturesque châteaux en Espagne. In love he was equally opulent; he could boast the possession of a mistress endowed with immortal beauty—a divine Iris who never failed to give inspiring attention to his amorous strains:

> La réalité même est moins satisfaisante.
> Sous une même forme elle se représente,
> Mais une Iris en l'air en prend mille en un jour.
> La mienne était bergère et nymphe tour à tour,
> Brune ou blonde, coquette ou prude, fille ou veuve;
> Et, comme tu crois bien, fidèle à toute épreuve.

All this, and beyond all this, even towards the infinite, the author of the "Métromanie" assures us by the mouth of Damis would be far from exhausting the resources of the poet.

Thus, the measure of his contentment being continually replenished to the very brim by the Muses, Piron had few corners in his heart for the abode of envy or resentment. Possessing, then, a disposition so genially tempered, it can hardly be imagined that he could ever harbour any hideous feeling of hatred. No more pronounced a shade of this gloomy passion can be discovered in him than a special and constant dislike towards Voltaire. Yet even this diluted blot upon his complacent nature disappeared when a rumour reached him that his great rival was dead. "Poor man!" he exclaimed, "what a loss; no one in France possessed so brilliant a wit!" What, indeed, but antagonism was possible between men so dissimilar in character—men who viewed the existing institutions

of society from such different stand-points, and who sought in diametrically opposite quarters the elements of human progress!

Piron could see nothing but the wildest incongruity in the position of a poet-politician; and nothing so shocked his exquisite poetical sensibility as the frequent gross contortions forced upon the Muses to make them mouth with some appearance of sincerity the most fantastic social theories. Was he, a constant dweller in the fairy-land of poesy, qualified to dissipate the abuses which darkened this lower world? to lecture the ministers of the Church and State upon their shortcomings or iniquities? His line of observation never descended to so gross a level. The constant urgings of immediate—nay, of the most pressing—wants could never attaint the enthusiastic homage and service he had sworn to that spirit of gaiety—often reckless, at times licentious—which had hitherto seldom intermitted her influence over French poetry. Nor was this spirit, despite the taint of infidelity which had spread of late like a furious epidemic over the domain of poetry, incapable of marshalling in her favour a distinguished band of adherents, of whom, for singleness of fealty, she could point to no one comparable to Piron. Her cherished Parisian abode—the rendezvous of her most enthusiastic supporters—was for a few years at the Caveau, where an Academy of Song had been founded in 1729 by Piron, Collé, Gallet, and Crébillon the younger. Nor was it long before such an attractive company was joined by Gentil Bernard, the elder Crébillon, Gresset, La Bruère, and other men of letters. Not only was the Caveau celebrated for the wit and joviality which presided at its soupers, but an interchange of counsel and criticism among the convives assembled there became an acknowledged custom. There, too, it was that Piron collected many ideas for his "Métromanie." But a society whose existence depended upon the presence of elements so rare, and in their nature so sensitive, could not be of long duration. We are not surprised that after a meteor-like course of ten years it disappeared, bequeathing to posterity a lasting and deservedly brilliant reputation.*

The wit and keen sarcasm wielded by this society, especially by its chief member, Piron, were so redoubted that the acknowledged prince of wits himself feared to brave it. "In those conflicts which are decided by the hardest word-blows," says Grimm, "Piron was surely the strongest athlete that ever existed. His repartee was invariably more terrible than his attack; so terrible, indeed, that Voltaire dreaded, even as a burnt child dreads the fire, an encounter with Piron." Between this jovial fraternity, shining conspicuously among the last living representatives of the old French society in its most characteristic forms, and the soi-disant philosophers—including in that term the Encyclopedists—there existed a feud so inveterate in its nature that rarely did a momentary truce leave the combatants breathing-time, Formidable indeed were the forces brought to bear against the chivalrous defenders of the past; but Piron and his friends gallantly repulsed every assault, and not unfrequently carried consternation into the ranks of the enemy. Apart from these factions, so fundamentally dissimilar in their views—the one wantonly aiming at a total subversion of the old social fabric, the other loyal to the

* The Caveau of Piron is sometimes erroneously confounded with a society or club bearing the same name, which was established twenty years later (1759), but which possessed less wit, and enjoys less celebrity.

existing laws and usages of society even when most questionable and deformed—few were left, and of these how small the number who actively espoused the cause of moderation!

In the conservative party—so brilliant, so gallant, yet so intrinsically weak—Piron took his stand amongst the most extreme section. His customary invocations were addressed with far more fervour and sympathy to the spirit which presided over French literature in the sixteenth century than to that which, with less grossness, though less genuine feeling, but with more studied and cynical licentiousness, influenced the writers of his own time. Nor were his invocations, as testified by many of his songs, abortive: the shade of Rabelais or Montaigne seems to have visited and inspired the poet when busied upon such productions.

Unequalled as a conversationist, Piron was often a guest at the tables of the rich and titled; but, in accepting such hospitality, he sought rather to mitigate the pangs of poverty than to gratify his pride or vanity. The feeling which usually prompted such invitations weighed upon his spirits, and no gloss it could assume ever cajoled him. "On me prête sur gage," was the expression by which he laughingly explained the true basis of this fellowship. At times, indeed, his feelings revolted at the somewhat derogatory traffic, and the most pressing invitations failed to bend his spirit. It was not possible, however, for a man so wonderfully and attractively endowed to escape solicitation. A becoming pride kept him occasionally from princely entertainments, but could not free him entirely from princely importunity. The peace of his humble dwelling was often invaded by the presence of personages anxious, upon any conditions save those worthy of the poet, to enjoy the exciting brilliancy of his discourse. On one occasion such unbidden guests consisted of the Ducs de Nevers, D'Anville, and De la Trémouille; on another, of Prince Charles and a train of courtiers. In such degenerate times, how conspicuously admirable was this manliness of character! The literary men of the period, with few exceptions, sought such companionship with restless avidity. They could find no smoother inlet to pecuniary success, and they groped indefatigably towards it through the basest courses of flattery and servility, even to the extent of paying adoration to Madame du Barry! Yet there were among them many showy apostles of liberty—men who preached equality, and trampled upon the poor of their own order. Such were the *Seigneur* of Ferney, and most of his prosperous compeers. From this base species of inconsistency Piron was wholly free. He rarely flattered mediocrity, and scorned to permit the nature of its environments to influence the quality of the homage he paid to genius. Besides, he was too much a slave to the passing moment, too willing to quaff to the very dregs the generally sorry draught of pleasure which his malignant fortune derisively proffered him, and far too careless of the future, to bid for the wages of sycophancy. Thus he walled up what were at that time the most obvious and easy passages to worldly prosperity, and, as far at least as the unprivileged classes were concerned, to social distinction. In his worship of prosperity—at no time very fervent—Piron rarely sprinkled incense upon the altars of the reigning divinities of power and patronage. He entered the mansions of the wealthy with his head erect, and never permitted the dazzling of external tinsel to blind him to the respect due to his own intellectual superiority.

"Pass on, my lord," said a certain marquis to one of his guests, whom he observed politely offering precedence to Piron, equally scrupulous in his politeness—"pass on; he is only a poet." Upon hearing this, Piron no longer hesitated, but stepping before "my lord," exclaimed, "Since you think proper to proclaim our titles, I take the privilege due to my rank." To this independent phase of his character Piron gave hazardous notoriety, by directing the wonderfully trenchant weapon of sarcasm at his command upon the insolence of the purse-proud, and against the vices or unjust partialities of the powerful, rarely, in comparison, condescending to bend his attacks upon the follies of less prominent and therefore less dangerous delinquents. The undissembled inclination which he showed for these perilous assaults placed him in glaring characters upon the black list of the most influential dispensers of patronage. But his temerity was, probably, not altogether profitless, for we think it may fairly be surmised that not a few of those who proffered him their friendship, and even bestowed upon him substantial aid—notably the Count de Saint-Florentin—were influenced by no kindly or sympathetic feeling towards him, but cunningly appealed to his gratitude to grant them immunity from his caustic satire. Yet it is generally admitted that Piron seldom sought deliberately to wound even by the blows aimed in such quarters. Malice could gain no further hold upon him than as an occasional stimulus to his wit. "It entered his head during a moment of excitement; his heart it ever found impregnable." This opinion of Rigoley de Juvigny, who knew the poet well, is affirmed quite as emphatically by a distinguished modern critic. "There is," says Jules Janin, "a fund of good sense in Piron's irony, of good taste in his repartee, of vivacity in his language, of good nature even in his most animated ebullitions of sarcasm." At the Café Procope—so celebrated during the whole of the eighteenth century as a much-favoured resort of most of those who were distinguished in literature or the arts—Piron was ever the centre of attraction. He was sure to gather round the table at which he sate the élite of those who frequented the café. With him might be seen Marivaux, Fréron, Desfontaines, Duclos, Crébillon, Carle Vanloo, Boucher, Rameau. What can more satisfactorily assure us that he possessed a heart unusually kind and generous, ever responding to the best sympathies of our nature, in spite of the independent and too often reckless spirit that seemed to dominate it, than his long-sustained popularity at the Café Procope? Envied he certainly was, and much injured by envy; but he was never hated even by Voltaire, his greatest enemy. It is said that he wrote upwards of fifty epigrams against the Abbé Desfontaines alone, yet it is not recorded that the irritation he so frequently excited ever settled into lasting dislike.

JEANETTE'S REVENGE.

A Tale.

FROM THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

By Mrs. Bushby.

"Well, young lady, will you not go with me into the garden?"

It was a stout, portly dame, seemingly about forty years of age, with dark hair and a dark complexion, sparkling black eyes and pretty, regular features, who, as she was putting on a straw-coloured silk bonnet, and adjusting her dress before the pier-glass in the garden-room, asked this question in a careless and rather sharp tone of voice.

The person to whom it was addressed was a young girl, who was standing in the recess of the window, against which leaned her small, graceful figure, while one arm supported her head, and the other hand, as if without thought, turned over the leaves of an open book. A dark brown silk dress, and a string of blood-red coral, made her white throat look still more dazzlingly fair. She lifted her head, with its profusion of light hair, quickly, and merely replied "No!" whilst her blue eyes wandered with a keen glance round the elegant saloon.

Without speaking again to the young lady, the Baroness B. left the room, but not until she had examined her figure more than once to the right and to the left in the mirror, and had arranged her shawl in the most becoming manner. She then descended the stairs leading to the garden, where the baron, with exemplary patience, had long been waiting for her. She took the thin, little, sallow-faced gentleman's arm, which he ceremoniously offered her, and they both disappeared beneath the shades of an alley of chesnut-trees, which, from the façade of the mansion, led down to a lake.

They were scarcely out of sight, before the young lady, like one awaking from a dream, with a deep sigh closed the book, and raising to its full height her slender yet plump figure, she took a few steps up and down the room, and then stood still for a few seconds, apparently doubtful and undecided. Presently she turned, as if an inward struggle were over, and went with blushing cheeks and light footsteps hastily into an adjoining room. She looked cautiously round, then opened another door. With a searching glance before her, and scarcely drawing her breath, she approached a third apartment. She closed the door softly behind her, and proceeding slowly towards a large mahogany bureau, drew from her dress a key, and opened the bureau.

She pulled out one of the drawers, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and looked attentively into its contents. There were valuable boxes, splendid rings, and other bijouterie in cases lined with coloured satin. She put that drawer back, and drew forth another. Here rouleaux of gold came into her hands, a sight that appeared to be very uncommon to her, and that seemed to awaken a very natural curiosity in her young mind. She took up a heavy rouleau of louis d'ors, and weighed them thoughtfully in her hand, smiling, as if it pleased her to hold in her little hand that

mighty wheel, that enormous lever, which performs so many miracles. Suddenly she started.

"What are you doing here, Jeanette?" asked a man's voice, pretty sharply, just behind her.

It was Joseph von B., the young baron, who spoke. From a door in the background, concealed by tapestry, he had entered the room unmarked; the early dinner seemed to have left a flaming tint upon his swarthy face; behind him stood his bearded huntsman, with eyes wide open, and distended nostrils, and a stupid smile on his lips. The young baron turned to him, and said:

"Jorgen!"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

"You will remember what you have seen?"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

"Go then!"

"Yes, Herr Baron!"

When the man was gone, the baron turned towards the young girl, who was standing there, with the gold in her hand, pale, and seemingly petrified; he buttoned partially up his hunting-coat, stuck both his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and surveyed the girl with—one might almost say—a ferocious expression in his eyes, whilst a disgusting smile was visible under his dark moustache.

"Aha! I like that, my pretty cousin!" he began, in an insolent tone. "So you have a fancy for my father's louis d'ors? You wanted to provide yourself with a few of them? Is not this the truth? But do you know, also, what that would entail? Look here, I will soon have the horses put to; you must take a little drive to the magistrate's. But don't be afraid, you shall not travel alone; I will go with you, and Jorgen shall go also. We two have seen everything, and a couple of witnesses are quite enough to convict a thief!"

The young girl started at that word, but did not look up.

"How cleverly you must have managed after dinner to get possession of this key; how adroitly you must have separated it from the rest on the bunch, which my father, poor man, believes he has safely in his pocket! But I saw you! You are not so dexterous, after all!"

With a desperate exertion the young lady tried to replace the gold in the secretaire, but the rouleau fell on the ground.

"Ah! as I said," continued the young huntsman. "You are not very dexterous yet, but you will become more versed in the art of stealing, no doubt!"

At this cruel scoffing the lady cast such a crushing look upon the heartless man, that it seemed in a moment to work a change in him. His countenance became serious, but the harshness and scorn had partly vanished from it, and the expression of his face and his manners assumed a milder character.

"Yes, I certainly ought," he said, in a quiet voice—"I certainly ought to denounce you. But," he added, with an insinuating smile and a tender tone, "I am not so hard-hearted as perhaps you think. I will be silent, my own little Jeanette! but my silence demands a reward. Delightful child! I will promise to be silent; be comforted, and listen to me! I will make my stupid Jorgen fancy that the whole affair was a joke, and

he will believe what I choose him to believe; and as to myself, you can close my mouth charmingly, if you will. Shall I tell you how? I promise you to be silent, and to forget everything," continued the baron, in a reassuring manner, as he attempted to throw his arm round the girl's slender waist; "but, so help me Heaven! only on one condition—that you, my sweet darling——"

His voice sank here to an almost inaudible whisper, as if he were ashamed himself to hear his own words.

But she heard them. She heard clearly and distinctly every single word, and understood their whole meaning; and they came upon her like a thunderbolt, like a sudden, raging hurricane. She heard, and her heart-strings vibrated convulsively, and the wild, fearful pulsation aroused her from the state of petrifaction into which she seemed to have been thrown as if by some wizard's magic power. Overwhelmed, lost apparently, she had hitherto stood; but the abomination which had approached so near to her produced, as it were, an electric effect upon her whole being. She raised her head proudly, her dark blue eyes were fixed with a cold yet earnest gaze upon the young man, no colour flushed her cheeks. The slender little Hebe stood at that moment as mighty and majestic as a Juno.

"Have the horses put to, Herr Baron," she said, in a firm voice; "give me up as a thief; destroy me in any other mode you choose. I am ready for everything; you have quite witnesses enough to condemn me, and I shall not deny the fact. But you—you do not yourself believe it? You know that you are wrong. I will now tell you for whose sake I undertook so equivocal a proceeding. It was on *your* account. But why, and for what purpose, I shall not mention to you. But this you shall know—and I can now with the coldest indifference tell it—I have loved you! My whole soul was wrapped up in you! Secretly, as if within a mountain's deepest recesses, lay my love concealed! I have loved you, I say; for it is now as if it had never been. You start? My confession astonishes you? You are surprised to see me so calm?" added the young lady, while, against her will, she became impassioned. "Ah, you do not know me! Think not that I shall be frightened. Think not that I would beg for a cold, calculating, false admission of my innocence. I scorn it! for my soul is free of guilt, and my heart is warm and strong. Oh, you do not know—what was that you said?—Oh, for one hour ago, and you should not have presumed to call this a victory, any more than I call it a weakness on my part—not a sacrifice. Therein lies the strength of love. But now you have yourself extinguished that feeling in my heart for ever! And I now only look down with contempt upon you! Have the horses put to, Herr Baron; I am ready to go with you and Jorgen. However," she exclaimed, after a moment's thoughtful pause, as if a sudden idea had occurred to her, and casting on the young man a threatening look, "however, do not engage in warfare with me! You will not conquer! I see clearly before me what I have to do; my plan is laid, and you shall live to remember this day! But I will first myself deliver this key to your father, and place it in his own hands."

So saying, in a quick and determined manner she locked up the secrétaire, turned her back on the young baron, and left the room.

Under always increasing amazement, silent, and almost overwhelmed and subdued by the power of a superior mind, the baron, heard with eyes staring and a brow becoming pale, the young girl's words. His usual audacity was paralysed in his inner man, and he did not attempt to interrupt or contradict her. What he heard was so new to him, so wonderful, that it awakened a whole world of thoughts in his soul, a world in which he found himself a bewildered stranger. And now that she was gone he stood aghast, gazing on the door which she had shut after her. The blood rushed up to his head, his ears rang, he struck his doubled fist against his breast, as if to awaken something that was slumbering there, grasped his dark curly hair with both his hands, and, with a deep sigh, left the apartment by the way he had entered it. In the court-yard he called his huntsman, said a few short rough words to him, ordered him to bring a rifle, and whistling for a hound, betook himself alone to the forest.

It was evening. In the garden saloon an Argand lamp was burning on the large round table; the door to the garden was open, and the splashing waters of a fountain were heard in the silence of the hour, whenever the baron's lady, who in an adjacent room was seated at a pianoforte, made a pause in the exertions with which she laboured to force her strong and shrill but thin voice to perform the sweet and beautiful passages in the Italian music before her. Far away from the door, in the darkest part of the garden saloon, sat the old baron, comfortably settled in a lounging-chair, while on an embroidered stool at his feet sat Jeanette, with both her arms resting on his knee; the two carried on a conversation almost in a whisper, he holding one of the girl's hands in one of his, and letting the other glide gently over her fair hair.

"As I have told you, you have really done a very good deed in taking that paper, dear little Jeanette," said the baron, in a low voice. "It was truly an excellent idea to remove that document, and still to leave it in my keeping. If it had got into his mother's—my wife's—hands, it would have been all over with his future prosperity. Her brother has —God only knows how—obtained some knowledge of the existence of that paper, and is trying his utmost to get hold of it; and she—whether from extraordinary affection for her brother, or an inordinate fear of him, who has always tyrannised over her—or is it an unnatural feeling towards Joseph? Whatever may be the cause, she would not hesitate to sacrifice him. You know yourself how necessary it is for me to go quietly to work in so delicate a matter as this. I know of one only way to remove all inconvenience, and make everything straight, but——" The baron stopped, and smiled.

A shiver passed over the young girl's whole form.

"Yes, my dear child," continued the baron, more seriously. "I have often thought over this thing, but have always rejected these means. However, I may say to you, it has occurred to me from your own expressions in the beginning of our conversation, if—permit me—if there was any real meaning in them, they could only point at one result; or perhaps I have misunderstood you?"

The young lady remained silent.

"As I have said, in this matter I have had many doubts, and my greatest fear was that both of you would be adverse to this arrangement.

Alas! I am not blind to Joseph's many faults, and could not blame you if you were averse to it; and as to him, with his unruly temper, he may set himself against it, because, like a child, he may look upon it as a restraint, a curb upon his freedom. However, I promised my dying sister to make your life as even and happy as I possibly could. And marriage might be the best means of securing these advantages. Good Heavens!" whispered the baron, with a hasty glance towards the half-open door of the room from whence issued the shrill sounds. "But such a marriage!"

He remained silent after this exclamation; the young lady also remained silent for a long time, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. All at once she arose hurriedly, laid her arm upon the baron's shoulder, and whispered a few words into his ear.

"You will? Is it possible?" cried the baron, in amazement and joy. "Well, God be praised, if it may come to pass! But, alas! I fear for him."

"If he consents," said the young lady, in a low voice, "I will comply with your wish, but only on two unalterable conditions—that the time required for the arrangement of this marriage shall be very short; and that our behaviour to each other shall in no way be changed, or assume any peculiar character."

"I understand you, my dearest child! Have no fear; if I know my Joseph aright, he will himself wish to avoid all that indicates an engagement. Yes, I quite understand you. Be satisfied; all shall be as you wish, when I have spoken to her!"

And he went into the adjoining room to the baroness.

Jeanette approached the lamp, the full light from which fell upon her pale countenance. She stood there long, apparently in deep and serious reflection. If the wandering of her thoughts had been followed, one might have distinctly traced the way by which she had arrived at her determination.

"I will conquer, and I must do so!" Therein lay the cause of the resolute manner in which she betook herself to pacing up and down the room.

The family assembled at the evening meal. The face of the baroness was flushed, and her eyes bore traces of tears; but she was calm, and seemingly resigned. The baron looked round him with a pleased and proud air, like one who was glad to have witnesses to the victory he had won.

Joseph was also present. Quietly, and even more than usually wrapt up in himself, he sat, noticing no one at table. His mother looked at him with astonishment; the rough, noisy hilarity which so often pleased and amused her in him, had disappeared. The old baron, however, after supper, took courage to impart to his son his plans.

To the great surprise of both his parents, Joseph heard without any joy, but at the same time without displeasure, what his father had to say, entered calmly into every proposition, and agreed to every arrangement.

Two months after that day, Joseph and Jeanette dwelt together in the house on an estate which had been assigned to them, and which the young wife had had fitted up and furnished entirely according to her own taste. It might be said they *dwelled* there together, but they certainly did not *live* together. With a tact and decision that might not have cast dis-

credit on any diplomatist, had the young baroness, from the first moment of her marriage, managed everything so, that all which is generally thought to help towards constituting an intimate connexion was prevented between them. The disposition of their time, her apparent aversion to the young baron, the arrangements of their house—everything, in short—placed strong barriers between them, and hindered them from seeing each other alone. They met only in the society of others, but even then she never bestowed upon him a word or a look. From the moment that their father and mother on the wedding-day had left them, she had never opened her mouth to her husband; and on every attempt which he at first made to converse with her, she remained as mute as a statue.

While Joseph, who thought he understood the reason of her conduct, bore it with a sort of resignation which implied that he hoped for better times to come, and sought earnestly to atone for his past errors, Jeanette found pleasure in collecting around her a numerous circle of persons of genius, ladies as well as gentlemen; she showed herself in society like one who had learned the empty art of living in it, but she also took much interest in all that was beautiful and worthy of admiration in literature and the higher spheres of art. She painted well herself, and was a good musician, and she kept up an extensive correspondence with a variety of distinguished persons. She also conducted her household affairs with the greatest care, and with comfort to all around her, and her very judicious management in this respect alone might have made her remarkable. But to her husband she never spoke—no, not a single word; she was, as it were, dead to him. But to those who were intimate in the family, and were acquainted with its secrets, it was evident that everything she did was in reference to him, that he was always before her eyes, and that in the whole of her conduct she sought to attract his observation.

She bore his name, but that was all! How she had contrived to place herself in the position which she occupied, what was that secret, insurmountable power which had obtained for her perfect liberty, while without any struggle it had been able to confine her husband within the narrow bounds she chose to assign to him, and which he never ventured to overstep, was an unexplained mystery. But those who doubted the possibility of this state of things knew but little what a woman's will can carry out, and especially the will of so unbending, demoniacal, and iron a nature as Jeanette's.

Joseph was quite subdued; he seemed entirely transformed. His rough, fierce temper had calmed down into a sort of gloomy quiet; but under this apparent apathy there glowed the strongest passion, and a consuming fire was smouldering. He endured all the most bitter agonies of hopeless love, while jealous fury besieged his heart. When in society, she was the liveliest of the lively—almost childish in her gaiety; when she showed a striking preference to one or other among the notabilities who surrounded her, then he suffered the most exquisite torment; but he remained externally calm, and betrayed no emotion, for he had one thing to which he clung in the midst of his despair—and that was hope.

A year had passed in this manner. On the anniversary of their wedding-day Joseph entered, during the morning, his wife's boudoir, where before he had never set his foot. He was pale, and he contemplated with a desponding look the beautiful, blooming creature who stood

before him. Slowly and timidly he approached her, and said, with tears in his eyes, and a voice faltering with emotion,

"Tell me, Jeanette, can I not atone for my fault?"

The young wife did not answer a word, but rose from the bergère in which she was sitting, and bent one single look on the baron. It was a look devoid of coldness and devoid of passion, without expressing anger or hatred; but there was a vacuity in it which showed total indifference, and caused an abyss of hopelessness to open in his heart, which chilled him when he glanced down into it.

She silently left the room.

Thus passed five years; and every year, on the anniversary of their wedding-day, a similar scene took place. To the young baroness life seemed fraught with healthy and pleasurable excitement; her mind seemed quite at ease, and her spirits were always cheerful. The colour had not faded from her cheeks, and the brightness of her eyes was not at all dimmed. The baron's appearance, on the contrary, was much changed; pale and thin, he seemed enfeebled and enervated, and only the restless anxiety he evinced to overcome her repugnance to him betrayed the strength he still possessed, and his dark eyes the fire that both agitated and consumed him.

The seventh anniversary of the wedding-day arrived. Jeanette was standing near the window in her boudoir, inhaling with pleasure the fresh morning air, and the perfume from a number of flowers which the gardener had just sent up to her. Suddenly the door was opened noisily; she turned round, and beheld her husband rush, springing, into the room. He wore on his head a large thick wreath of oak-leaves, and in his hand he held a flute. He first knelt with ridiculous humility before the terrified young baroness, and recited a long Latin invocation to Pomona, and then betook himself to dancing with the most extraordinary jumps and absurd capers, while he drew from his flute the shrillest and most discordant tones.

Her work was suspended, or, we should rather say, her work was fully accomplished. Baron Joseph had become—a lunatic!

The only thing which, for so long a time, had occupied all her thoughts—namely, to revenge herself upon, and lord it over, one who had sought to disgrace and degrade her so deeply—this object, on which she had brought to bear all the powers of her soul, the secret strength, which, though it exhausted her at times, had enabled her to carry out her plan—this single object, on which her eyes had been so long bent, was now removed, gone, lost, vanished!

It seemed as if the sole foundation upon which the interest of her life, the energies of her whole being, rested, had been suddenly, and at once, dragged from beneath her feet.

She sank as if annihilated, and in an incredibly short time she was no more!

A LONE MAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST "STRIKE."

By Alexander Andrews.

Our acquaintance was not one of many years. I forget *when* he first came among us, but then he could not have been more than forty—he was under fifty when he died—yet his cheeks were ploughed with furrows, his hair was white, which was the white of sorrow, not of age, his back was bent with a weight of grief, his footfall was heavy under the secret burden he was bearing. He was reserved, lost in thought, with his eyes fixed vacantly on the distant horizon when he spoke, which was seldom. What dreadful grief or trouble was grinding him into dust? It was not poverty; for he had property, as he unostentatiously divulged to us; it could not be conscience, for he was of a pious and devotional spirit and good, charitable, feeling heart. What could it be? We never knew till he was gone from us, and we found among his papers the following terrible history. It was by this light that we read those significant bequests of his will: "To the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, the interest of five thousand pounds for ever; and a like sum to the Royal Humane Society."

Men are beginning to forget the riots of the war-time, when scarcity of provisions drove the people mad, and made savages of quiet, long-suffering Englishmen; when machinery—such as it was at that time—aroused their jealousies; when demagogues went about riding upon the popular ignorance, proclaiming equality and division of property among those who would help to burn and slay. A generation has sprung up who cannot believe in such things as having occurred in peaceful England—a generation, let us hope, has sprung up who could not do or threaten such things. The memory of them is fading from those who were in their midst, and they are beginning to fancy it was not so alarming a state after all, because by a hair'sbreadth it fell short of revolution.

But *I* have reason to remember them in all their horror. At that time I was a young man in business in the midland counties—a manufacturer. I had married, some years before, one of the most tender, loving, faithful creatures that ever made sweet to man's ear the name of woman. Outside the town we had a pleasant little cottage, fitted with all the comforts and some of the luxuries of existence, and God had blessed us with three darling children—all girls—in whom and in our happy home and smiling garden all our affections were bound up. Business was prosperous, and I had entered into the system, since so largely developed, of applying machinery to enable me to keep pace with its progress. Although those millowners around me who had adopted the new inventions of the time for economising labour and increasing production had been subjected to outrage and even

personal violence, I, for some time, escaped; for I may say that I, and, perhaps, still more my dear, kind, charitable little wife were favourites in the neighbourhood, and, up till a certain time, my property was respected, and I had even been instrumental in averting the attacks of the mob from the premises of some of my less popular brethren. But desperation at last drove the angry multitudes to my direction—desperation and impunity, for we had applied to the government for the protection of the military, but our town had at the last election returned two opposition members, and was in no favour with the powers at the Home Office, so the authorities were in our case wonderfully tender of the liberty of the subject, and sent us back word that the civil power must be sufficient for the preservation of order. The civil power having entirely failed in arresting the progress of outrage, the mob had gained confidence, and when it had broken the windows and destroyed the machinery of all the other mills, it bent its steps to mine, and left the place—a wreck.

I had refused to arm my own "hands" against the deluded people; but when there went forth a report that the private residences of the millowners were to be visited at night and given up to sack and pillage, I felt justified in protecting my own home and wife and children at the cost of blood and even life.

Dear Agnes! for three whole nights we sat and watched together for the sound of those who threatened our precious charge. But, although the work of spoliation, accompanied by brutality to women and children, had been carried to other houses, the rioters had as yet forborne to visit ours. On the fourth night I persuaded my dear wife reluctantly to take some rest whilst I remained on guard below.

Our cottage had a pretty terrace and verandah opening out from the front, and beneath this was our snug little breakfast-room and playroom for the children. The disorderly mob had as yet, by a strange—perhaps in all the wildness of their violence a good—impulse, abstained from attacking houses wherein the inmates appeared to have retired to rest, as if even they scorned to take a treacherous advantage of those whom they madly regarded as their enemies and the causers of their privations and sufferings; so it had become a habit to conceal all lights or signs of life about the house, lest they might appear to challenge them to the attack. Our little breakfast-room seemed the best position from whence to hear the first alarms of a hostile approach, and also the least obnoxious to observation from without; and in this room we accordingly held our nightly watch and ward.

It was, as I have said, the fourth night of our apprehensions; the fury of the malcontents seemed to have expended itself, and the turbulence to be dying away. But for this I should never have succeeded in persuading my poor little delicate wife to leave me, or to take that rest of which she now stood so much in need.

And so I sat in my lower chamber through the long hours of the night, watching—watching—watching. With a pistol on the table, and a darkened lantern, so that the rioters might not see a glimmer through the cracks of the shutters, I sat listening for the sound of the threatened attack. Twelve—one—two o'clock. Yet all was still. I thanked God that my dear ones had got so much peaceful rest at last.

Once or twice I stole stealthily and on tip-toe up to the apartments where they were calmly sleeping, to assure myself that they were yet safe. Yes, there lay my golden-haired Fanny, the eldest born; my bonny Clara, the romp, worn out, and lying with her elbow under her head; and baby Esther, with a smile upon her plump little face; and, with her arms around and over them, guarding them in their sleep, my beautiful Agnes, that gentle, doting mother, surprised into a troubled slumber by fatigue and constant vigilance. I crept downstairs again, comforted and reassured—down to my basement hiding-place, to watch and listen, listen and watch. The night crept on, and I fancy I must have slept, when—crack! crack!—I sprang to my feet!

The enemy was in the house!

Ay! the enemy was in, and was between me and those I loved so dearly, fierce, pitiless, and remorseless, every minute growing in strength and fury—an enemy between me and them too strong for me to encounter single-handed or beat back, crashing up the stairs to surprise them in their sleep! Perhaps already he had destroyed those precious innocents and their loving mother. Maddened by the thought, I rushed out; the enemy was in possession of all the house above me, and had sufficiently prevented my escape from below. FIRE! The staircase was in flames, roaring, tearing, licking the walls; the centre of the house was already a seething furnace, and my wife and children were above it!

I heard one shriek. What was life to me *now?* I plunged, fought, stumbled, fell, and fought again through the flames, spurning the stairs in burning logs under my feet, till I burst into the bedroom where they lay. I could see nothing; the room was a cloud of dense stifling smoke. Twice I fell in groping for the bed; then I clutched the curtains, and, raising myself on my knees and spreading out my hands, I felt a child. I dragged it to me; it was Clara, my second little pet, and somehow I found myself by the window, which I smashed outwards.

There was a crowd below; they were the rioters, truly enough—but they were also men.

"Throw the child out, and we'll catch her!"

I obeyed instinctively.

"Jump out yourself!"

"Not yet."

But, as I turned, I found that the flames had been drawn through the room by the draught from the window, and the bed was a mass of fire! Just then a portion of the floor gave way, and the bedstead with all its precious burden, fell through into the hissing hell below!

A firm grasp seized me from the open window; I was dragged through, and had just consciousness enough to find that I was in the arms of a strong man on a ladder, when in my struggles to disengage himself, and return to the room, he, I suppose, lost his balance, and we went falling over and over to the ground.

That was all I knew for three months. At the end of that time I awoke up in a strange place, with many beds and kind, quiet nurses, and at last learned that *one* child was saved, my darling Clara. She and I were all who survived that hideous night.

Burnt, scarred, crippled for life, I yet had one staff to support my maimed existence. I thanked God, even in my agony of ruin, that he had spared her to me, and for her should my remaining years be dedicated. Oh, how often it came back to me, the sound of that dear wife's voice in the time of her illness, "If I should be taken, you will take care of our poor little Clara, won't you? She is so delicate, you know!"

It was long before I was suffered to discover that *I* had been the cause of all these horrors! In the apprehension of flight, a great quantity of linen and clothing had been prepared at the foot of the stairs for hasty packing, and, as I came down from taking my, alas! last view of those dear ones, a spark must have fallen from my candle among them. How some sparks will die and go out almost on gunpowder, and others ignite the least inflammable materials, is one of those problems that defy the calculations of the most experienced. Draughts from cracks or beneath doors will fan a spark into a flame in a few seconds—and thus it must have occurred.

The loss of my mill and of my property did not ruin me. I had ample private resources left to maintain me and my little daughter. I had no heart left in me for business, so I never attempted to restore the works which the rioters had demolished. Others did; and my old factory, I am told, is now a palace of industry of wonderful dimensions, and full of the latest inventions of science; and my dear little happy home is enlarged and amplified into a mansion. Ah, me! grand as it may be, it would never be so handsome in my eyes as the little rose-covered cottage, with its pretty garden, where I once was wont to see my dear wife with her three little golden-headed children, tying up her pinks and piccotees, or training her honeysuckle over the porch! They tell me it is all changed—all so fine now; but I have never been to see it.

For I turned my back upon the busy town as soon after my dreadful trouble as I could. My little girl was delicate and fragile; the smoke of towns was not an atmosphere for *her*—the scene of my past lost happiness was not a place for *me*. So we went to the southern coast and passed a winter.

My anxiety about the child was always filling my thoughts. Oh! the sleepless nights I have passed if she but coughed; for did I not fancy I already saw the pink spot upon her cheeks, which is the herald of our country's insidious enemy, consumption? The tearful, pitiful prayers I have sent up to Heaven to preserve her to me, and me to her!

And then, Fire! The nights and nights I have sat up, because I fancied there was a smell of burning in the house! My brain was always on the rack for her. Clogs to keep her feet dry—woollen jackets to keep her warm—hare-skins for her chest—comforters for her throat! Perhaps I only made her more delicate—the doctor intimated that I did. But what was I to do in my alarm and terror of the thought of losing her? She was my all now—my only hope—my only support—my only bond on earth; the dear legacy of my poor, loved, BURNT wife!

Whether the doctors were right or not—whether I was wrong or

not—it was a fact too plain for me to ignore that little Clara was growing more and more delicate every week. At length, as summer came on, I was advised to remove her to the more bracing air of the eastern counties—to put her out to be nursed at some farm-house in Essex or Norfolk, where she would have the benefit ("the *chance*," they said) of pure air and pure diet.

"Put her out," indeed! She should go—but I would be with her.

In former times I had known a worthy farmer and his wife in the eastern counties. I had been a wayward youth, and my father, the only parent left to me in my recollection, had—God forgive him!—been but an indifferent one to me, and had put me away to live with this kind but childless couple. I had never forgotten their goodness to me—their care of me—their patience with me—their screening of my youthful faults—their fond pride of me when they had won me round to gentleness and tamed me by their constant love. To them, in my trouble, my heart yearned—*they* would take care of my child. I was not mistaken; I wrote to them in my affliction, and by next post they entreated me to come and bring my little Clara, to stay as long as I liked. Oh, how she prattled to me over again the stories I had told her of the great farm-house with its gabled roof—of the famous cedar-tree that, in the course of generations, had grown to out-top the house itself, and covered a part of it with one of its fantastic planes, each of which might have been a century in growing—of the nice snug styes wherein the pigs lived—of the house "on the top of a stick," with holes in it for its inmates, the pigeons, to go in and out—of Diamond, and Punch, and Boxer, and Pilot, the old farm horses, and of Polly, and Blackey, and Strawberry, and Miss Nancy, and the rest of the cows—of old Billy, the goat (old even in my time)—of Tray, the watch-dog, and Trim, the fat spaniel on the hearth-rug (ghosts every one of them, long since)—of the "dutts," as the dear little creature called them, in the pond, and the geese, and the sheep, and the lambs—and the great swinging gates, and the blackberry hedges. Bless her! she had never lived at a farm, and all these things were so many exciting novelties to her imagination. How her blue eyes sparkled, and her cheeks burned (still that pink spot, alas!), as she talked of them all the way we travelled into Essex.

And, arrived at last, what too good for my little Clara! Eggs, cream, toast. The poor child must be hungry and in want of her tea after that long journey, so all was ready an hour or two before we could by any possibility have arrived.

"But wait a bit. A chicken—the wing—a piece of the breast—it can't hurt her. Dear child! what sweet eyes—what lovely features—what golden hair—what a pretty little tongue—what sturdy limbs! Oh, you needn't fret; *she*'ll be strong enough soon. There's no consumption in *her!*" said my host and hostess in a breath. "You'll soon be well, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, please," from a little hanging head, with a shy glance out of the corner of the eye, changed to "Yes, thank you," still more shyly when she heard them laugh at her reply.

But next morning the shyness was all gone. The dear old couple could not exist without doing good, and had long since adopted the

child of a poorer brother, now a fine girl just bouncing into womanhood. Children have steady instincts, and, from the first moment of their meeting, my Clara had recognised her as a friend. To her she had attached herself, with her she elected to sleep; it was Hetty who dressed her, Hetty who curled her hair, Hetty who took her to see the young pigs, Hetty who picked fruit for her in the garden, Hetty who called her to see the young "chick-chicks" have their breakfast, Hetty who first introduced her to the ducks, and held her tightly by the hand whilst she threw crumbs of bread to them in the pond. She was full of "Hetty," and Hetty would go nowhere without "Pet," as she named her.

And when her fourth birthday came, and the good-natured girl rummaged up from among the wrecks of her own childhood a set of little tea-things, my little Clara gave a party to Hetty, and entertained Hetty with the plum-cake which the admiring old lady of the house had made for her, and poured out the tea "all by herself," and went off to bed tired enough, poor little dear, and kissing a doll on her pillow, which Hetty had bought and dressed for her.

Six months passed away, and the old people's prediction was realised. Consumption, if it had ever existed beyond my alarmed suspicions, had resigned its prey, and the roses had returned to my little darling's cheeks.

So far I had fulfilled my pledge to my lost Agnes!

But the winter was coming on, and I dreaded the mists which arise in autumn even in the higher parts of Essex, and feared the cold wind that would gather round that hill-seated house. Above all, as the evenings grew long and chilly, and great fires began to be lighted at sunset—and candles were carried about from room to room—and men were cutting chaff in hay-stored lofts after the horses came home at night—and tramps sought shelter in stables and under ricks (and tramps who can procure neither food, nor clothes, nor lodging seem to always have money to buy tobacco and matches)—and the stack-yard was full of hay, and corn, and bean-ricks—and the outbuildings were for the most part roofed with thatch—and the yard was thickly littered with straw—and the old-fashioned chimneys were twisted, and probably seldom or never swept—and incendiaries might be about—and country parish engines are always out of repair—and it was so far to send for assistance—and I don't know, indeed, how many more misgivings came into my head as the nights drew in; but my thoughts were always running upon Fire!—FIRE IN THE NIGHT!

So I at last resolved to carry my precious treasure into the greater security of a town for the winter.

The day for our departure came. I felt much distressed at removing my child from the house where she had been so happy and so kindly cared for. But the thought of fire ever haunted me. And, to my comfort, I perceived that the idea of parting seemed to trouble her less than I had feared. Change, novelty, the excitement of a new home, new scenes, and new people, are compensating influences in a child's mind for all she is leaving behind her. Her business on the morning of our journey was to take leave of all her pets and playmates—to pat poor Tray—to kiss fat Trim—to see the chickens have

the last breakfast—to say a kind word even to the pigs. She was all over the farm before breakfast with Hetty. Then, as it wanted a full hour to the time when the coach would pass along the road, two fields off, she had to go round and take another look at them all, while I went up-stairs to pack my trunk.

I heard Hetty calling "Clara! Clara! the coach is coming! Clara! don't you hear the horn? Where are you, darling?" And, when I came down, Hetty was still running about the yard, calling "Clara! Clara!" She had left her for a few minutes to put up some more little playthings, and, when she returned, Clara had rambled off again.

"Where can she be?" they all asked. "The coach is at the gate!"

The coach waited a few minutes, and then went on without us. We could find Clara nowhere. Presently the ducks came waddling up the field.

"Oh," said Hetty, "I dare say she has been down to wish them good-bye. Let us go and see."

We went down to the pond; but no Clara was to be found.

No!—only a little crape hat floating on the surface of the water.

Then I felt that I was indeed alone!

HOW HE BECAME COURT COUNCILLOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FREDERICK THE GREAT dined punctually at noon. At the royal table sat the Marquis d'Argens, the clever Algarotti, the witty physician, De la Metre, Lord Marshall, General Rothenburg, and the renowned Voltaire. The viands were not luxurious, but they were daintily prepared; and the wine was good and plentiful, although the king drank but little himself, and always diluted what he took with water. It was thus that the great Frederick dined on the particular day we speak of, his chamberlain stationed behind his chair, with his favourite dog, Biche, who, from time to time, received delicate morsels from his hand. Then the slender greyhound would spring up, and lay her two white paws coaxingly on her master's knees. On this occasion the dog's silver collar, and a little slip of paper attached to it, fell to the ground.

"Ha! what's this?" asked the king of the embarrassed chamberlain, who stooped down to pick up the paper.

Fate was against him, however, for just as the document was about to be placed in the king's hands Biche snapped at it, and in the contest the paper gave way, Biche escaping with half.

"How came that paper there?" cried Frederick, his features becoming sombre. "I will know the truth."

"Your majesty," stammered the old man, "a poor devil ventured to present a humble petition to you through Biche."

"And you advised the proceeding?"

"I felt sorry for the young man, and I thought——"

"Imbecile! Biche has a hundred times your sagacity, and has given the insolent petitioner a fitting response. This time I will suffer the affair to pass; but if you corrupt my dogs, you shall feel my displeasure. Men are good for nothing, and will deceive me. My dogs, if let alone, are faithful."

With this he rose from the table, and retired to his study, where he took up his flute. Here, instead of Biche, he had a tame monkey to keep him company, called, in consequence of his ridiculous appearance, the Court Councillor. From time to time Fritz amused himself with the freaks and gambols of the animal; but when these became too wild and extravagant, the court councillor was ejected—but continued to scratch and rap at the door of the study until the good-natured monarch re-admitted him.

Meanwhile the crestfallen chamberlain had gone out to communicate the sad fate of the petition to its author, a poor secretary, named Laufert, whom he found hovering about the neighbourhood of Sans Souci.

"You must think no more of the affair," said the old man, after much invective of the ungrateful Biche and his own weakness. In trying to aid you I have jeopardised my own post."

"I deeply regret that I should have placed you in such a predicament," replied Laufert. "I have no luck. Everything I attempt fails."

"Fortune is a woman, and has her whims. Court her, and she will fly away from you; but take no heed of her, and she will run after you. She often comes unexpectedly. Take old Fritz, for example; he received many beatings, but at length he won Silesia."

With such counsel did the old man try to console the despairing youth, but in vain. Laufert's last chance was gone. He could never anticipate a union with his beloved, for there was more probability of melting a stone than of mollifying her terrible father, who had resolved never to marry his daughter to any one but a court councillor. Unhappily, too, he knew that a real councillor had solicited the hand of the rich and lovely girl; and, although the rival was a disagreeable old fellow, he possessed considerable property, besides the necessary qualification, while Laufert was as poor as a church mouse.

While the youth was standing by himself, buried in sad reflections, an elderly personage came gravely through the park, carrying a red portfolio under his arm. This was no other than the cabinet minister Eichel. Suddenly he stood still, opened the portfolio, and discovered that he had left the most important letter at home—a thing that frequently happened to him. In this dilemma, he descried the secretary.

"Laufert," he shouted, can't you hear me?"

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"You can do me a great favour. I must return for a letter which I have left behind."

"Can't I fetch it for you?"

"No; it contains a state secret. Take this portfolio, and lay the other matters before the king, for his signature."

"The king! Am I to address his majesty?"

"Without delay. He will be annoyed if he has to wait. If he inquires for me, make my excuses, and say I will be with his majesty in less than a quarter of an hour. Make haste; you have not a minute to lose."

The astounded secretary did not wait for further instructions, but took the portfolio from the minister's hands, and hurried to the palace, determined to make the best of the chance.

"What! here again?" cried the old chamberlain. "What do you want now?"

"To make a report to the king."

"You? No jesting, sir!"

"I am come in the place of Minister Eichel, who has been unavoidably detained. Look, here is his portfolio—my authority."

"That is enough for me; but you must await your turn."

At last the dreaded moment came; Laufert felt his heart beat fast, and a momentary giddiness seized him. Nevertheless, he tapped at the door. No answer was returned; so he tapped again, and rather more loudly. "Come in!" cried a voice; but his courage failed him, and he did not dare to cross the perilous threshold.

"Come in—come in, I say, councillor of the court!" cried Fritz, fancying the monkey was scratching at the door as usual.

Almost overpowered with surprise and delight, the secretary threw himself at the feet of the king, who stared at him in amazement.

"Thanks, sire, a thousand thanks!" stammered Laufert.

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked Frederick, thinking the young man must be mad.

"I am the secretary Laufert, whom your majesty has graciously appointed court councillor."

"What do you mean? I appoint you court councillor?"

"This moment, when I had the honour to appear before you."

"Bah! I was addressing my monkey. His nickname is Court Councillor."

"But I well know that your majesty never withdraws from his word," answered Laufert, with the courage of despair.

"Ha! You are right," smiled the king; "but are you so eager for a title that you will accept it from a monkey rather than earn it by merit?"

"I would accept it from a monkey or a dog," said Laufert. "I care not which, so long as I become court councillor."

"Then you are the person who ventured to present his petition by Biche?"

"Your majesty—I humbly entreat forgiveness. Necessity has no laws. My happiness, my life, indeed, depends on obtaining this post. I should not be so bold were it not that my patron, the minister Eichel, has given me hopes——"

"True. I remember; he has represented your claims. But where is Eichel? He ought to have been here."

"He begs his humble excuses, and will shortly appear before your majesty. He has commissioned me to bear the least important papers, and to give you all the information you may require."

"Good," said the king. "I can then test your qualifications for court councillor."

Taking the letters from the secretary's hands, Fritz read them through with care. From time to time he questioned the young man, and, notwithstanding the confusion of the latter, the shrewd monarch quickly perceived that he possessed a clear understanding and ability. Luckily, too, Eichel came in, and gave further testimony to Laufert's merit.

"Now I will examine the candidate," said Fritz, with a smile. "Do you write a good hand?"

"I hope so, sire."

"Very well. Sit down, and write as I dictate. 'We, Frederick, by the grace of God, et cætera, et cætera, do hereby appoint, in consideration of his services, and for especial merit, the secretary'—but why do you tremble?"

"Your majesty, I tremble for joy."

"Don't tremble now, but write 'the secretary of our territory and domain.' What's your name?"

"My name——" stammered the fortunate youth.

"Why, I believe, the fool has forgotten his name. Quick! you see I have no time."

"Wilhelm Gottlieb Laufert," said the secretary.

"'Wilhelm Gottlieb Laufert to our cabinet secretary and privy council.'"

This was too much. The pen fell from Laufert's hand, and he sank at the king's feet incoherently murmuring his thanks.

"Let me see," said Fritz, smiling: "everything is in order; the writing is good, and his talent is by no means despicable. He seems also to have a good character, as Biche would not otherwise have become fond of him. Animals have instincts that put many men to shame. Therefore I will trust him, and place my signature at the foot of his own certificate. So! And now you can enter upon your new duties as soon as you please."

With a graceful motion of his hand, the king took leave of the new councillor, who, on reaching the antechamber, embraced the chamberlain, exclaiming, "I am the happiest of men. Now I have a title!"

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF COMBINATIONS AMONG WORKMEN.

I.

THERE are in existence three principal kinds of combination among workmen—viz. trades' unionism, copartnership, and co-operation properly so called. It is the object of this article to point out the connexion which exists between these phenomena, and the relation in which they stand to the social economy in general. For this purpose it will be necessary to trace briefly the origin and objects of each form of association, in the endeavour to ascertain the law which presides over the development of all. If it appear that they are manifestations which correspond to, and arise naturally from, different conditions of one ruling force, we shall have succeeded in referring to their original cause some of the most striking moral phenomena which characterise the present times. This will be one addition more to the progress of scientific history, and a further inroad on the domain of the mysterious and the inexplicable. We shall also be led to infer the impolicy of laws against combination. It will be shown how much human progress has already been retarded by them, and, therefore, how great an error it would be to re-enact them in accordance with the wishes to that effect which are often expressed. In considering trades' unionism, we touch on a subject with regard to which much passionate declamation and invective has been used, both by the supporters of the system and by its enemies. The former stigmatise their opponents as wishing that the labouring classes should remain for ever sunk in the slough of degradation and ignorance whence they are now beginning to emerge. And they are in turn condemned as sympathisers, almost as participators, in the outrages which have lately filled every humane mind with horror, and made the name of Sheffield a by-word. Such angry recrimination cannot be too much deprecated at any time, as tending to import party spirit into the discussion of an important question, and to conceal truth in the mists of contention. In an inquiry like the present, however, it is especially desirable to avoid both passion and prejudice. Whilst reprobating, in common with every civilised person, the barbarous crimes which have of late been traced to a connexion with the unions, we must observe that there is no sufficient proof to show that they are a necessary and vital part of the system. It is true that the chief murderer asserted such to be the case in the course of his examination before the Sheffield commission. But the declaration of a man in his position, who would naturally seek for every possible excuse to palliate his crimes, cannot be taken as valid or sufficient evidence for so general a statement. On the other hand, there are very many unions which have been long in existence without having either crimes or coercion laid to their charge. As it is, therefore, manifestly impossible to condemn the system off-hand, we may be allowed to trace out the causes which have originated it, and the function which it has to perform with regard to other kinds of industrial combination.

The difficulties caused by associations like those which we are now

considering have been by no means confined to our own day. So far back as the reign of the Emperor Zeno, a law was enacted, whereby* "all monopolies or combinations to keep up the price of merchandise . . . . or workmanship were prohibited on pain of forfeiture of goods and perpetual banishment." A prohibitory law indicates very clearly the existence of the practice which it is designed to repress, and we may safely conclude that previous to this time the Roman empire had been harassed by combinations analogous to the trades' unions of our own day. In the common law of England, enactments similar in design to that above quoted are to be found from time to time, up to the beginning of the present century. Adam Smith more than once mentions hostile combinations formed by working men and by employers, and the laws by which it was sought to repress the former.† These were afterwards intensified by the statute 40 Geo. III. c. 106, which provides that every person who should combine with others to advance wages, decrease quantity of work performed, &c., might be convicted before one justice of the peace, and committed to gaol for three calendar months. According to Blackstone,‡ a combination of employers to force down the wages of operatives would have been equally criminal.

From this time we hear little more of legislation on the subject until 1824. The theory of protection was then tottering to its fall—at least, so far as public policy was concerned—and, in accordance with the tendency of a report prepared by a committee of the House of Commons, all the statutes against combination were repealed.§ Immediately after this several large strikes took place, and, in consequence of events which then happened, a fresh statute was passed (6 Geo. iv. c. 129), in which the right of combination was acknowledged, but stringent provisions were made against compulsion and intimidation. It is commonly stated that trades' unions owe their origin to benefit societies, the organisation at first designed to effect the purposes of the latter having been in course of time diverted to those of the former. But the truth is that we have no account of their origin; for it has been shown that combinations of workmen for similar objects have existed‖ since the earliest historic times. It is, nevertheless, possible to study the circumstances connected with their original development in those which give rise to similar associations at the present day. We may with safety assume that the laws which regulate human nature at present are the same as they have been during the most remote ages. Thus we may expect to arrive at a sound conclusion with regard to their former action by generalising from what we now see, as the geologist reasons concerning ancient changes on the surface of the globe by the help of laws which he finds in operation at the present epoch. It would be difficult to find a better opportunity for studying in their original condition the circumstances which originate a

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* Blackstone's Commentaries, fifteenth edit. book iv. c. xii.

† Wealth of Nations, edit. 1793, book i. chap. viii. pp. 101—103.

‡ Blackstone's Commentaries, book iv. chap. x. p. 221, note. Compare Wealth of Nations, book i. p. 101. Smith considered that the law as then existing did not hinder the combination of employers; only those of workmen.

§ 5 Geo. iv. c. 95.

‖ See an allusion to this in Question 2694 of the evidence taken before the Trades' Union Commissioners.

first attempt to combine, among workmen, than is at present offered by a little village in Derbyshire, called Church Gresley. The place is in a mining district, and the colliers who inhabit it are little removed from barbarism. They have hitherto worked from eleven to fourteen hours a day in the coal-mines, which are very numerous in that part of the country. A few weeks ago they formed a union for the first time, and we are given to understand that their immediate motive in so doing was a wish to shorten their hours of labour. Coupled with this was the belief that their request could be conceded without diminishing unfairly the returns upon the capital employed in mining, on account of the increase which has lately taken place in the profits of the employers. In fact, the combination may be said to have arisen from a spirit of discontent on the part of the colliers with their position, together with the dawn of knowledge among them, showing the possibility of improving it. These two forces by their action on one another always produce, sooner or later, a spirit of progress, to which all human advancement is due. In the case before us, it naturally took the form of a desire for shorter hours of labour, because without that preliminary step further improvement was evidently unattainable.

It is needless to multiply instances, for the same causes have originated nearly every trades' union of which the commencement is traceable. And since, as was before stated, there is no reason to suppose that the action of the mental laws has ever varied, we may fearlessly conclude that the same forces caused the constant attempts to combine with which past ages dealt so severely. Nor is it difficult to understand why the spirit of progress, when first generated among workmen, should invariably take the form of combination. The reasons for this are two, of which the first has reference to man's mental nature, the other to the position of the employed with reference to their employers. It is, in the first place, well known that men in an uncivilised condition have a great tendency both to act and to think in masses. They are unable to resolve singly on the course to be pursued under given circumstances, but naturally seek advice on every side, and act collectively. In the realm of thought a similar rule prevails. All history teaches that in backward conditions of society identical views and opinions on the most trivial subjects and the most important ones are prevalent among immense numbers of people. Any departure from established methods of thought is treated as criminal, and no attention is paid to those differences which, whether physiological or mental, render it almost impossible that, under circumstances favourable to the growth of individuality, any two people should think exactly alike on any given subject. It is one of the principal offices of civilisation to teach self-dependence, and to develop personal character. And its highest form is that in which the passions, capacities, and powers of the individual have the most scope for expansion, consistently with a due regard for the welfare of the community. Now the majority of the working classes even in this age, and certainly in former centuries, have always been in a backward state of civilisation. It would therefore follow from the law which has been just stated that, if a spirit of progress were widely spread amongst them, the actions directly resulting from its influence would be performed by them in combined masses.

Another reason why this should be the case may be deduced from a

view of the relations between employer and employed. If the latter want fresh privileges, or an increase in those which they possess, their desire is only attainable by the acquiescence of the former. This may be refused, and, singly, an individual workman has no power to force the will of an individual employer. But, by combination, the operatives can exercise a powerful pressure upon him, and by this means they may not unfrequently obtain their wishes when otherwise they could not do so. This cause also would tend to make them combine in order to give effect to their first aspirations after improvement. We have now seen that a spirit of progress, when generated among working classes, is forced into the channel of combination by the operation of two natural laws, which have doubtless acted unchangeably from the most remote antiquity. We have also seen that this, its first outward manifestation, has in all ages been kept down by repressive enactments, which have therefore hindered it from proceeding in the natural course of its further development. By these considerations the almost stationary condition of the working classes during so many ages is thoroughly accounted for. From the foregoing reasoning it may also be inferred, that the government which existed in 1824 was undoubtedly wise in yielding to the spirit of the times by annulling the combination laws. Not only did they, as we have seen, fetter the spirit of progress among the lower classes, but they were quite inconsistent with personal freedom. For it must always be a recognised principle of individual liberty, that every workman should be free to sell his labour, or not to do so, as may suit his wishes. It has been already shown, that any desire on the part of operatives to improve their position, whether by obtaining higher wages or in any other way, must necessarily take the form of combination. It, therefore, follows that to debar them from this is, in fact, to take from them the power of determining what price they will accept for their labour.

Nor are combinations among workmen to be reprobated from a moral point of view. Any number of men have a right to form themselves into a society for the purpose of promoting their own interests, and to bind themselves by such rules as they think fit, enforcing observance of them on members by means of fines.* The only limitations to this right are, that no persecution, physical or moral, should be used to induce others to join the association, and that every one should be free to leave when he pleases, without incurring annoyance as a result. The central principle of unionism is, therefore, the strictly natural result of the development of a spirit of progress among the working classes, and is in no way morally reprehensible.

We have next to observe what objects the societies, in which it is carried out, habitually propose to themselves, and the means which they adopt to attain them, now that, for the first time in the world's history, they have been rendered legal. We shall thus, perhaps, discover the position which the system occupies, and the function which it has to fulfil as regards other forms of industrial combination and the social fabric at large. The objects for which trades' unions are ostensibly formed may be divided into two classes. The first, and that which is at present of pre-

* See Fawcett's Econ. Pos. of Brit. Labourer, p. 197.

eminent importance in the minds of most unionists, has reference entirely to trade. In order to effect the ends which are comprised in it, trade rules are enacted which all members of the union are compelled to observe. Of these it is at present sufficient to say, that their tendency is for the most part unmixedly bad, and that they are generally injurious to the very trade which they profess to serve. Nevertheless, it is by no means surprising that they should be enforced; for they are the natural manifestations which arise from the action of the spirit of progress on ignorant minds. Similarly, the outrages and crimes which have disgraced unionism in the eyes of most people are the inevitable consequences of the operation of this great force on barbarous and unenlightened natures. It is melancholy that so noble an agency should produce such effects under any circumstances whatever. But there is no law of human nature more sure than that, when it acts on the mind without the presence of an amount of knowledge sufficient to direct its operation, it will, by arousing the selfish motives, produce attempts at progress which are more injurious than anything, save lethargy. And, for a like reason, its action on a debased heart will assuredly result in crime.

The second class of objects to which trades' unions devote attention regard the interests of the workman considered as an individual. From this point of view a union assumes somewhat the appearance of a benefit society. Its scope is, however, wider than that of an ordinary provident association, as in many ways it tends directly to the moral and intellectual elevation of the workman. In one instance also, and possibly in more, steps have been taken for the establishment of a complete system of education among children. It therefore appears, that of the two classes into which we have divided the objects which trades' unions endeavour to attain, the first are, at least, of very questionable utility, while the second are of great and ever-increasing importance to the working classes. We may, therefore, fix on the latter as being the true function which the system has to perform. And it is easy to predicate the average degree of intelligence prevailing among any given number of unions by noting the importance which has been attained by that department of the system which concerns the education and relief of the individual, as compared with that which busies itself about trade rules and customs certain to be overthrown by the spread of knowledge. It seems very probable that this will form an indication which will guide the future historian in his estimate of the gradual spread of intelligence among the working classes. A deep and tragic interest is lent to the rise of these great associations by the fact that, in accordance with a law of almost universal operation, the majority of their supporters fail to comprehend the true use and purpose of the system which they uphold. It is in the highest degree pathetic to observe the amount of well-intentioned energy which is lavished on puny attempts to control those vast agencies which are carrying the human race slowly forward to an unknown goal, while really important ends work themselves out slowly and in comparative neglect. We may expect that the gradual spread of knowledge among the workmen will soon make them look with ridicule on many things which they now consider worthy of the greatest attention. But in any case it is certain that posterity will remember with derision such futile attempts as

those which are now rife to fetter the wings of commerce, reserving applause for the few who have perceived the position which this system is destined to fill in the social fabric.

In order to show more clearly the functions really performed by unionism, we shall now briefly examine a few of the objects which its supporters endeavour to attain with reference to trade. In the first place, it will be necessary to analyse the causes of strikes, inquiring how far the latter may be considered justifiable, and whether, under any combination of circumstances, they can possibly be beneficial. From this we shall naturally be led to discuss the evils of which they are the proximate cause, and the principal trade rules which unionists attempt to enforce. Having shown the injurious tendency of the latter, and the results which ultimately arise from the discontent generated by the antagonism between employer and employed, we shall next consider that part of unionism which has reference to the workman as an individual, with a view to show the education given to his various faculties, both directly and indirectly, by connexion with it. We shall then speculate concerning the operation of the system generally on the working class. Considered theoretically, we shall find that it would tend to generate capacity for participating in higher forms of association and fitness for greater responsibilities, together with weariness of the present state of things and an eager longing for further progress. And we shall see that these forces would, presumably, manifest themselves in the gradual appearance of new kinds of combination, which would remove the existing causes of discontent, and bring into full use the training given to the faculties by unionism. Turning then to the history of copartnership and co-operation, we shall show the method of their genesis and their connexion with trades' unionism. We shall consider the relations which they bear to one another, tracing the functions which the former evidently fulfils with regard to the latter, and which both perform with reference to the future development of civilisation among the working classes. From this reasoning it will become apparent that the principal forms of industrial combination, far from being isolated through co-existent phenomena, are natural and successive manifestations of the spirit of progress when generated among working men. And, finally, we shall be able to predict the probable path by which civilisation will advance among the operatives during the next few generations, and to infer the folly of re-enacting combination laws from the manner in which they have already retarded its growth.

In considering the proximate causes of strikes, we find that the principal ones are two in number, namely, a desire for higher wages, whether expressed in a demand for more money or shorter hours of labour; and, secondly, a determination to enforce some trade rule or custom which has been violated by an employer. Of these two principal divisions we will at present disregard the second, and proceed to inquire whether the first is practicable by any means which it may be within the power of the unions to employ. Theoretically, the rate of wages depends on the supply of labour, as compared with the demand. This being a natural law, equally invariable in its action with that of gravity, it would appear as if no efforts made by any class of men could possibly alter its effect. But this law is, like those of the mechanical world, liable to great modi-

fications in practice. In order that it should act perfectly, it requires that all employers should be independent of one another, and, in case of an increased demand for labour, should compete for it, thereby increasing the rate of wages. But practically this does not in general take place, the operation of the great controlling law of supply and demand being interfered with constantly by that of the minor ones which regulate human nature. Every one who has ever lived in the country knows how unpopular a farmer would become in his neighbourhood who should offer higher wages to labourers than those which are customary in the district. Indeed there is, under such circumstances, literally no competition. Most farmers are short of hands, both at haymaking-time and at harvest; but he would be a bold man who should venture to bid for them against the employers of agricultural labour near him. The rate of wages, therefore, even in this extreme case, is not raised nearly so much as it ought to be if the laws of competition held good. There should, doubtless, be a competition between different districts, where different rates of wages are current. But this does not take effect, because the circulation of labour, theoretically free, is hindered by practical difficulties, such as distance, poverty on the part of the labourer, ignorance that better wages are to be gained elsewhere, and other obstacles of the same kind. What we have shown to be true in the case of agricultural districts is said to hold good also in those where large manufactures are carried on,* even when regular combinations have not been formed by employers, in opposition to trades' unions, for the purpose of keeping down the rate of wages. Since, then, it is the case that in certain trades unpopularity is incurred by offering higher wages than those which are current in the neighbourhood, and that consequently such a course is not generally pursued, it follows that, as was previously asserted, the local effect of the great laws of competition is almost entirely annulled by the operation of minor causes. Theoretically this evil should remedy itself, for labour would naturally be attracted to other districts where higher wages are being given. Then the want of it being felt in the former place, the minor laws which influence local competition would be unable to restrain the operation of the more general one, and wages would rise there also. But secondary causes interfere, as has been already shown, by trammelling the free circulation of labour. It occasionally happens that these minor laws are in turn modified by the action of a central trade association, which takes men to places where their labour is in demand, and pays the expense of the transit, being in such cases a compensating force of the highest value.† But this is of rare occurrence. The usual course which operatives pursue, when they think it right to demand an increase of wages, is to refuse to sell their labour for the price which the employers offer; that is, to strike work. This they are, undoubtedly, free to do, and it is difficult to say what other means they could find to supply the place of laws which, so far as they are concerned, have ceased to exist. Under such circumstances the employers will, most likely, find it more convenient to grant their demand—if the latter be

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* See some good remarks by Prof. Fawcett, Econ. Pos. of Brit. Lab., p. 172, *et seq.*

† See the evidence of Mr. Applegarth before the Trades' Union Commissioners.

reasonable—than to have their works stopped during the increase of trade which has given rise to it.

Theoretically, a supply of labour should be attracted to satisfy the sudden demand occasioned by the strike. But the minor laws, which hinder its free circulation, are not less severe on employers than on employed. It happens generally, therefore, that the original parties to the dispute come to a settlement as they best can, without extraneous interference. We see therefore that, owing to an abnormal condition of tacit association among employers, together with various inevitable impediments to the circulation of labour, a strike may have a beneficial effect in a case where the concession demanded is reasonable. When, on the other hand, the demand is, through the ignorance of those who make it, such as cannot possibly be granted by the employer, the strike in consequence is fraught with results which are sad to the last degree. The operatives are of course brought to great poverty and consequent misery, while trade is stopped entirely for the time, to the great loss of all concerned. But the worst effects are those which do not at once make themselves felt. One is the gradual withdrawal of capital from the business, leading to a future reduction in the demand for labour, and consequently in wages. The other, which is the more distressing, is the mutual distrust and jealousy thus generated between employers and employed. The restless discontent which arises from these bitter feelings finds, however, in the end a very important use, as we shall presently see. It is evident that the power of striking places a very formidable weapon in the hands of workmen, and from what has been above said we must conclude that it may at times be wielded with useful effect. But the direction of a trades' union is not always in the hands of men who are competent to form a correct opinion as to whether the state of trade at a given time justifies a demand for an advance of wages. Consequently this tremendous engine is sometimes set in motion* "at hap-hazard." In such cases the conflict is obstinate, and the results necessarily disastrous to the operatives, though it may be doubted whether the success of a strike for an unreasonable demand be not in the end a greater misfortune even to them than the suffering consequent on its failure.

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* See the evidence of Mr. W. Macdonald before the Trades' Union Commissioners, Ques. 2424.